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More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly

Everymeal *Everyday*

Sunshine Biscuits

Sunshine Krispy Crackers with Pineapple-Cheese Salad

Put a slice of pineapple on a lettuce leaf for each serving. Place a ball of cream cheese on pineapple. Garnish with pimento. Cover with French dressing. Serve with Sunshine Krispy Crackers.

What Shall I Serve with the Salad?

To nibble a cracker between mouthfuls of salad is a natural taste.

A crisp, salty cracker makes the salad taste better.

Sunshine Krispy Crackers are the sort of crackers that harmonize with the salad course.

As their name indicates, they are crisp without being hard or brittle—a flaky crispness.

They are small and dainty, and salted slightly—just right, you will agree when you taste them.

When you are buying Sunshine Krispy Crackers, look over the other crackers, biscuits and wafers displayed in the Sunshine Biscuit Rack.

You will see many that will suggest ideas for dainty luncheon and dinner service.

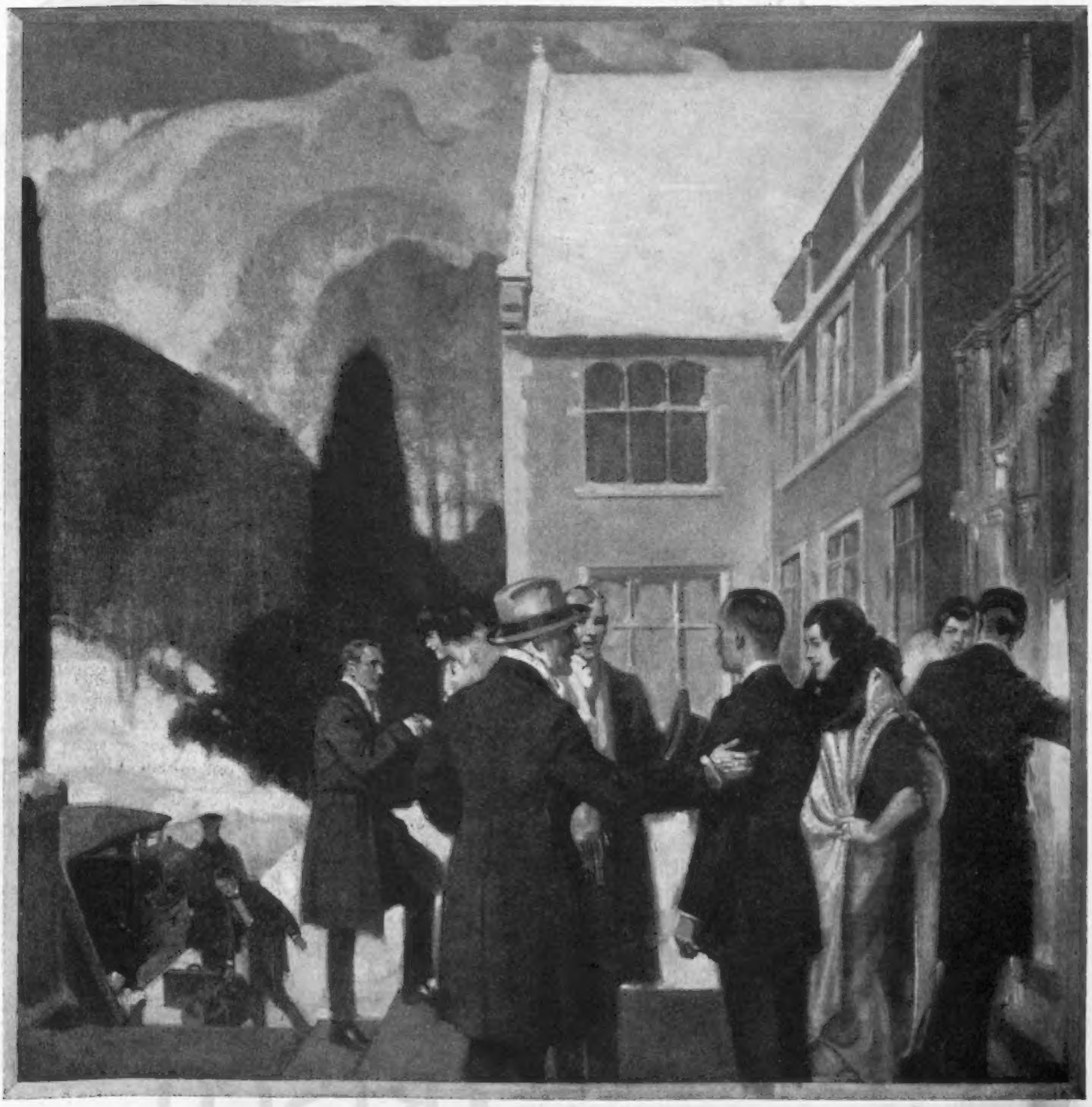
From the Thousand Window Bakeries

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits *Branches in Over 100 Cities*

Society Brand Clothes

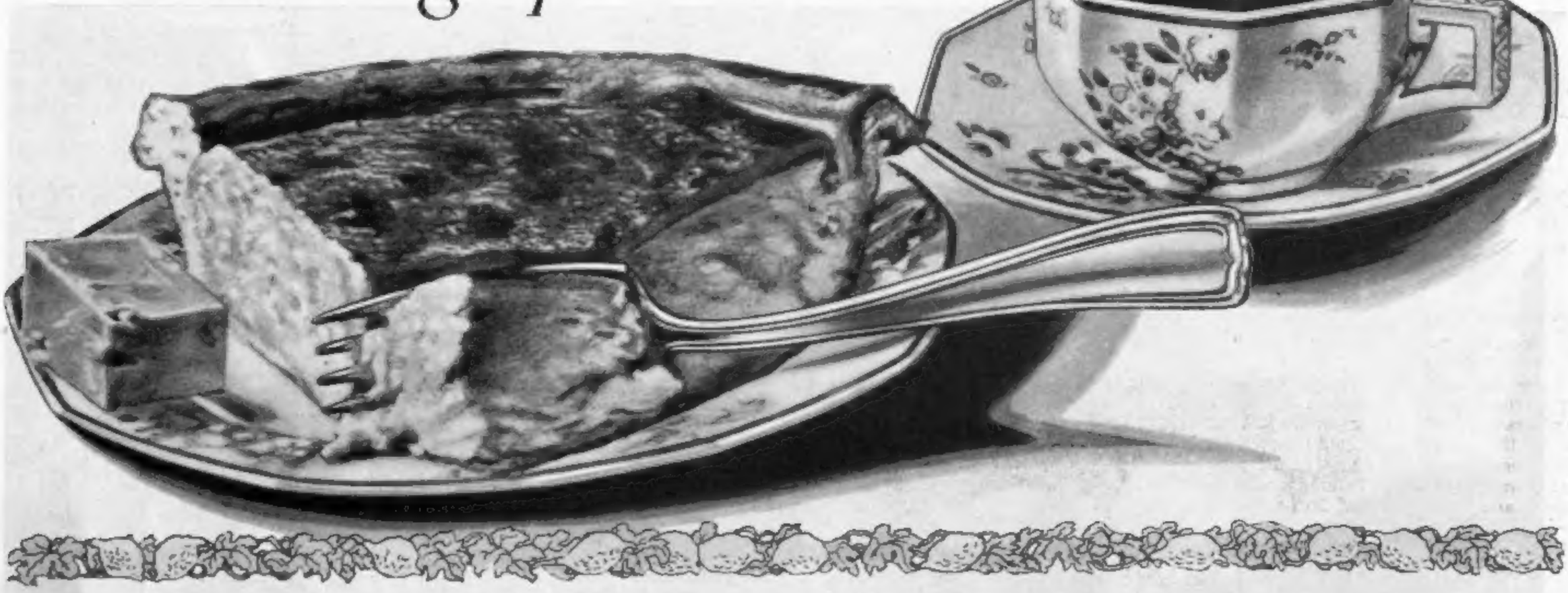
FOR YOUNG MEN
and MEN WHO STAY YOUNG



IN every notable gathering SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES exemplify elegance in dress. They create a feeling of comfort and confidence that correct clothes invariably assure.

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, *Makers*, Chicago, New York
In Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, *Limited*, Montreal

How can you avoid tough pie crust?



WHAT makes pie crust tough? Too much water, too much handling, the wrong kind of flour, inferior shortening, improper baking—any one of these faults can make pastry tough and inedible.

Too much water or handling, or the use of bread flour, (which absorbs more water than pastry flour), turns the paste into a solid mass instead of an air-filled mixture that the heat of the oven can expand into a light, flaky crust. If the shortening contains moisture it acts on the crust just like too much water; if it has a fatty flavor, it gives the crust a taste that smothers the delicacy of the pie filling; if it is an animal fat, it makes the pastry hard for some people to digest.

As soon as the pie is put together it should be placed on a low grate in a piping hot oven, with the heat coming from below. Then the pastry will crust over before it can become soaked. If the pie contains new fruit or custard filling, reduce the oven heat in a few minutes, and the filling can bake slowly without any danger of spoiling the crust.

Professional cooks say that these directions and the use of Crisco for shortening will produce a pie that can not be excelled. They select Crisco from among the dozens of shortenings on the market because it possesses every one of the qualities necessary for perfect pastry. It is 100% rich and free from moisture. It is tasteless and odorless. Being strictly vegetable, it is easy to digest. It is ideal for every purpose where cooking fat is required. Try it, according to the expert directions given in the cookbook offered at the left, and see how much it improves all kinds of cooking.

SQUASH PIE

A delicious one-egg recipe from the cookbook offered below.

¾ cupful Crisco
¾ cupful sugar
2 eggs or
1 egg and 2 crackers rolled fine
¾ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful cinnamon
1¾ cupfuls strained squash
1 cupful milk
¾ cupful cream

Cream the Crisco and beat the eggs, add half the sugar to the Crisco, the other half to the eggs and combine the two; add the other ingredients and mix again. Bake in a plate lined as for a custard pie.

Why should pie-crust be chilled before baking?

If you want to know this, and all the other whys and wherefores of successful cooking that the ordinary cookbook does not give, write for "The Whys of Cooking", in which Janet M. Hill, founder of The Boston Cooking School, answers scores of questions about every branch of cookery and gives many exclusive recipes. Mrs. Hill also tells how to plan your kitchen, set your table, and serve meals correctly. This book, bound in blue and gold and illustrated in color, costs 26c a copy just to print. You can get one copy by sending only 10c in stamps to Section K-2, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Grocers everywhere sell Crisco, in sanitary cans holding one pound and upwards, net weighe. *Never sold in bulk.* Accept no substitute—there is nothing else like Crisco.

CRISCO
For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

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THE WORTH OF CITIZENSHIP

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

IT HAS long been the custom among the less highbrow elements of American society to set the sum of thirty cents as the trade-mark and sign manual of a person or thing whose worth has greatly depreciated. An employe harshly rebuked by his employer is made to look like thirty cents. The worthlessness of the sum has been embalmed in song. Clutching his aching head, the remorseful souse moans hoarsely: "Just last night I felt immense: Now I feel like thirty cents." Thirty cents is the synonym for worthlessness. The plugged nickel is above it in the synonym scale. Even the Russian ruble carries less of a curse with it.

Some of Our Prospective Citizens Coming Ashore

This brings us easily and naturally to the statement that the existing naturalization laws of the United States make American citizenship look like thirty cents.

This statement may be resented by Americans who own a stake in their country, who like to think of the United States—as do so many enthusiasts—as the most advanced and enlightened nation that has ever appeared on the pages of history, and who take unbounded pride in their American citizenship. None the less it is true. The young man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage has long been held up to ridicule in our leading Sunday schools as the complete nit-wit. As a matter of fact this young man was the keenest of business men and the most astute of traders when compared with the Government of the United States. He sold his birthright for a square meal when he was on the point of starving to death. But America has taken its birthright of citizenship and thrown it loosely and blindly to almost any one who has been willing to stretch out his hand to take it.

A gross exaggeration, you say? Let us see whether it is or not.

Until the year 1906 the United States kept no records of any sort concerning aliens who had been granted the honor of citizenship in this country. Nobody knew who was being let in; nobody knew how many were being let in; nobody knew what races were being admitted; nobody knew how they were being admitted. In October of every year the ward politicians in the large cities rounded up the aliens in their wards, penned them up, fed them whisky to keep them reasonably contented, had them made American citizens in wholesale mobs, and then ran them into the voting booths under orders to vote the straight Democratic or Republican ticket.

Old-Fashioned Naturalization Methods

THIS is explained briefly but in more detail in the case of U. S. vs. Janke et al., which can be found in the Federal Reporter in any law library. The judge in this case stated that in the congressional investigations in 1906 it was shown that extensive frauds were committed under the existing laws. In cases arising at St. Louis it appeared that corrupt politicians, in order to forward their corrupt purposes, had gathered together mobs of foreigners and brought them to the courthouse, grouped according to their nationality, Huns, Italians and Armenians. They were collected in the corridors of the courthouse, each band was placed under the leadership of a policeman, and they were then marched in blocks before the judges of one of the high courts of the city and under formal ceremony admitted to citizenship in block. In some cases the formality of going before the court was omitted, and papers were issued to lists furnished by ward politicians. Investigation showed that many of these people had been in the United States only a few days. Similar frauds were disclosed in other cities. Citizenship in the United States was about as exclusive as the grave.

All this took place in 1906, and the uproar resulting from the disclosure of the citizenship mess was so loud and prolonged and penetrating that Congress enacted a new naturalization law, known as the Naturalization Act of June 29, 1906. That is the law under which aliens to-day become citizens of the United States, qualified to enjoy all the rights and privileges that go with citizenship, and supposedly qualified to cast wise and discriminating votes for city officials and representatives and senators.

For the first time in history the United States began, in 1907, to keep count of the numbers of aliens that were admitted to American citizenship. No records were kept of the nationality or race of the people who were admitted—a phase of the matter that has within the past twenty years proved to be of the highest importance to the American people. Too much, however, could not be expected of our lawmakers in such a short time. The question of naturalization had been before Congress for only one hundred and thirty years. On any question requiring vision Congress almost invariably takes plenty of time, and then sometimes fails to apply effective remedies until too late. Consequently it ran true to form in the matter of naturalization.

How We Make 350,000 New Citizens a Year

FROM the first of January, 1907, when the first faint stirrings of common sense led the Government to start keeping tabs on naturalized aliens in a crude, ineffectual manner, up to June 30, 1921, over 2,400,000 aliens became citizens through naturalization processes, and another 260,000 became citizens through serving in the Army or Navy of the United States. At the present time we are admitting aliens to citizenship at the rate of 350,000 a year.

These figures will be questioned, as they do not show in the reports of the Commissioner of Naturalization except by computation. They are arrived at in the following manner: In the fiscal years 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921 there were 727,782 naturalization certificates issued. The Commissioner of Naturalization, however, reports that each person naturalized confers citizenship on 1.125 persons other than himself—wife and minor children born abroad. To get at the average yearly number of actual naturalizations, therefore, one must double the figures for the last four years and divide by four. This operation, when carried to a successful conclusion, shows that we are admitting aliens to citizenship at the rate of 363,891 a year—or, in round numbers, three hundred and fifty thousand; or a hundred thousand more than a quarter million; or about the total population of Hoboken, N. J., Allentown, Pa., Sioux City, Ia., El Paso, Tex., and San Diego, Calif.

And here is the stimulating, elevating, nourishing part of the whole affair:

At an extremely conservative estimate made by a Department of Labor official who is keenly interested in and sympathetic with Americanization work, more than

75 per cent of the aliens naturalized between January 1, 1907, and June 30, 1921—practically 2,000,000 of these citizens of unknown origin and alien outlook—possessed the mental development of children in the fourth grade of the grammar school or worse.

Practically 2,000,000 of these citizens who were poured into our cities in fourteen short years to help elect our officials and to have a hand in the making of our laws and to uphold the ideals of Washington and Lincoln and to perpetuate the Anglo-Saxon race which made America, had no idea whatever of the meaning of citizenship in the United States of America. Practically 2;000,000 of them didn't know what they were getting. Practically 2,000,000 of them were not fit in any way to become American citizens.

When one considers the uncounted millions of aliens who had American citizenship literally crammed down their throats prior to 1907, one begins to understand how great was the acumen of the gentleman who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

It will probably seem incredible to the historians of the dim and distant future that the lawmakers of the United States were able to understand the necessity of action when the American people were threatened with the concrete dangers of war and famine and pestilence, but that they seemed wholly oblivious of the equally urgent necessity of protecting the American people from the inevitable mediocrity and chaos resulting from the indiscriminate and promiscuous crossing of races.

The naturalization law of 1906 was supposed to do away with the evil of wholesale naturalization which had existed prior to that time. To quote again from the learned judge in the case of U. S. vs. Janke et al., District Court, No. Dakota, Oct. 20, 1910: "The law requires that each applicant and his witnesses shall be separately and individually examined under oath like a witness in the trial of a case. Such an examination, if properly carried out, cannot fail to disclose whether or not the applicant is in fact and in truth entitled to citizenship. There can be no longer admission of foreigners to citizenship in the United States in blocks. . . . I am aware that the administration of this law imposes a heavy burden upon courts; but it may be doubted whether courts can devote their time to any higher service than the protection of the roll of the citizenship of the republic."

Unfortunately the learned judge had failed, as the saying goes, to call the turn. He lived away out in North Dakota, which is a state not immediately affected by boneheaded immigration laws and careless steamship companies which allow Ellis Island to be jammed with undesirable immigrants.

A Poor Guess

HE HAD every reason to think that he was correct when he proudly remarked that "There can be no longer admission of foreigners to citizenship in the United States in blocks"—every reason, that is to say, except familiarity with conditions in New York and in one or two other large Eastern cities that handle the bulk of our immigrants.

The true state of affairs in these cities is revealed in hearings which were held before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives in October, 1921. It is a state of affairs which, as will be seen from the following excerpt, makes Chairman Johnson and his committeemen sick, just as it would make the learned judge in the case of U. S. vs. Janke sick, and just as it makes every American sick who cares anything at all for the welfare and the future of the United States. Our naturalization laws and our immigration laws have been making a fat percentage of America sick for a long, long time; and it is only fair to state that if Congress doesn't hurry up and change laws that are admittedly sickening, Congress will make the people of America just as sick as do the rotten laws.

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Examining His Credentials

The excerpt from the committee hearings is as follows:

THE CHAIRMAN: The Philadelphia method is simply this: The witnesses stand on one side of the court room and the candidates for citizenship on the other, and the judge asks all the witnesses to hold up their hands and be sworn; and they are all sworn together. The judge then asks the witnesses, "Do you know these candidates?" And they all say that they do. Then all of the candidates hold up their hands, and they administer the oath jointly.

MR. BEVINGTON *(a witness)*: Is not that a farcical proceeding?

THE CHAIRMAN: It is. It is absolutely sickening.

MR. BEVINGTON: Exactly so.

MR. BOX *(a member of the committee)*: And the method has been sickening wherever I have seen it.

MR. RAKER *(a member of the committee)*: That is about the same method they have in New York. The only distinction is that all those who come from England stand up at one time, and then those that come from Italy, and so on. They just simply take them en bloc. There is not any real distinction between the two methods. Then the court makes a few remarks as to citizenship and off he goes. What does that amount to?

MR. BEVINGTON: Nothing.

Testimony in Committee

IT AMOUNTS to nothing so far as the alien is concerned. It has about as much influence on his thoughts and his actions as a ride on a crowded street car would have.

It amounts to a great deal, however, so far as the United States is concerned. It amounts to the fact that the United States is loading up with citizens and voters who know nothing about America, care nothing about America, and gradually and inevitably tend to lower American public opinion to a complacent acquiescence in or disregard for bossism, demagoguery and the filth of ward politics.

It is customary for sentimentalists to meet such statements with a blatant counterstatement calling attention to the manner in which our recent arrivals fought overseas for their adopted country during the recent mess. Some of them did; and no American would be so foolish or so narrow-minded as to wish to withhold citizenship from them. But some of them didn't and wouldn't. M. R. Bevington, chief naturalization examiner, eighth district, St. Louis, Missouri, testified as follows before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization in October, 1921:

"During the war, as a means of aiding the armed forces of the country, it was provided that aliens in the military service of the United States might be naturalized forthwith, and a very easy method was provided, as this committee knows. The war has for all practical purposes been over for something like three years, and during the war in practically every camp and cantonment in the United States there were naturalization representatives to aid these men in securing citizenship. I understand that at the debarkation ports the same was true, in order to take care of the men who had been overseas. Since the armistice every naturalization office has been devoting more or less of its time to

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PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Types of Immigrants at Ellis Island, During the Weekly Concert

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THE psychopathist who specializes in suicide as a phenomenon should devote at least a year's study to the stranger in New York. New York inspires melancholia. It is disappointing, like the wealthy hostess who invites you to visit, then when you arrive with your week-end luggage informs you through a fishy-eyed butler that she is not at home, but that house, food and furniture are at your service.

The stranger in New York does innumerable inane things in order to outrun the specter of loneliness. He may affect science, hurry from the Bronx Zoo to the Aquarium and back to the Museum of Natural History. He may surrender his soul to the arts, wander solitary through the Metropolitan Museum and miles of private galleries, then if his reason holds out perch on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and make a gloomy study of architecture. Rest is denied him. He is quite unable to sleep, save in the most expensive theaters; he pays twelve dollars a night to a hotel for the privilege of staying awake, his senses attuned to the elevated road, the fire siren, the musical scavengers who shout their secrets in a South-of-Europe dialect as they toss ash cans from second-story windows to the hard, hard pave.

After such a week the technic of suicide is simple. One calls a bell boy to one's room, smuggles a bank note into his hand and whispers, "Bring me poison!" The lethal fluid is delivered promptly in a quart bottle labeled, "Auld Bonnie Bunnie—10 Years in the Wood." The wood still lingers in the alcohol, yet one drinks deep. After that comes peace.

Men, left to wander in the jungles of Manhattan, run amuck after the manner of men. Man is a temperamental animal, whereas woman is not. And this last is fortunate—otherwise the human race would be done to death by its own fool hand.

Miss Marguerite Spear came up from Hannisville, Virginia, in the autumn of 1921. Her father, proprietor of Spear's Hardware, Grain and Feed Exchange, at Hannisville, had consulted his wife and quite agreed that Maggie was old enough to go alone and meet Cousin Winifred, expected to arrive on Tuesday's boat from France. Winifred had been studying music in Paris and had as much as promised a vocal career for Maggie, who sang like a linnet in the Hannisville Presbyterian choir.

Her Back Crawled With the Feeling That the Funeral Had Stopped and That New York Society Had Turned Its Single Attention Upon Her Exit

Surely the Spears were not afraid of sending Maggie alone to our much advertised metropolis. Hadn't she gone time and again to visit Aunt Hattie in Lynchburg? Ma Spear was busy with her fall preserves, Pa Spear was building an addition to his store; and as the sensible mother was heard to say in the presence of the Wednesday Club, "Maggie knows right smart about the New Yawk Fo' Hundred. I reckon she ain't missed a thing."

It was all natural enough, but Hannisville managed to make an occasion of Maggie's going away.

The young people of local church society were assembled on the platform, giving Miss Spear's departure an official look, for Hannisville seldom went so fast or so far. Maggie received a box of candy the size and shape of a wedding cake, and in addition twenty-eight feminine kisses.

Mr. Hanse Walker, an occasional beau, cautioned her against becoming too deeply involved in the smart set, and others reminded her of this opportunity to marry a duke or a Vanderbilt—interchangeable titles in Hannisville.

At last the train was moving and Maggie Spear, a tall, lovely figure of a girl, blew kisses from the rear platform and drawled in her linnet's voice, "You all have been mighty sweet."

Even above the pounding of the wheels Sally Stevenson's humorous injunction floated up to her: "Don't you come back till you know all about New Yawk suhciety!"

So is the pollen of an idle thought blown into a receptive brain. New York society. In common with all America the young traveler had read about the myth from the tortured pages of Sunday supplements. Possibly Maggie had taken it a little more to heart than she might have done had her turn of mind been realistic. She gathered the details from the sensational press, embroidered them into a pattern of romance. There was the Four Hundred, for instance. She imagined it as a sort of secret society like the Black Hand—if you can picture a black hand heavily laden with Koh-i-noors. The members of this cult disported on a higher plane. They made their own laws, observed their own customs, the latter a little shocking at times but never failing in romantic interest. They bathed in champagne, consorted with dissipated kings, kept pet menageries, played schoolboy pranks with ropes of pearls. People of another world, they were ringed around by a magic circle through which a mere mortal could slip occasionally, to be ennobled forevermore.

Such was Marguerite Spear's vision of New York society when she came to the big city and found herself condemned to join the innumerable host of lonesome strangers.

At the boarding house in Lexington Avenue, recommended by her minister, she had scarcely retired to her creaky bed before a telegram came from her mother announcing that Winifred's arrival had been delayed two weeks. At first the message promised freedom and adventure.

Now, according to every theory sacred to the scenario writer Maggie Spear should have been in constant peril during that unguarded fortnight. She was attractive to the eye, even in a city where girlhood moves like sands of the sea, advancing and retreating with every tide. A blue serge suit which she had bought at a bargain sale on the first day of her visit did a friendly turn to her straight-backed, long-legged figure. She had a look of caste; where she got it no one knows. Had the Spears adorned their family name with initials they would have been W. F. V.—Worst Families of Virginia.

In those first, comparatively exciting days when she paced Fifth Avenue, clad in the spoils of extravagant shopping, gentlemen in spats and gray fedoras paused to look back and make note of the tall girl with the wavy black hair and long greenish eyes of the Romanoffs. But acquaintanceship went no further than the gazing point. Possibly the gazers were, like Maggie, exiles in New York, fatuously killing time and staring a little wistfully at everything they considered typical of Manhattan.

The game of solitaire palls quickly. Your phantom partner becomes a bore. At the end of the seventh day Maggie went to bed with the feeling that she wanted to cry or to run rapidly to the Pennsylvania Station and buy a through ticket to Hannisville. She was becoming unused to the human voice. The very boarding house in which she slept was run quite impersonally, like a hotel. One never saw the proprietor. A buck-toothed maiden at the desk banged door keys superciliously and repelled every attempt at conversation.

Maggie drowsed that night with the uncomfortable feeling that the gaunt-shouldered loft building across the street from her was intending to fall during the darkness, to crash down and smother her under cold fragments of New York. A gigantic electric advertisement, heralding a popular perfume, stared down from the distant sky. First it would flash on, materializing a horridly beautiful lady with a set smile and a burning electric face. Then the lady would evaporate into blackness and in her place would glare the mighty words, "Sweeten your life with Pomp-a-Doo."

The horrid message followed her into the Land of Nod, and after a troubled doze she awoke. It was as though the lady with the electric face had sent her a message out of Satan's black bible. Distinctly she recalled the words which Sally Stevenson had shouted to her just as the train

was moving away from the Hannisville platform: "Don't you come back till you know all about New Yawk suhciety!"

New York society. Tossing on her creaky bed Maggie reflected that the inhabitants of this tall-towered city weren't all scabby little foreigners, rushing like insects from nibble to nibble. She had inspected lines of palaces along Park Avenue and the eastern edge of Central Park. Some of them were boarded up with ugly drab strips, as if even their windows would suffer contamination from the vulgar gaze. A few of the braver windows gleamed haughtily, showing proud curtains and glimpses of sculptured halls. Heroic promises! Somewhere in New York were godlike beings who rode on top of the tide, commanded it, used it for their pleasuring. But what were they like? Who ever saw them?

Such impious questions burned into her idle brain, murdering sleep. The Lexington Avenue cars bumped by on elliptical wheels, and somebody around the corner was dancing to a double saxophone band. The night was febrile, terrifying.

II

NEW YORK mornings can be deliciously clear, despite the city's recent yielding to the soft-coal nuisance. It was a relenting moment in November, too warm for furs—and this abetted Maggie's adventure—when her lungs took in the tonic air and her feet beat time to the pulse of Fifth Avenue. The depressions of the night had gone. Adventure lurked around the corner. Her mother's servant, the black Ophelia, had often boasted that there were times when she could smell the future. To Maggie's open nostrils came such a prophetic sniff—strange, ecstatic, a little frightening.

Innumerable family vehicles, many fat-bellied limousines, a few sleek carriages, were drawn against the curb extending a city block around the corner from that splendid frontage where St. Cuthbert's Church displays its brand-new medievalism. Row upon row, circling around the door, the proletariat were gathered to sate that curiosity which the haters of wealth always display toward the public doings of the mighty. Now and then policemen, their clubs converted into temporary gates, pushed the mob back. A big black hearse stood against the curb directly opposite the church door.

"I—I ——" Stammered Maggie in a Frozen Attempt to Say Something

"Who's dead?" asked Maggie of a fierce dark woman who stood crowded against her, her hair coming down under a wisp of something that might have been a hat.

"Cyprian K. Twining, of course," snarled the dark woman.

Of course. What could be more natural than that Cyprian K. Twining should be dead? Vaguely she remembered long accounts in yesterday's papers. Cyprian K. Twining had been president of several things and founder of several other things. Nearly a column had been devoted to a list of his performances.

By now the dark woman had been crowded even closer and scowled up at her with a face which lopped to one side, suggesting a bee sting.

"I reckon he was quite a society man, wasn't he?" ventured the seeker after excitement. It was a naïve question, but this was neither the time nor the place for subtleties.

"Society?" shrilled the dark woman, bringing a vicious elbow into the waistband of a fat man behind her. "Say, you've said a mouthful. He run the works. Wasn't nothin' too high-toned for him. But he can't take none of it into the grave with 'im," she added with evident satisfaction.

Maggie managed to wriggle a little farther forward. The words that had plagued her last night rang again in her ears. Hannisville expected her to bring back information of New York society. New York society lay before her, just beyond the policeman's baton. One of its most exclusive rites, a fashionable funeral, was being enacted within tossing distance of where she stood.

"Do you mind my getting by?" she drawled in the most honeyed tone Virginia knows. A policeman who stood, his stick across his breast, received her sweetness in the ear.

"Can't let you, lady," he objected, but he smiled like an Irishman and amended, "Not unless you're goin' to the funeral."

Decision came instantaneously and she pitched herself forward into the policeman's arms.

"But I am going to the funeral," she drawled.

"This way, then," he told her, and even the blue of his uniform seemed to mellow. "Y'ought to told me before. Some crowd, lady. Right up them steps."

Without a tremor she mounted toward the open Gothic door, gaining confidence with every step. It was as though she had been invited, a friend, a relative of the bereaved family. The rich brown shadows of the great interior loomed before her. A pipe organ pealed and throbbed. Dimly down the aisle she could see soberly clad specimens of New York society moving toward their pews.

As soon as her eyes had grown partially accustomed to the vague ecclesiastical lighting, sifted through rose windows and stained glass, she was aware of a young man in a morning coat and eyebrow mustache, who paused before her in a manner which indicated that he was an usher.

"You're Miss ——" he hesitated.

"Spear," she supplied promptly.

"Oh, yes," he acknowledged, and it was as if he had said, "How stupid of me not to have recognized you!"

In another instant she was following him down the aisle. Thus far at least her entrance into New York society had been pleasant and easy. The usher stopped at a pew, obviously intended for her, and she accepted it with a grateful smile. The proceeding seemed as natural as if she had been attending funerals at St. Cuthbert's twice a week since birth; and nailed securely to the pew, enriching her confidence, giving her a sense of ownership, was a large brass plate plainly etched with her family name—Spear. She read it twice to make sure, then entered and sat down.

The organ thrilled, a surpliced choir stood ready in the loft; and Maggie was all attention, for she loved choral music. Through stained glass the light poured streams of sapphire and ruby. Down the aisle passed the élite of New York, a decorous procession which belied the tales of champagne baths and boa-constrictor dinners she had learned by heart from Sunday supplements.

So deep was her abstraction that it was a full five minutes before Maggie noticed that there was another occupant of the pew so obligingly marked with the name of Spear. The funniest little old lady in New York sat studying a handsome prayer book through square lorgnettes. Around her humped shoulders lay three thousand dollars' worth of sables, cut in an antiquated pattern. Under a bun-shaped hat, jingling with jet ornaments, she displayed a false front, curled tight as the hair on a spaniel's back. Below this showed a long nose and little inquisitive eyes.

The old lady peeked up like one of those interesting Australasian birds that go about in furs.

"We shall miss him," she began quite abruptly.

"Indeed we shall," Maggie sighed appropriately.

"Don't pretend," said her pew mate; and this touched the girl's bad conscience with a cold fear of detection until the old lady partly explained herself with the remark, "Your generation wouldn't know Cyprian Twining. There wasn't a greater beau in New York in his day. You remember the old Twining house in lower Fifth Avenue——"

"The one near Washington Square," stumbled Maggie, making a poor attempt to follow.

"Naturally!" snapped the old lady. "You ought to remember it. Your mother was born next door."

Maggie was silent at this piece of news, and what most disconcerted her was those two square-paned lorgnettes, focused upon her like burning glasses.

"Your mother was Adelaide Root, wasn't she?" asked the old lady, as if suspicion had just entered her mind.

"No," faltered Maggie, courage deserting her. "She was May Jones."

"Oh." The lorgnettes seemed to snap with greenish lights. "Which one of the Spear children are you?"

"I'm Marguerite."

"Of the New York family?"

"Of the Hannisville family. We're the Virginia Spears, you know." This last seemed to save the situation.

"Then you probably don't know me from Adam," smiled the old lady, her face lighting. "I'm Mrs. Van Reek."

Maggie sat puzzled, unsure. Should she offer her hand and be pleased to meet Mrs. Van Reek? Apparently not, for Mrs. Van Reek went chatting on.

"It's a grief to everybody, but heaven knows Cyprian had to go some time. He was nearly ninety and hadn't drawn a sober breath for thirty years. But a great beau in his day—a great beau. Wasn't it decent of your Aunt Claudia to ask me to your pew?" She said "pew" as if she were about to say "box," confusing the ceremony with grand opera. "Poor dear Claudia suffers so with asthma. I hope you've seen her."

"Not this trip," explained the girl.

"But you must. She's dreadfully sensitive—the disease makes her so. She'll never forgive you if you don't see her. This younger generation is heartless. Think how Amy has behaved since she married that feather-brained Ned Galway. But then, I suppose you've not taken sides ——"

"Well ——" Maggie let her eyes speak volumes.

"Perhaps you Charleston Spears have another version of the affair." How in the world Mrs. Van Reek had confused Hannisville and Charleston was quite inexplicable. But the Charleston Spears had an important sound.

Just then the vested choir began chanting doleful sweetness to begin the services. Mortuary silence settled over the congregation. Maggie was drugged with the music that she loved. The smells of cut flowers, of expensive perfume, combined in her nostrils with that reverential, musty, church odor.

But through the long ritual, honorably directed for the passing of Cyprian K. Twining's long and wealthy life, Marguerite Spear sat in meditation upon herself. She had gotten into New York society by way of a funeral. She had slipped in through the invisible circle and seated herself in a pew marked Spear—apparently a great name in New York. It was a dream—surely Hannisville, when she returned to tell the tale, would not believe it. Disregarding the impressive ceremony she peered guiltily around. Great folk, looking for all the world like common mortals in Sunday clothes, sat unpretentiously, row on

row. And yet every one of them—herself excepted—formed a unit in that magic number, the Four Hundred. She was tempted to hold up her finger and count them to see if they were all there.

She came to herself, to realize that the clergyman was preaching the funeral sermon. His voice was resonant, beautiful, sad. In the death of Cyprian K. Twining the community had lost a figure never to be replaced. His life should serve as a stimulus to all. In his endowments to charity, to art, to education, he had builded for himself a mighty monument.

No sermon was ever better worded, and yet Maggie's mind began to wander again.

She was aroused by a light tap on the arm, and turned to find Mrs. Van Reek touching her old eyes with the point of a filmy handkerchief.

"I can't stand any more—never did like funerals," she explained in a whisper. "Would you mind helping me out, my dear?"

It was with a feeling of relief that Maggie offered her arm to the decrepit body. She, too, had a dread of funerals, and she had seen enough to furnish Hannisville with topics for a year. Also her caution told her that she was acting a dangerous part. She remembered what happened to Cinderella, who lingered too long in royal splendor and found herself standing before the king, a kitchen wench in rags.

Supporting Mrs. Van Reek—for the old lady was quite lame—she took her slow way down the aisle. Her back crawled with the feeling that the funeral had stopped and that New York society had turned its single attention upon her exit. But once outside on the broad stone steps, she breathed again. Mrs. Van Reek was relieved, too, for her old face had become all pleasant wrinkles.

"Thank you so much, my dear," she said. "What a strong, lovely child you are! The Southampton Spears will be green with envy. They're all so ugly."

By some telepathy—a secret, no doubt, of the magic circle—a sleek black carriage with sleek black horses and shining harness came prancing to the curb just as Mrs. Van Reek limped down. A groom with beautiful white legs and pink-topped boots came trotting up to lend assistance.

"Can't I give you a lift?" asked Mrs. Van Reek at the door of her carriage.

"Thank you, no," replied Maggie, now filled with anxiety to go, as the vulgar say, while the going was good. "It's just a step over to my hotel."

"Where are you stopping?"

"At the Merlinbilt." That was a lie, but what could she do, goaded by the moment's spur?

"Get in!" the command came sharply. "You know very well, child, that you're not in such a hurry as that." And when Maggie had obeyed, for the lack of a good excuse, Mrs. Van Reek turned to the groom with the order, Home!

"You won't mind an old woman's whims," she apologized amiably when the carriage was under way. "Funerals are so upsetting, and it helps one at such times to talk to young people. My dear"—she scrutinized Maggie again through her square lorgnettes—"you have your grandfather's eyes."

"My mother tells me so," said the amateur impostor.

"He was a very handsome man. A bit of a rake, but a great beau—a great beau. Curious how few of the younger generation have inherited his looks," she added, reverting to the unhandsome Spears of Southampton.

Maggie was trying to think of something wise that a great scientist—Mendel or Handel or somebody German—had said about traits skipping a generation. But Mrs. Van Reek was satisfied with the sound of her own voice.

"Of course nobody's in town—really in town—at this time of the year. But I just had to come in and look over the house. We're having the ballroom done over again, you know—Spanish this time. I must motor out to Hempstead again this afternoon. I wish I could get used to automobiles. They hurry so."

Maggie had often had the same thought, but she had approached it from the standpoint of the person outside the automobile. So Mrs. Van Reek chatted on. To all appearances she had accepted Miss Spear on the strength of the name, the pew and the funeral. Presently the carriage stopped before a mansion of upper Fifth Avenue which the girl from Hannisville had admired in her lonesome promenades. Part of the windows were gray-boarded, part royally curtained. Barrels of building material against the wall announced that Mrs. Van Reek's ballroom was still undergoing decoration.

A footman came nimbly down the steps and assisted the groom in pulling Mrs. Van Reek from her carriage. She held out a scrawny hand to Marguerite and smiled.

"Good-by till to-morrow, my dear."

"To-morrow?" Maggie was wearying a little of the living picture puzzle in which she found herself engaged.

"Of course you're coming to my reception!"

"Well—you see we just got in ——"

"It's at four o'clock," explained the old lady briskly, somehow managing to shift the blame to Maggie. "It's for General Ravenna—the Italian hero, you know, who's here with the commission. Do come. You might be amused."

"Here?" asked Maggie, blinking at the Van Reek palace, so obviously in course of repair.

"Mercy, no! At Hempstead." She had turned to her coachman, a signal that Miss Spear was to depart.

"Take Miss Spear to the St. Regis," she commanded.

The coachman gathered his reins and drove promptly away toward the St. Regis. It mattered nothing that Maggie had mentioned the Merlinbilt as her place of residence. One hotel was as good as another, as far as that was concerned. But it was quite evident that Mrs. Van Reek was losing her memory.

III

MRS. VAN REEK'S loss of memory did not embarrass her on the afternoon of her reception, for when Maggie arrived somewhat late in the handsomest jitney she could find at the Hempstead station the great lady almost fell into her arms, while a liveried man at the door shouted "Miss Spear!" so that it echoed through the high halls.

She hobbled up to the lovely pretender from Hannisville and, after an affectionate pat, gurgled, "It's so good of you to come. Have you met General Ravenna?"

Maggie's dazzled eyes were aware of a punctiliously clad mob, passing in and out of a large oval brocaded room with gilt-tipped pilasters and Cupids swimming across its painted ceiling. Swords clanked, shoulder straps flashed, service ribbons showed resplendent against the sober colors of civilian clothes. At the head of a line stood a stout gentleman with a black beard and the olive-green uniform of King Victor Emmanuel's brave defenders.

He beamed on Maggie with a fatherly air, but when she undertook to address him his face became a blank.

"The general doesn't speak English," interposed a pleasant voice at her elbow.

Maggie looked nervously around and beheld the speaker, a slim, handsome young man with a military mustache, eyes of gun-metal blue, and the bold Roman nose which, in Maggie's estimation, proclaimed the patrician. The cut of his afternoon coat was all the tailor could desire. He wore a dull-blue tie, looped in a bow-knot under his winged collar, and a discreet V of delicately figured shirt was just visible. Maggie never forgot that shirt. It was the shirt of a great gentleman.

"I'll translate for you if you like," volunteered the young prince.

"Oh," said Maggie, "never mind. I was just saying that it was a lovely day for November—just like spring."

Her translator turned earnestly to the general and spouted a liquid mouthful of Italian.

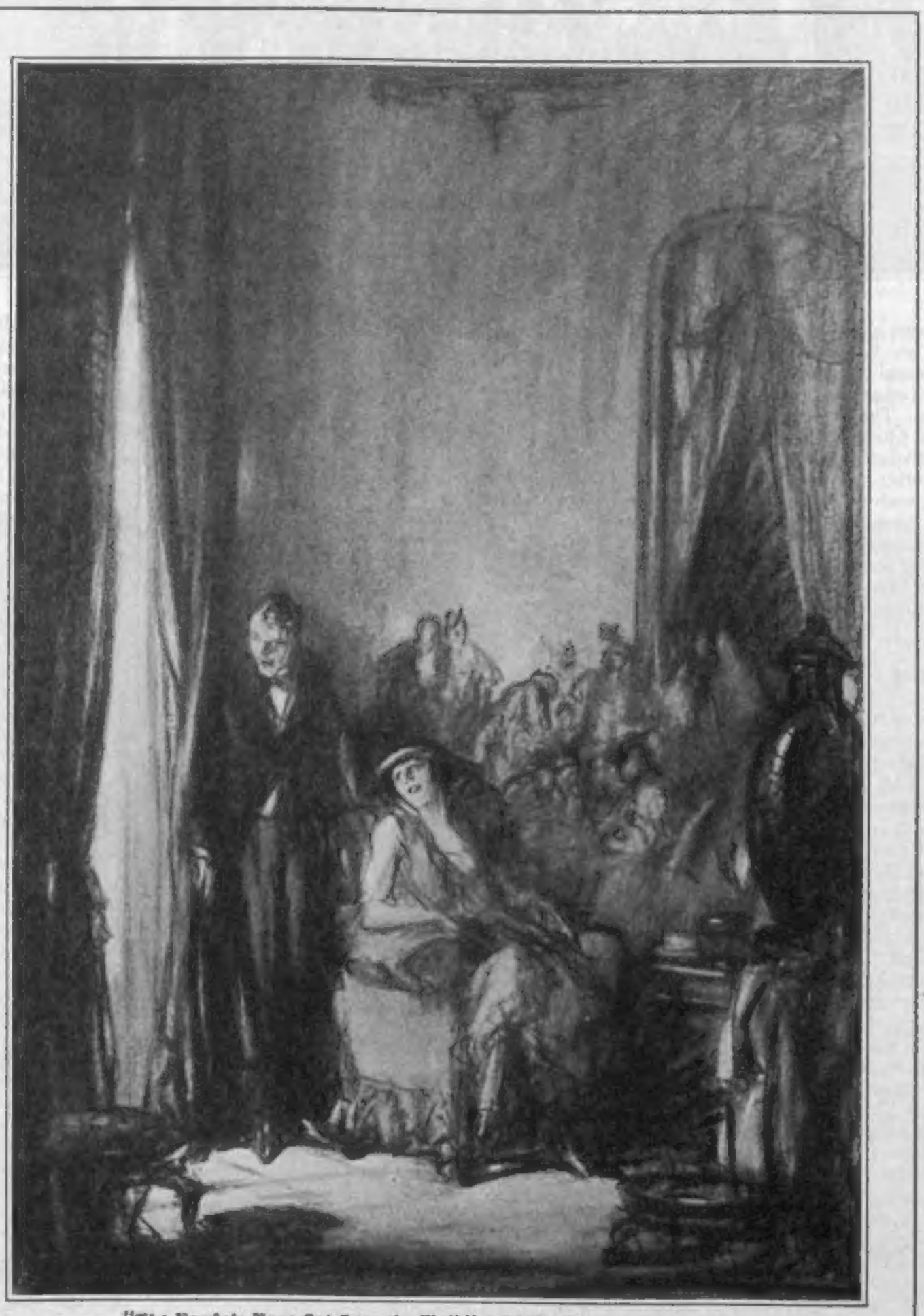
"The general is complimented," replied the beautiful patrician. "He says that where you are it's always spring—something like that."

Just the trace of a satiric gleam in the gun-metal eyes suggested that the young man might have put a liberal interpretation on the great Italian's words.

By then other hands had intruded to shake the hand of General Ravenna. Maggie had the impression of being passed along in much the same way she had seen negroes pass watermelons into B. & O. freight cars. A stiff tall lady with the bearing and facial contour of the Queen Dowager of England—she might have been and given Maggie little surprise that day—took her in hand and brought forth men of every complexion from tender young pink to tough old purple. Great names were bandied about until they fell all ajumble in her poor little head, and among them all her own obscure cognomen proved sufficiently important to bring a group of admirers.

Evidently she was a person of importance. From the advantage thus enjoyed she had an opportunity to study the magic circle at close range. Her conclusions were disappointing. The younger brats in trousers reminded her of schoolboys from almost anywhere. Little Terry van Laerens—bearer of a name without which no Sunday

(Continued on Page 66)



"The Vandals Have Got Over the Wall," Said He, Parting the Curtains

THE COAL OUTLOOK

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE stage is being set in the United States for what may be the greatest labor struggle in history. The primary contenders are the coal-mine owners on one side and the miners on the other. For many months the two opposing factions have been jockeying for position. The real fight, if one occurs, will commence the first of April. In the meantime we have witnessed a preliminary battle of words which has left the final outcome no less obscure.

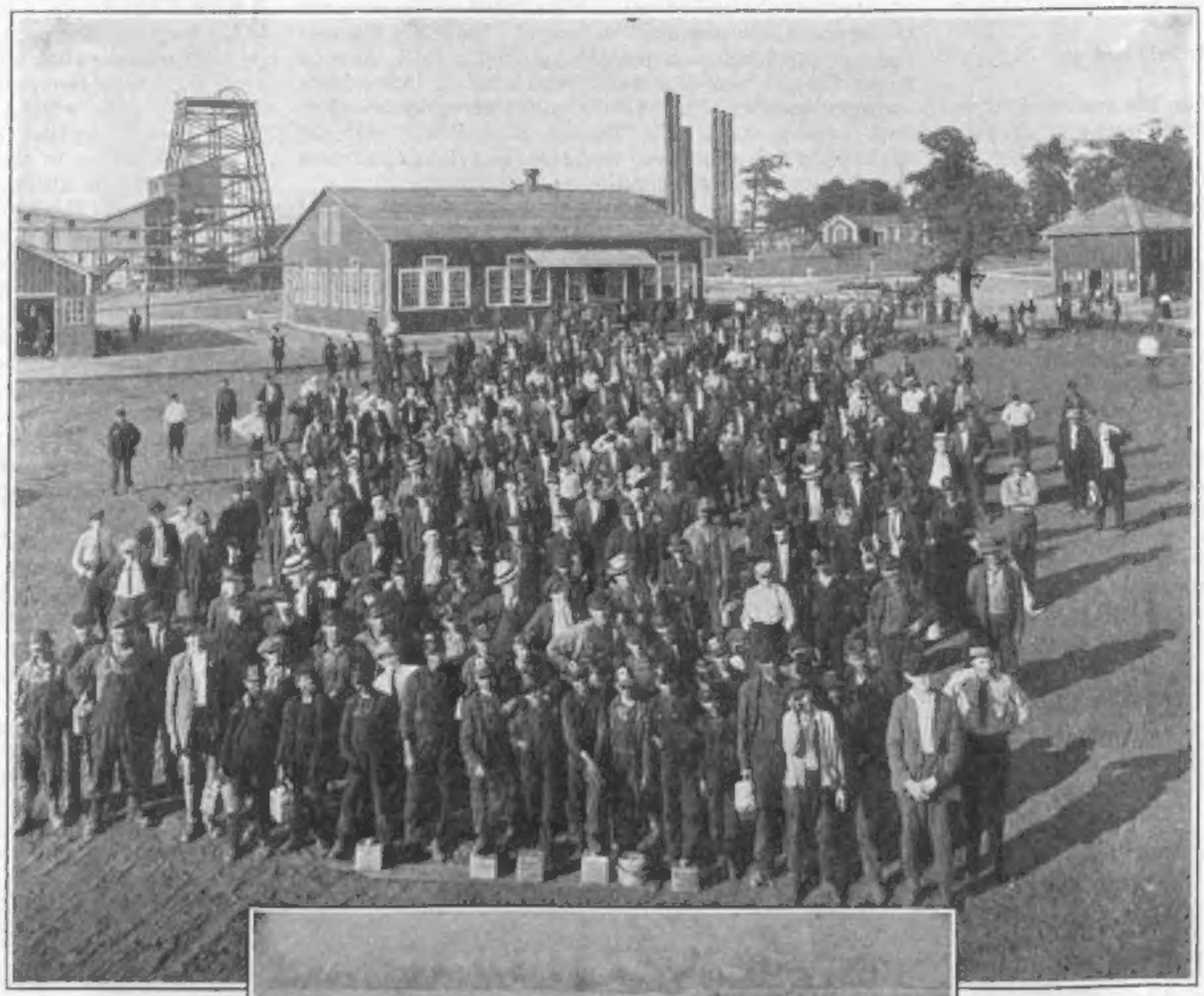
Back of this conflict are the most important economic questions of the day. The price of coal affects our lives as does that of no other commodity. High-cost coal means high-cost food, clothes and shelter. It means high-cost cooking and increased expense for education, recreation and the maintenance of health. In fact, the high cost of fuel is such a vital matter in this machine age that it is practically certain we cannot complete the task of industrial readjustment until coal, our chief source of heat and power, is obtainable at a fair price.

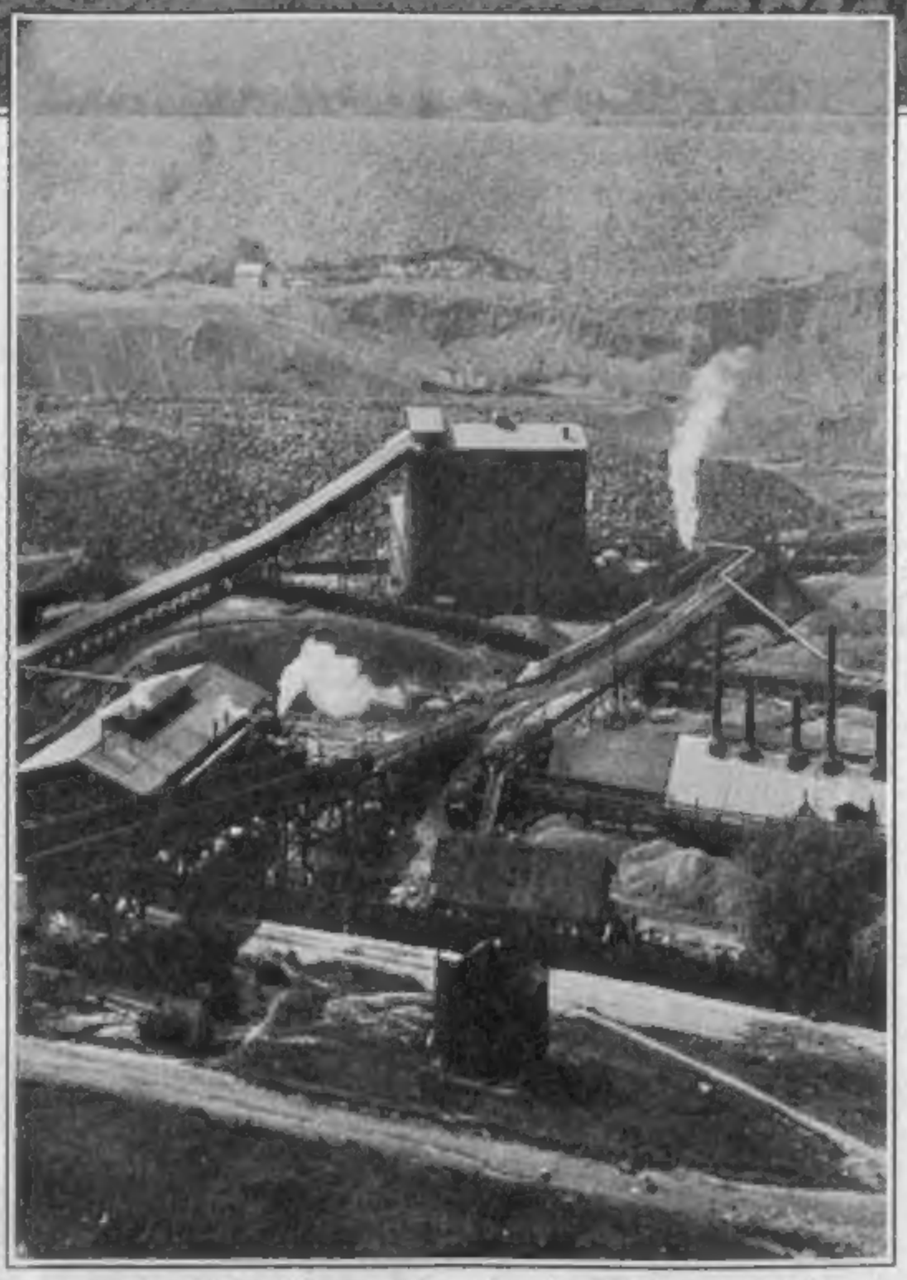
We are paying a heavy price to-day because of the failure of certain classes to pay careful attention to simple but irrevocable economic laws. We cannot make any permanent advances on the road to prosperity until prices and wages have been liquidated in all basic industries. It is not fair and it is not possible to make the agricultural industry of the country carry the burden of high wage rates in the railroad and the mining industries. The farmer who raises corn must produce and sell fifteen bushels of this grain in order to obtain sufficient money to buy a single pair of well-made working gloves. If he wants to purchase such an expensive article as a farm wagon he must set aside from 1200 to 1500 bushels of corn to cover this expense. The reason the gloves and the wagon cost so much is because the manufacturers are obliged to pay war prices for fuel and abnormal rates for freight transportation.

Part-Time Employment

DOZENS of labor organizations have refused to see that the market for their services no longer exists at the high rates of pay which have prevailed in recent years. They have remained blind to the truth that it means nothing to the wage earners to have the rates high if there is no work to be had, or only part-time employment. Union leaders repeatedly argue that the members of their organizations are unable to make a decent living, even with high wages, because of part-time employment; and that the plight of the workers would be far worse if the rates of pay were reduced. There is nothing more true or more fundamental than the statement that it is impossible to restore prosperity on the basis of double pay for half-time work.

Economic laws never have and never will yield to human ignorance or selfishness. High wages in the coal-mining industry are only lengthening the time of depression and unemployment. The whole nation is crying for lower transportation charges on the railroads; but fuel, next to the wages for labor, is the heaviest expense of the country's carriers. The cost of fuel to our American railroads in 1920, as compared with 1916, showed an increase of $452,229,229. Comparing the same two years in the matter of railroad wages, the increase was $2,193,967,278. In 1916 the net operating income of the railroads was $1,040,084,517. In 1920 the net operating income of the roads was $21,661,782. Of course, transportation costs must come down, but it must be perfectly plain that fuel charges will have to be reduced.





An Anthracite Colliery in Pennsylvania. Above—Anthracite Miners at a Colliery Near Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

If we are to believe the words and actions of the leaders of organized labor here in the United States at the present time, we must conclude that they have decided to make a stand in their forced retreat of the last eighteen months. The unbroken string of victories won by the workers during the war has been followed by a number of defeats. There is only one industry that can be tied up with any hope of success at the present time, and that is the production of coal.

There are three things in a nation's life that are absolutely necessary: These are food, fuel and transportation. Organized labor may close down several other industries, and we can still get along comfortably; but we find it impossible to do without even one of the three essentials just mentioned. The union leaders know this, and they also understand that to win the attention of the public at large a strike must deprive the citizen of some article requisite to him.

Because of the nature of the agricultural industry, a food strike is impossible. A railroad strike recently was nipped in the bud, and the union leaders who saw sure defeat ahead were obliged to run to cover.

The Issue

THE officers of the American Federation of Labor, as well as the leaders of the different unions, have been less outspoken in their demands in recent months; but let no one entertain the belief that organized labor in the United States as a whole has undergone any change of heart. The aims and policies of the leaders are just the same. The radicals are no less rabid, and their numbers have not decreased. Labor is still committed to the idea that the strike is the most effective weapon to use in forcing the acceptance of its wage demands.

It is all very well to point out that the present time of slack business and serious unemployment is not propitious for waging a successful strike. Such a statement is only partly true, and is not founded on a full understanding of the present situation. The miners' organization is definitely committed to the maintenance of a high wage scale. It is also becoming evident that the various unions of mine workers are under the control of some of the country's most radical labor leaders. These men are well aware that their industry has in its employ 150,000 more men than are needed to supply the nation's normal coal requirements. They know that the industry is overmanned and have definitely proposed as a solution a six-hour day and a five-day week.

During the war the miners were coddled by the Federal Administration, and as a result the leaders of the men are still blinded by an exaggerated sense of their power. The country at large does not know what a serious threat this is to the industrial life of the whole nation. Business men generally have regretted that the recent conflict between the railroads and their men was not fought to a finish, so that the issues might be permanently settled. A large part of the public is at present opposed to any compromise of the differences now existing between the workers and their employers.

There is just as much to be feared from the activities of extremists in the capitalistic group as from extremists in the labor group. Some corporation executives have already taken advantage of the present era of hard times to reduce the wages of their employes to levels that do not provide a decent living. Many of these same company officials were the very ones who made the loudest outcry two years ago against the injustice of the wage demands of the workers. Now, when they have an opportunity to set an example of fair play, they act with as much selfishness and as little mercy as did the labor leaders when they held the whip hand. In the face of such a policy it is no wonder that the rank and file of workmen are suspicious of the so-called captains of industry, and that as a consequence the nation must bear the waste and losses which result from a never-ending series of labor disputes.

It is this distrust by the workers that has made it possible for radical leaders to gain control of some of the unions. It is this suspicion concerning the motives of the

employers that has transformed collective bargaining into collective threatening. It is this same lack of confidence that has caused the United Mine Workers of America to adopt a policy of rule or ruin.

Never in the history of our industrial life has there been such a notable example of how the business of a nation can be hampered and industrial distress perpetuated by certain classes stubbornly resisting the shock of economic change as the present case of the miners' union refusing to readjust wages to conform with new conditions and a new price scale. The outcome of this policy has been to cause misery not only to the public at large but to the miners themselves. Hundreds of coal operations working under a union wage scale have been closed down entirely, and thousands of other coal mines employing organized labor are working only one or two days a week. This situation has resulted not because there was no demand for coal, but because the nonunion mines, working under an adjusted wage scale lower than the union rate of pay, have been able to mine and sell coal for less than the union mines. In other words, the nonunion fields are getting the business, and the nonunion miners working for a lower wage are making three or four times as much as the union miners employed at a higher wage. There could be no better example of the truth that the standard of living for workers is established by the pay envelope actually received, and not by the wage rate as it exists. But before we attempt to discuss coal probabilities let us lay down such facts as directly bear on the situation.

As already stated, the coal mines of the country are greatly overmanned. Also, there are more mines than are needed to supply any demand for fuel that might be made. One reason there are so many miners is because the work is less arduous, the pay higher and the hours shorter than is the case in farming and many other similar occupations.

Furthermore, the idea of working in a cool place in the summertime and a warm place in the winter months appeals to many men.

Among other advantages is a lower cost of living which exists in most coal-mining communities.

Lawlessness in West Virginia

TAKING the country as a whole, the coal mines this winter have been working at about 60 per cent capacity. In some of the unionized districts the rate of production has been at less than 50 per cent capacity, while in adjacent nonunion fields production has been carried on at 80 per cent capacity and better.

A little more than 60 per cent of the mine workers belong to the union. In round numbers there are about 400,000 union miners.

If there should be a coal strike, the nonunion mines of the United States would likely go on working and would be able to produce upward of 200,000,000 tons of coal annually. In other words, the unorganized fields can produce about 4,000,000 tons of coal each week. At the present rate of curtailed consumption of fuel the nation requires only about 8,000,000 tons a week. In normal times the demand will run upward of 12,000,000 tons weekly during the coal season. Though the present stocks of coal in consumers' yards and bins are not large, they are sufficient to supply many users with fuel for from four to eight weeks.

The artificial gas companies of the country have greater stores on hand than most other industries.

An Electric Locomotive Hauling a String of Loaded Mine Cars in a Colliery

The nonunion, open-shop bituminous tonnage of the country is roughly distributed as follows:

	PER CENT		PER CENT
Pennsylvania	32.0	Colorado	5.0
West Virginia	28.0	Tennessee	2.7
Kentucky	11.5	Maryland	2.5
Alabama	10.4	Georgia	0.1
Virginia	5.4		

In addition to the above tonnage from nonunion mines, we may now take account of some considerable output from the state of Washington, where the union miners were defeated recently in a strike that was called to tie up the production of the state.

In the light of these figures it is easy to understand why the officials of the miners' union have been so anxious to organize the nonunion mines in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Alabama. Experience has shown them that it is practically impossible to conclude a successful strike in the face of this nonunion production of coal. In past years the bituminous wage agreements expired one year and the anthracite contracts the next. This year both agreements terminate March thirty-first, so that if the hard-coal miners and the bituminous workers pull together the anthracite collieries will be shut down at the same time that the bituminous mines cease operation.

Not long ago approximately 5000 miners from the Kanawha field in West Virginia started a sudden march toward the nonunion mines of Logan and Mingo counties in Southern West Virginia. The marching force, composed of union miners and led by trained officers, proceeded in violation of county and state laws, and the avowed intention was to shut down the nonunion operations and organize the workers. The marchers were armed, and were so well supplied with rations and camping equipment that it was perfectly evident much time and money had been expended in planning the movement. Evidence presented in court disclosed the fact that this effort to organize the mines of Logan and Mingo counties cost more than $2,000,000.

The Check-Off System

AT THE time there was much talk about the union miners marching to rescue their brothers in distress, but the absurdity of this statement may be readily understood when it is stated that a large part of the armed force of defenders consisted of nonunion miners who evidently did not want to be rescued. Before this local trouble was settled Federal troops had to be used, and the cost of this intervention added something like $1,000,000 to the Government's budget of expenses, all of which must be paid by the taxpayers at large.

One may ask why the miners' union is so earnest in its desire to organize the nonunion districts. Is it only to kill off this production in case of a strike? In answering this question let me call attention to the fact that every mine unionized must submit to the inauguration of the check-off system, which requires the company to collect and pay over to the union about six cents for each ton produced. Therefore, assuming an annual production of 13,000,000 tons for the mines of Logan and Mingo counties, it is clear that if these operations could be brought into the union fold the United Mine Workers of America would profit to the extent of about $780,000 each year.

There is no doubt in the minds of well-informed people that the coal production from our nonunion fields constitutes a national safeguard. If we did not have this output the United Mine Workers would have power to stop all industry and freeze and starve the people of the United States into submission. It was the 30 per cent of the bituminous coal of this country produced in nonunion mines that saved the nation from great distress in November, 1919, when the mine workers staged their last big strike. There are many who believe that it is the fixed policy of the present union leaders to increase their demands, and keep increasing them until finally it will not be profitable for any private company to own and operate a mine. This belief is entirely in keeping with the declared intention of the United Mine Workers of America to make every effort to nationalize the country's coal mines. Unless one believes in the wisdom of this policy of government ownership, the present large production of coal from our nonunion mines must afford him a sense of relief and safety from the possibility of industrial autocracy.

The past twenty years in practically all industries, and especially in coal mining, has been a time of enormous wage increases. Wages for common labor at the anthracite mines are from $6.50 to

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The Face of a Chamber in a Bituminous Mine After Coal Had Been Shot Down

THERE WAS A LADY

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THERE is one point on which Larry Benedick's best friend and worst enemy and a lot of other less emphatic individuals are thoroughly and cordially agreed. Ask his closest female relative or his remotest business acquaintance or the man who plays an occasional hand of auction with him at the club why Benedick has never married, and they will one and all yield to sardonic mirth and assure you that the woman who could interest that imperturbable individual has not yet been born—that he is without exception the coldest-hearted, hardest-headed bachelor who has ever driven fluttering débutantes and irresistible widows and radiant ladies from the chorus into a state of utter and abject despair—that romance is anathema to him and sentiment an abomination.

"Benedick!" they will chorus with convincing unanimity. "My dear fellow, he's been immune since birth. He's never given any girl that lived or breathed a second thought—it's extremely doubtful if he ever gave one a first. You can say what you please about him, but this you can take as a fact—you know one man who is going down to the grave as single as the day he was born."

Well, you can take it as a fact if you care to, and it's more than likely that you and the rest of the world will be right. Certainly no one would ever have called him susceptible, even at the age when any decent, normal young cub is ready to count the world well lost for an eyelash. But not our Benedick—no; long before the gray steel had touched the blue of his eyes and the black of his hair he had apparently found a use for it in an absolutely invulnerable strong box for what he was pleased to call his heart. Then, as now, he had faced his world with lightly scornful lips and coolly ironic eyes—graceful and graceless, spoiled, arrogant and indifferent, with more money and more brains and more charm and a better conceit of himself than any two men should have—and a wary and skeptical eye for the harming creatures who circled closer and closer about him. The things that he used to think and occasionally say about those circling enchantresses were certainly unromantic and unchivalrous to a degree. Rather an intolerable young puppy, for all his brilliant charm—and the years have not mellowed him to any perceptible extent. Hardly likely to fall victim to the wiles of any lady, according to his worst enemy and his best friend and the world in general. No, hardly. But there was a lady ——

It wasn't yesterday that he first saw her—and it wasn't a hundred years ago either. It was at Raoul's. If you are one of the large group of apparently intelligent people whose mania consists in believing that there is only one place in the world that anyone could possibly reside in, and that that place is about a quarter of a mile wide and a mile and a half long and runs up from a street called Fortieth on an island called Manhattan, you undoubtedly know Raoul's. Not a tea room—heaven save the mark! Not a restaurant—God forbid! Something between the two—a small room, clean and shabby and fragrant with odors more delectable than flowers. No one is permitted to smoke at Raoul's, not even ladies, because the light, blue haze might disturb the heavenly aroma, at once spiced and bland, that broods over the place like a benediction. Nothing quite like it anywhere else in America, those who have been there will tell you—nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world. It costs fine gold to sit at one of the little round tables in the corner, but mere gold cannot pay for what you receive. For to Raoul the preparation of food is an art and a ceremony and a ritual and a science—not a commercial enterprise. The only thing that he purchases with your gold is leisure in which to serve you better. So who are you to grudge it to him?

He Could Not Speak to Her With That Light on Her Face—He Was Afraid. He Would Speak to Her To-Morrow

Larry Benedick lunched there every day of his life, when he was in New York, heedless of a steady shower of invitations. He lived then in one of those coveted apartments not a stone's throw from Raoul's brown door, a luxurious box of a place that one of the charming creatures—who happened to be his sister-in-law—had metamorphosed into a bachelor's paradise so successfully that any bachelor should have frothed at the mouth with envy at the mere sight of it. It had a fair-sized living room, with very masculine crash curtains, darned in brilliant colors, and rough gray walls and an old Florentine chest, skillfully stuffed with the most expensive phonograph on the market, and rows and rows of beautifully bound books. There was a deep gray velvet sofa with three Chinese-red cushions in front of the small black fireplace.

Of course it wasn't possible to light a fire in it without retiring from the apartment with a wet towel tied around the head, crawling rather rapidly on the hands and knees because all the first-aid books state that any fresh air will be near the floor—but what of that? After all, you can't have everything. And there were wrought-iron lamps that threw the light at exactly the right angle for reading, and very good English etchings and very gay Viennese prints in red lacquer frames—and a really charming old Venetian mirror over the mantel. It was a perfect room for a fastidious young man, and Benedick loathed it with an awful loathing.

"All the elusive charm of a window in a furniture shop," he remarked pensively to his best friend—but at least he refrained from destroying the pretty sister-in-law's transports of altruistic enthusiasm, and left it grimly alone, keeping his eyes averted from its charms as frequently as possible, and leaving for South Carolina or Northern Canada on the slightest provocation—or else swinging off to Raoul's at twelve o'clock with a feeling of profound relief, when what he fantastically referred to as business kept him chained to New York and the highly successful living room.

Business for Benedick consisted largely of a series of more or less amicable colloquies with a gray-faced, incisive gentleman in a large, dark, shining office, and the even more occasional gift of his presence at those convivial functions known as board meetings. His father, long dead, had been recklessly imprudent enough to sow the wind of financial speculation—and his unworthy son was now languidly engaged in reaping a veritable whirlwind of coupons and dividends. It is painful to dwell on so rudimentary a lack of fair play on the part of fate, though Benedick occasionally did, with a sardonic grin at the recollection of the modest incomes received by the more prudent and thrifty members of the family. He made what atonement he could for his father's unjustifiable success by a series of astoundingly lavish gifts, however, and wasted the rest of it more or less successfully.

Business had kept him in town on that March day when he first saw her. He had arrived at Raoul's doorstep at exactly five minutes past twelve—he lunched early, because he was a disciple of the Continental schedule, and it also avoided interruptions from overfervent friends who frequented the place. The pretty cashier with her red cheeks and her elaborate Gallic coiffure bestowed her usual radiant smile on him—and Benedick smiled back with a swift response that many a débutante would have given a large piece of her small soul to have obtained. Jules, the sallow and gentle-eyed, pulled out the little round chair with its padded cushions, pushed in the little round table with its threadbare and spotless cloth, and bent forward with pencil poised, the embodiment of discreet and eager interest.

"*Bonjour, monsieur! Monsieur désire* ——"

This, after all, was nearer a home than anything that Larry Benedick had known for many a weary year—this warm and peaceful corner, with old Jules and young Geneviève spreading friendliness all about him, with Raoul out in the tiled and copper-hung kitchen, alert to turn his skill to service. Monsieur desired? Well, kidneys flamboyant, perhaps—and then some artichokes with Raoul's hollandaise—and the little curled pancakes with orange and burnt sugar in the chafing dish. Demi-tasse of course, and benedictine. Not yesterday, you see, that March afternoon! Jules slipped away, as elated as though he were bearing with him great good tidings, and the brown-and-gray kitten came out from under the table.

tapping at the cuff of his trousers with an imperious paw, and he had a smile for it too. Here in this tranquil space monsieur had all that he desired, had he not? Surely, all—he bent forward to stroke the pink nose of his enterprising visitor, the smile deepening until the dark face was suddenly gay and young—and the brown door opened and she came in.

Benedick knew quite well that it was a raw and abominable day outside—but he could have sworn that he looked up because the room was suddenly full of the smell of pear blossoms and lilacs and the damp moss that grows beside running brooks—and that he felt the sunlight on his hands. There she stood, straight and slim, in her rough green tweed with her sapphire-blue scarf and the sapphire-blue feather in the little tweed hat that she had pulled down over the bright wings of her hair, her face as fresh and gay as though she had just washed it in that running brook, her lovely mouse-colored eyes soft and mischievous, as though she were keeping some delightfully amusing secret. There was mud on her brown boots, and she was swinging a shining new brief case in one bare hand.

Benedick stared at that hand incredulously. It wasn't possible that anything real could be so beautiful—velvet white, steel strong, fine and slim and flexible: such a hand Ghirlandajo's great ladies of the Renaissance lifted to their hearts; such a hand a flying nymph on a Grecian frieze flung out in quest of mercy. And yet there it was, so close to him that if he stretched out his fingers he could touch it!

The owner of this white wonder stood poised for a moment, apparently speculating as to whether this was the most perfect place in the world in which to lunch; she cast a swift glance of appraisal about the shadowed room with its hangings and cushions of faded peacock blue, with its coal fire glowing and purring in the corner, and its pots of pansies sitting briskly and competently along the deep window sills; she gave a swift nod of recognition, as though she had found something that she had long been seeking, and slipped lightly into the chair at the table next to Benedick's. Her flying eyes had brushed by the startled wonder of his face as though it had not been there, and it was obvious that he was still not there so far as the lady was concerned. She pounced exultantly on the *carte du jour* and gave it her rapt and undivided attention. When Jules arrived carrying Benedick's luncheon as carefully as though it were a delicate and cherished baby she was ready and waiting for him, and Jules succumbed instantly to the hopeful friendliness of her voice.

But certainly, mademoiselle could have sole bonne femme and potatoes allumettes, and a small salad—*oui, oui, entendu—bien fatiguée*, that salad, with a soupçon of garlic in a crust of bread, and the most golden of oils—yes, and a soufflé of chocolate with a demi-tasse in which should be just one dash of cognac—oh, rest assured of the quality of the cognac. Ah, it was to be seen that mademoiselle was *fine gourmet*—which was, alas, not too common a quality in *ces dames!* Fifteen minutes would not be too long to wait, no? The potatoes—*bon, bon*—mademoiselle should see.

Jules trotted rapidly off in the direction of the kitchen, and Benedick's luncheon grew cold before him while he watched to see what the lovely miracle at the table beside him would do next.

How long, how long you had waited for her, Benedick the cynic so long

Once He Stirred and Cried Desperately, "Don't Go—Don't Go!"

that you had forgotten how lovely she would be. After all, it had not been you who had waited; it had been a little black-headed, blue-eyed dreamer, fast asleep these many years. You had forgotten him, too, had you not? He was awake now with a vengeance, staring through your incredulous eyes at the lovely lady of his dreams, sitting blithe and serene within hand's touch—the lovely lady who was not too proud to have mud on her boots and who actually knew what to order for lunch.

All the girls that Benedick had ever known, from the fuzzy-headed little ladies in the chorus to the sleek-locked wives of his best friend and his worst enemy, ordered chicken à la King and fruit salad and indescribable horrors known as maple-walnut sundaes and chocolate-marshmallow ice cream. But not this lady—oh, not this one! He leaned forward, breathless. What further enchantments had she in store?

Well, next she took off her hat, tossing it recklessly across the table, and the golden wings of her hair sprang out, alive and joyous, like something suddenly uncaged—and then she was uncaging something else, a shabby brownish-red book, prying it out of the depths of the brand-new brief case as though she could hardly wait. He could see from the way that the white hands touched it that they loved it dearly, that they had loved it dearly for a long, long time. It flew open, as though it remembered the place itself, and she dipped her bright head to it—and was off!

Benedick pushed his untouched plate far from him, leaning forward across the table, caution and courtesy and decent reserve clean forgotten. What was she reading that could make her face dance like that—all her face, the gold-tipped lashes and the gay, brave lips, and the elusive fugitive in the curve of the cheek turned towards him—too fleeting to be a dimple, too enchanting not to be one—what in the name of heaven was she reading? If only she would move her hand a little!

Ah! Something came pattering eagerly towards him out of the printed page—a small, brisk, portly individual with long ears and a smart waistcoat. His heart greeted it with a shout of incredulous delight. By all that was wonderful, the White Rabbit!

The dim room with its round tables faded, faded—Benedick the cynic, Benedick the skeptic, faded with it—he was back in another room, warm with firelight and bright with lamplight, in which a small black-headed boy sat upright in a crib and listened to a lady reading from a red-brown book—a curly-headed lady, soft voiced, soft handed and soft eyed, who for seven enchanted years had read the lucky little boy to sleep. He had never believed in fairy tales again when that soft voice had trailed off into silence. But now—now it was speaking once more and once more he believed!

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He Would Go to Her and Say, "Here Is the Heart From My Body. It Is Cold and Hard and Empty: Take It in Your Hands and Warm It"

THE WIDOW'S BITE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"Bein' a Widder Shely Does Agree With a 'ooman's Looks," Continued Jasper Suavely, Secretly Amused by the Haze of His Triumph

NIGHT. A figure darker than the gloom, sagging limply against a poplar and staring mournfully toward a one-story frame house. A window softly yellow with light. A drawn shade. The silhouette of a portly gentleman and a curvy young woman in close proximity.

The figure in the street clapped a tragic hand against an ebony forehead.

"Four-bit window shades," mourned Mr. Jasper Pigford, "wa'n't never meant fo' no house which a onticin' woman lives in."

Mr. Pigford continued to stare. The persons within the house, happily unaware of the damning silhouette, did not draw apart. Anger bubbled in the breast of the gentleman who stood without, looking in.

"Tha's Vishus Bryan in there," he reflected bitterly. "Some day Ise gwine hit him so hahd his gran'chillun is gwine be angels befo' they is bohn." Slowly—and somewhat doubtfully—he detached himself from the shadows and moved toward the veranda of Miss Maudine Tatum's home. The feeling of elation which had been with him through all the journey from his boarding house was now dissipated. He was gripped by soggy melancholy and racked with apprehension. Once again his jealous eye glimpsed the betraying silhouette. There was no mistaking the fact that the hand of Jasper's best girl was being thoroughly held.

"A bright light," philosophized Mr. Pigford sadly, "sholy do unclose some dark secrets."

Completely sad, he rapped on the door. There was a brief pause, and then the veranda was flooded with light as Maudine herself answered the knock. And Miss Tatum's face broke into a radiant smile. Had it not been for the recent exposure Jasper might even have believed that she was genuinely glad to see him.

"C'mon in, Jasper. C'mon in. Ise got comp'ny."

Jasper allowed his eye to rest for an unpleasant moment upon the impressive figure of Vishus Bryan. "Mos' anybody," he said aloud, "is li'ble to come snoopin' roun' when he ain't wanted."

The rivals glared belligerently at each other, Maudine standing uncertainly between them. She felt an urge of admiration for Jasper's audacity. As for Mr. Pigford, he did not allow his stare to waver from Mr. Bryan's face.

And Vishus Bryan was something to stare at. Near to six feet in height, he was of mammoth girth. He filled every available cubic inch of a shriekingly checkered suit. A shirt of lavender silk was partially obscured by a vermilion necktie, from the center of which gleamed an enormous imitation diamond. Twins to that stone sparkled from Mr. Bryan's finger, his cuffs, the fraternal-order charm suspended from the watch chain. Vishus, in fact, was ablaze with brummagem brilliance, and upon completion of his survey the magnanimous Mr. Pigford found it in his heart to understand how his best girl might justifiably have been dazzled.

Jasper stepped slowly toward the center of the room. And then something happened. From under his feet came a fierce, throaty growl, a rasping bark, the clank of a chain. Jasper emitted an undignified but earnest howl and leaped ten feet, whirling then to stare affrightedly at the menacing figure of as ugly a bulldog as ever chewed a leg.

Jasper was trembling. So was the pit bull.

Vishus Bryan, proud owner of the dog, made casual comment:

"Cruncher ain't pretickeler what he eats."

The dog sighed regretfully and subsided. Jasper gazed doubtfully upon the beast. Cruncher was no particular beauty save to the cognoscenti. True, he was all that a pit bull is supposed to be—bow-legged and large-chested, with heavy, underslung jaw and menacing teeth; but Jasper did not relish the look of genuine regret which Cruncher bestowed upon him, as though the dog blamed the man for withholding from him what promised to be a tasty and ample meal.

Toward the dog Jasper quickly came to entertain a hatred almost as violent as that which he bore for the dog's master.

"Two of a kind," he muttered half aloud. "On'y way you tells 'em apaht is that one wears fake di'minta."

Vishus paid Jasper no heed. He gave his rival the supreme affront of totally ignoring him. As though unconscious of Jasper's presence, Vishus devoted himself to Maudine, maintaining a stream of conversation, forcing her attention to remain focused upon him, monopolizing her absolutely. And Maudine, infinitely flattered, was too unsophisticated to know how to handle just that sort of situation. She was sorry for Jasper, and would have helped out had she known how. At that, she trusted he was learning that she was attractive to other men; to such a man, even, as the regal and shining Vishus.

Jasper found his position particularly irritating inasmuch as he considered himself engaged to the delectable Maudine. As a matter of fact their engagement would long since have been publicly announced save for the matter of planning for a safe and sane financial future.

The deterring influence was common sense rather than the dictates of two ardent hearts. Jasper and Maudine had decided upon a business career for him. In order to embark in the particular career selected he required five hundred dollars. And so they had postponed the bridal rapture until such time as he succeeded in accumulating sufficient of the necessary wherewithal to purchase the desired partnership.

The task had been tedious. Thus far only a meager two hundred fifty dollars lay in their savings repository. Maudine was keeping it for them; wise Maudine, knowing that even a bank where Jasper was privileged to sign checks was unsafe. And so the two hundred fifty dollars was kept locked safely in a tin box, which in turn hid in the nethermost depths of her private trunk.

Still, with their engagement virtually a fact and two hundred fifty dollars of their marriage dowry in her possession, it struck Jasper that she might show him more consideration than she was exhibiting at the present moment. It appeared to him to be the height of indelicacy to exhibit so obviously her favorable reaction to Vishus Bryan's blatant charms. "Vishus Bryan! H'mph! Who he is anyway?"

Birmingham knew a little less than nothing at all about Vishus. It knew, of course, that he thought very well of himself, that he appeared to possess a plenitude of cash, and that he had come to Birmingham with the single and avowed intention of matching his dog, Cruncher, against the best available canine—betting his all upon the masticating abilities of his own beast. Thus far Vishus had been unsuccessful in his quest for an opponent for Cruncher. Birmingham's dusky population was very strong for dog fighting, but possessed no fighting dogs. And there was something about the visage of Cruncher which appeared to stamp a match as inadvisable from the standpoint of the opposing animal.

And so Vishus had hung around, hoping for a match, and amusing himself by cultivating Miss Maudine Tatum. He accepted as his due her devotion. Vishus was used to that. Femininity flocked toward him as inevitably as houseflies to New Orleans molasses.

He handled the evening's conversation deftly, completely ignoring Mr. Pigford, compelling Maudine's attention to himself. And Jasper stood it as long as he could. When finally he could stand it no longer he rose and posed in front of Vishus.

"Huh!" commented Jasper pointedly. "You thinks you is somethin', don't you?"

"I thinks I is," agreed Vishus suavely.

"Thinks you is don't make you is!" snapped Jasper.

"Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' that you is the most uppity an' onnecessariest cullud man I is ever met up with."

"Reckon I is got good cause to be uppity."

"Yo' reckonments ain't got no sense to 'em. You ain't got nothin' on'y big di'minta an' big mouf."

"An'," grinned the unperturbed Vishus, "a big dawg."

"Huh! That dawg cain't he'p the comp'ny he keeps."

"You knows a heap, don't you, Brother Pigford?"

"Knows enough to know you ain't no good. N'r neither yo' dawg."

Vishus was not particularly vulnerable to personal insults, but Jasper's dig at Cruncher aroused a fierce resentment.

"Says what you wants bouten me, you po' tripe, but leave off makin' spuriations ag'in my dawg."

Jasper wiggled with delight. At last he had hit upon a tack which aroused Vishus to opposition.

"That ain't no dawg! Bet his pa was a chicken. Cruncher done got his ma's shape an' his pa's heart!"

"You 'sinuates Cruncher is chicken-hearted?"

"Looks thataway to me."

"He c'n lick any dog which ever barked."

"You says words, but them words don't mean nothin'."

"Means I bets my roll Cruncher c'n lick any dawg in the world."

"Fumadiddles! That secon'han' imitation of a poodle coul'n't beat a squoil."

Vishus Bryan was gripped by righteous anger. "Anybody c'n use a heap of breff like'n to what you is doin'. But them which does mos' usually ain't got nothin' to back same up with."

"Says which?"

"Says ev'y time you opens yo' mouf nothin' comes out."

"Somethin' come out all right when I said Cruncher wa'n't no good fightin' dawg." Jasper was being carried away by his enthusiasm.

Vishus rose and towered over the David-like little negro. "Reckon you is got a dawg which c'n beat Cruncher, huh?"

Jasper shrugged indifferently. "Co'se I has."

A sudden silence fell over the room—Jasper somewhat appalled at the statement which had slipped unbidden from his lips, Maudine bewildered, Vishus elated.

"You repeats to say," enunciated the stranger deliberately, "that you is willin' to bet yo' po' frankfritter c'n beat Cruncher in a fight?"

"If he c'n catch 'im."

Regally Vishus Bryan reached into a hip pocket. From that pocket he extracted a large and battered wallet. From that wallet he produced five fifty-dollar bills. These he flashed maddeningly under the nose of the cocky little Mr. Pigford.

"Bets you any paht of same you is a liar, Brother Pigford."

Jasper Pigford was red-hot. He did not even retain sufficient sanity to realize that he was making more or less of a fool of himself. He only knew that he had been made ridiculous before the girl who meant the world to him—plus. And that he must not allow himself to be bluffed.

As a matter of fact there was little semblance of reason remaining with Mr. Pigford, or he would never have allowed matters to progress this far; the chief difficulty being that Mr. Pigford did not possess a dog. Not any kind of a dog.

But whatever Jasper's shortcomings, his worst enemy could not accuse him of being a poor sport. He bluffed nobly and carried the bluff through. He turned magnificently to the tongue-tied Maudine.

"Miss Tatum, I craves to git the two hund'ed an' fifty dollars which I keeps with you."

Shaking her head doubtfully Maudine disappeared into her bedroom. Within five minutes she was back, holding in her hand the savings of six months.

"Ain't you prospectin' to make a mistake, Jasper?" she interrogated doubtfully.

"I never makes no mistakes."

Completely—if only temporarily—forgotten was the fact that Jasper owned no dog. After all, two hundred fifty dollars was a mere trifle to pay for the suddenly reawakened interest of Maudine Tatum.

"Who gwine hol' the stakes?" questioned the exalted Jasper.

"Ise willin' to hol' 'em myownse'f," volunteered Vishus.

"You is as much fool as you looks." Jasper thought intensively, then faced Maudine. "Don't Boston Marble live right nex' do', Miss Tatum?"

Maudine nodded humbly.

"Go git him," commanded Jasper regally.

Maudine went and five minutes later returned with the notoriously tight-lipped Boston Marble. Mr. Marble seemed totally disinterested in the proceedings, and listened mutely while the outline of the bet was sketched for him.

"An' it's fu'thermo' agreed," finished the canny Vishus Bryan, "that it's paht of the bet that bofe dawgs must be in the pit at the agreed time. Does either dawg fail to git there, the other dawg wins, an' them which has bet on him wins their bets. Is that sat'sfact'ry, Mistuh Pigford?"

Jasper waved an insouciant hand. "Anything suits me, Mistuh Bryan. I reckon you un'erstan's, Mistuh Marble that does either dawg not show up it's the same as if the dawg which done did show up won the fight."

"Uh-huh!" agreed Boston.

"Bet is," went on Vishus, "that bofe dawgs git there to fight each other, an' does they do so that my dawg beats his 'cawdin' to the regular rules of pit fightin'. That puffec'ly plain?"

"Uh-huh!"

"We ap'ints a ref'ree which knows dawgs."

"Florian Slappey," suggested Jasper. "He's the dawg-knowin'est man what is."

"Mistuh Slappey suits me. You un'erstan's, Mistuh Marble, that we gits Mistuh Slappey to ref'ree?"

"Yep."

"An' we 'grees to hol' the fight inside of th'ee weeks."

"Uh-huh!"

The five hundred dollars was turned over to Mr. Marble and that gentleman departed with a brief "'Night!" by way of polite conversation. And in the gaze with which Maudine followed him from the house there was mourning. She felt that she had kissed her cherished two hundred fifty dollars a fond farewell. Yet, withal, her heart sang exultantly, for her beloved Jasper had risen heroically to a heartbreaking emergency and she was viewing him in a new light.

As for Jasper, he soared majestically among high and fleecy clouds. To-morrow was to-morrow—to-night the ever-present. And to-night was his night. What worry to him that he possessed no dog and slim chance of acquiring one? What mattered it that for a triumphant moment he had swept away the hard-earned savings of six months? It behooved him only to make the most of his triumph—and he did it with a vengeance.

"Jes' one thing both'rin' me, Mistuh Bryan. What you is gwine do with Cruncher's cawpse?"

"Bury it, mebbe," returned Vishus angrily. "But you ain't gwine be heah then on account you is a'ready gwine be daid of ol' age befo' Cruncher's furnral."

"Huh!" ejaculated Jasper. "Foolish hope is the on'y thing you ain't got nothin' else but."

It was obvious to Vishus that Jasper owned a dog in which he had supreme confidence; else the farce would have ended before this. And with worry's arrival all Vishus' ease of manner departed. And so, shortly afterward, did Vishus.

Maudine, alone with Jasper, turned inquiring and admiring eyes upon him.

"When you got yo'se'f a dawg, Jasper?"

He shrugged. "Dawgs ain't causin' me no worriment."

"You reckon yo' dawg's gwine beat hisn?"

"H'mph! Reckon he's got to!"

Maudine made it very clear that she was contrite. She snuggled up to Mr. Pigford. But Mr. Pigford did no snuggling in return. He was exceedingly peeved with Miss Tatum and let her understand that he was, so that when he departed fifteen minutes later the crowning touch of triumph was furnished by the backward glance which disclosed the lady in tears.

Jasper strode down Avenue G with head thrown proudly back and a pæan of triumph singing in his soul. The evening, commencing drably and inauspiciously, had wound up in wild and glorious pyrotechnics.

He retired smiling, and smiling he drifted off into a deep and dreamless sleep. Eight hours later he waked.

He glanced through the window toward the new day. "'Tain't much day, neither." Low-hanging, swiftly scudding clouds chased each other across soggy, drippy heavens. The trees swayed before a driving wind. From the broken drain pipe on the roof there came the monotonous and depressing splosh of water.

Mr. Pigford lay motionless and reflected that he had been happy upon retiring. Ergo, he should be happy now. But he wasn't. Gone was the exaltation of the previous

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"You is the Most Uppity an' Unnecessariest Cullud Man I is Ever Met Up With"

Lost Mines and the High Priests of Glamour—By Lowell Otus Reese

AND one day about the end of November this here lunger left the sheep camp and went down the side of the mountain with his gold pan. About suppertime he came in and handed a tobacco sack to the sheep herder. 'What d'ye think of that?' he says.

"The sheep man opened the bag and poured out a handful of nuggets. Most of 'em big as buckshot; two or three that'd weigh close to five dollars. 'Where'd you get 'em?' asked the herder.

"So the lunger told him. 'About halfway down to the river,' he says, 'three gulches north and just under a big madrone tree with the top busted off. There's three porphyry snags stickin' out from the ridge across the gulch too.'

"They made all arrangements to go down there in the morning, but right after supper it started to snow and by noon next day the ground was covered two feet deep and she was still fallin' heavy. That evenin' the lunger had a hemorrhage and went down to San Francisco on the night train. He died in the hospital inside of a week.

"Well, sir, they hunted and hunted, but they never did find that there Lost Lunger Mine. It kept on storming till the snow was sixteen feet deep on the summit, and late in the spring there came a long warm rain that took it away and the water went down the mountain in torrents. They hunted and hunted, but they never found her. Prob'ly a landslide had covered her up, what with the heavy drag of the snow, and the rain loosenin' up the ground and everything. Now I figure that if a man went in there ——"

In 1884 a Cowboy Came Into Washakie and Reported That He Had Found the Lost Cabin at Last

This story, with certain unimportant variations, has been told to me time after time during the twenty-five years that I have lived in California. Sometimes in the Sierras, sometimes down about the Mojave Desert or up in the northern Coast Range—but always carrying upon its face what seemed absolute reliability so far as time, place and the sincerity of the teller were concerned. In some instances the scene was laid close to well-known mines of the first importance—mines with a mint record of millions preferred. Suppose there is a great gravel mine on the side of a mountain. What more natural than to imagine that the rich hill channel might cut through the mountain and reappear upon the opposite side? And so the story ingeniously locates the lost mine within the probable trend of the known hill channel and only a few miles away. Further, every lost-mine story is supported by minute details serving to give it frankness and verisimilitude.

Confirmed Rainbow Chasers

THIS is the truly remarkable thing about the lost-mine yarn—its appearance of unimpeachable truth. Assail it at any point and you will be met by a level-eyed plausibility that makes you ashamed of yourself for a skeptical wretch, unfit to be admitted into the brotherhood of the high priests of glamour, they who plod patiently and enthusiastically through the hills and across the desert all the days of the years of their lives and never lose their hold on hope.

Glamour? It hangs over the West like a golden mist shot with purple stars and sprinkled with diamond dust. It is here—an almost tangible thing that persists even in one's dreams. It spreads out over the world like a beautiful pestilence, manifesting itself in far-flung movies and a rich literature that tames the feeble burblings of poor, unimaginative Aladdin.

And here also a scattered army of devotees wander forever through the wilderness, sacrificing their whole lives upon the altar of that same beautiful mist. Prospectors, they call themselves. But the true prospector is a business man, and his dreams always anchor themselves to solid facts. These other thousands, mere jackass tramps to the skeptical layman, are the high priests of glamour, worshiping no other gods. About the camp fire their talk is of contacts and croppings and formations—and the accursed sheep that ruin the range and make it hard for a man to keep his jackass alive. But before the evening waxes old the conversation is sure to turn on the subject of lost mines. And when this happens imagination throws wide the gates of absolute credulity and opens the meeting with a rap of its golden gavel.

Imagination! In that one word are gathered up the mystery of raw gold and its tremendous allurement. It is the key that opens one's recollection and shows men foaming down the swift waters in Alaska, sleeping upon the glacier among the ice cracks, enduring freezing, scurvy, homesickness, hunger. Men daring the heart of the desert when there were no trails, and only death to offer them the hospitality of the land.

Out of this same element was woven the wonderful fabric of Aladdin's yarns. But Aladdin's gold was generally refined, hence it lacked the power to give to the imagination the real stimulus possessed by the treasure which is locked up in the hard heart of the earth and may be secured only by a whole lifetime of hunting. The confirmed old prospector would have been indifferent to the tame tales of Aladdin. Such gold would have lacked the long years under the sky, the acrid smoke of a thousand lone camp fires and the zest of keen winds and biting hunger; the long pursuit, with the pillar of fire always just a little way ahead.

It is really true that prospectors of this type live in the pursuit of raw gold. It is their life. I know of no more unhappy men than the old prospectors who at the very end of things have made the big strike and have nothing more to live for. As long as his pillar of fire is just a little way ahead the old prospector is eager and happy. Let him come up to it and he is through. However, this latter seldom happens. Even after he does find something possessing possible great value he frequently refuses to sell. "If it's worth a hundred thousand to them it's worth a hundred thousand to me" is his favorite expression. So he hangs on; and even though he has no visible means and barely gets enough to eat, the feeling that the gold is there, down in the earth and protected by his monuments and notices, affords him exactly as much comfort as if it were in a bank.

"Of course," he'll tell you, "it's easier to write a check and get your money; easier than slamming a drill that bounces at every smash of the singlejack; but shucks! Where's the fun in drawin' checks? All you got to do is write your name. Any durn fool can write his name; but it ain't every man that can sit in his cabin door and watch the sun go down over a hundred thousand dollars, and know that his pipe draws well and his belly's full and the tax collector can go to hell! Besides, don't [illegible] just every now and then? They shore do! Well?"

Which sometimes leads me to think that maybe the world has completely overlooked the one only true sport of all mankind; the only philosopher who can take his own medicine without gagging. For the old rainbow chaser believes what he practices, else he would not practice it. The lure of raw gold has led him away from the world; but what of that? Is it altogether a good one—this world that men have made? Get the old hill dweller to talking and find out. He may be narrow-minded, yet like the narrow-minded he sees only one thing but sees it well. He is contented, anyway; we must not lose sight of that fact.

If contentment is the chief blessing of man, then we must hand it to the old prospector who goes proudly on, chasing tales of lost mines, chasing contacts and croppings and absurd rumors of strikes that never existed, and dying at last in his greasy overalls.

Well, he died poor—but full of hope. And being full of hope he died happy. After all, that is more than can be said of most haggard prospectors who follow the lure of minted gold up and down the cañons of high finance. And really, which is the greater gamble—your life against the possibility of a lost mine, or your life against a killing on the stock exchange?

The Famous Pegleg Mine

OF COURSE nearly all the lost mines disappeared in the early days, when the country was only partially explored and practically unsurveyed. Indians were among those present; crude iconoclasts who thought nothing at all of upsetting the altars of glamour and poking a sharp stick through a white pilgrim's liver. It was easy in those days for a man to lose a mine—along with his life. I have been going over some old histories lately, and to them I am indebted for many of the facts that follow.

Perhaps the most celebrated and utterly lost mine is the Pegleg. There are of course many variations to the legend of the Pegleg, but according to the best chronicle I have found it was discovered in 1837 by Pegleg Smith, a man with a wooden leg. Smith was guiding a party of trappers across the desert from Yuma to Los Angeles and somewhere along the way happened upon three small hills. The largest hill was composed of black spar or quartz, crowded full of a dull-yellowish metal. He broke off a sample and stumped on toward the west. Don't forget that he had a wooden leg.

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The Lure of Raw Gold Has Led Him Away From the World; But What of That?

PIRACY IN REVERSE

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

YOU'D sit there all day," said the wireless man, "stewed alive, and all your night watch, too, hearing them jabbering that heathen stuff—Chinese or Japanese or Dutch. Or if it was English, it would go, 'Report at Singapore. Clear twenty-fifth for Surabaya.'

"Or maybe some English kid would break loose and tell the sunset how fed up he was sitting straddling the equator on some other God-forsaken steamer. And along after midnight the captain would come in with his white ducks and his little dyed English military mustache and a fine healthy grouch, and talk about money and women, the two things he didn't have and couldn't get along without."

According to him the whole world was shot to pieces.

That was the last of the summer of 1920, when things had got sliding good in the shipping line.

"About this time," he claimed, "you'll be seeing quite a bit of barratry."

"Barratry!" I said. "What's barratry?"

"You'll start hearing about all these missing ships at sea."

"Oh, that's it, huh?" I said, and he went on to explain it to me.

It seemed it was casting away ships on a desert island for the insurance, or stuff like that; any dirty trick you could play with a ship or its cargo. "Kind of piracy in reverse," I said.

"What does that mean?" he asked, giving me the hard-boiled English stare.

"Instead of wanting to take a ship you want to lose it. Is that it?"

"And high time, too, with most of these skyrocketing companies in the shipping trade," he said without a flinch in his bright-blue stare. "How much do you fancy this poor old thing we're on is dropping off in value every month now?"

"How much?"

"If it's one, it's fifty thousand dollars a month."

"Is that all?" I said.

"Not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars below what she cost and she's insured for, no doubt."

"She'd be worth quite a lot under water, wouldn't she," I said, "to somebody?"

"And here's the spot—the old immemorial graveyard for ships," he said, going on as he did night after night, speculating on ways and means of getting away with a chunk of money by some crooked trick or other—"this filthy coast of Java and all these islands to the east. In the old days there's many a good man has hove her ashore and gone and sat down and taken his ease with half a dozen good husky tan-colored wives and filled up the place with his halfbreeds."

And from there he got onto the woman question. Take it from him, he had been a bear with the ladies, both wild and tame, especially in those last few years when he had a transatlantic English ship—that time just before he decided to take a slight vacation for his health and come into the American merchant service in the middle of 1914. There might have been something in it at that. He must have been a big, fine-looking beast back there a ways, before he had to carry so much make-up to stay in the woman game. And you could say for him that he held nothing back to prove his case. He went into all the details.

"Listen!" I said, stopping him all at once when he was on the subject of that big blonde in the summer of 1913. "Wait! Here's my call!"

And I took it—surprised naturally every time I got anything out there—and he got up, looking over my shoulder while I set it down.

She Wasn't Gone More Than Half a Minute When We Heard it Through the Drumming Rain—the Sound of Glass and a Man Swearing

"Van Cuyp," he said, nodding, and waited for the message, though strictly speaking he had no right to see it.

"Forty-eight," it came.

"What's this?" I heard him whispering over my shoulder, and I motioned him to be still till I got the rest. But that was all there was.

"You know who it's for," he said.

Naturally I would, when he and his daughter were the only passengers we had.

"The old Dutchman that got on board at Surabaya last night," I said—"that's coming over to New York with his Java sugar to take a look at America, or so they told me."

"Right-o," he answered.

"Forty-eight," I said, reading it again.

"Figures on his sugar, no doubt," said the captain, and told me about the four thousand tons the old man had on board—practically all the cargo.

"How much would it figure at present prices?"

"We'll say a million and a quarter dollars."

"That's all, huh?" I said. "Too bad, and prices on sugar slipping the way they are now."

"Ah, yes! But what's that to him, if he should lose the last of it—which he won't, not a farthing, the way they sell the stuff in advance," he told me. And then went on to tell what he'd heard about this man—his export business and the plantations he owned and what they said he was worth—and finally, of course, got onto the subject of the daughter.

"Did you see her," he said, sitting up and straightening his tie, "when she came aboard? Was she a little bit of all right, or was she not? I'll just give her my personal attention this voyage."

"Good Lord," I said, "she's nothing but a kid!"

"I fancy them young," he said. "We all do—if the truth is told. You watch me!" he said, warming up to the idea. "Speaking of barratry and piracy and tampering with the cargo," he told me, with a big, slow-firing English wink, "how would it be, eh, to pick up on a voyage a nice little Dutch hausfrau that's sole heiress to nobody knows how many million guilders?"

"She looks about as Dutch as you do," I told him.

"She does, perfectly!" he said. "That's it! You watch me!"

And he got up and pulled his necktie and white coat down, and walked off to his cabin with another woman on the brain.

I saw her again the next morning—the Van Cuyp kid—near to. She came in with her father to get his message. He read it and put it away, and started talking with me about something else, making conversation—not such a bad old duck, considering all the money they said he had; very plain and simple, and quite a lot foreign. But odd-looking—short and thick and kind of copper-colored, the way they get out there.

"You work here then," he said, getting playful, "at the new world speech?"

I looked at him.

"The new speech of the air—all over—universal!" he said, talking English like a pocket dictionary, the way those foreigners do.

And then he introduced me to his girl, a nice, merry-looking kid, but kind of shy. And dresses? You'd be surprised! All this bright, gay-looking batik-dyed stuff they make out around there; and little bangles and green earrings, in gold, and all Eastern stuff like that. She looked like an escaped butterfly.

"My Sophie," said the old man, and she gave me a little foreign kind of bow, and the old man asked me would I let her listen in on the new world speech.

"Sure thing!" I said, jumping and fixing the receiver for her.

And she stared ahead, listening the way a kid does, with a kind of scared, doubtful look on her eyes and her little nose.

"You hear them, dear one?" the old man asked her in his dictionary talk. "Languages with languages. They strive in the air. All the nations in commerce, as I have said to you."

And she nodded, staring ahead, her lips parted and a little wondering frown between her eyes. You'd smile to see her. You'd think she was listening to the Archangel Gabriel at least.

And all at once she snatched the thing off unexpectedly and put it on her father's head. A quick, impulsive-acting kid, you could see right off.

"You listen!" she said to him, and he took it for a while, and then handed it back to me.

"Who is it?" he asked me. "What nation do we listen to now?"

"Japs," I said.

"You hear them with frequency then?"

"I'll say so," I said. "They're always butting in—jamming everything—over here."

And he nodded. I could see, I thought, he didn't go very strong on the Japs. They don't over there.

"But always the English—the Anglo-Saxon, here, there, everywhere? Always the Anglo-Saxon speaking through the air?"

"I guess that's right," I told him. "There's few places left, I guess, where you wouldn't get it sometime during the day."

"A great tongue, a great people, dear one," he said to the girl, getting playful again. "They now inherit the earth. Your mother was of that race. No doubt we shall have to marry you to one of them."

"No, no! Nor yet to anyone! Not for many, many years!" she said, laughing and getting red and darting suddenly out the door. She ran into the captain there, and looked up and laughed, and went away with him when he stopped and wanted to show her the ship, bowing and smiling and starting in on her right off.

The old man stayed and talked to me a while longer. It seemed he had a great opinion of the Anglo-Saxon—the English—but now even more of the Americans. That was why he was coming on with his shipload of sugar to look us over.

"A great race—the Anglo-Saxon!" he said in that stiff talk of his. "They arrive now at the greatest height of all peoples who have yet lived on earth—if they do not stumble!"

"Stumble!" I said after him.

"Yes," he answered me. "Now, at the end of war. They may give the world what in the end it must have—one universal law, one universal contract of commerce, enforceable all over; one universal language, also, at the last."

"How would they do all that?" I asked, watching him, trying to get the idea.

"By this," he said, pointing to my wireless outfit. "In commerce; through the air."

And then he got up—I still watching him, wondering what it was all about, and would I talk stuff like that when I got his age—and went out, looking for his girl. "Look," I said, picking up a hand bag and a little handkerchief I'd had my eye on. "Here's something your daughter forgot, I guess."

"Youth is careless always—overeager," said the old man, taking them and plodding along.

II

"WHAT was he jawing you about?" asked the captain, coming in after he was gone. "Anything about that message—that forty-eight?"

"Not a word," I told him.

"Without question it's figures on his sugar. But you get it out of him if you can," he said, "and I'll get it out of the girl, if she knows."

He had her around with him from that time on, amusing her, showing her the ship, giving her a regular course in navigation. But if she knew she wasn't telling him, exactly, or it looked that way to me. He might have been a masked marvel with the lovely ladies on the transatlantic liner, in those good old days before the war came on him so suddenly in 1914, but he was reaching out of his age limit with this one. She didn't even know what it was all about. She used to tell me about him and giggle. It would have been news to him if he'd heard her.

"Are they not so funny," she asked me, "those old men like that—always smiling on you in that way they have, always telling you what they've done? He is just precisely like an uncle that I have—the brother of my late mother," she said, showing me she'd taken in all the improvements and renovations. "With his funny little dyed mustache and everything! But yet I should not be telling you this," she'd say. "You will be going back to tell him."

"I'd be likely to, that big stiff!" I told her. For he made me sore already, the way he was camping out, working on that innocent kid—not over eighteen, and looking even younger—that old dyed wreck, more than old enough to be her father.

"Stiff?" she'd say, laughing that young-kid's laugh of hers. "What is a stiff?"

She talked book English just as well as you *or* I do. But every piece of slang I'd have to stop and go over with her. The fact was I was out of her class, and I knew it. I didn't claim to be in with the millionaires. But just the same I saw more of her and her father than the captain or anybody else, on account of the wireless, probably, and the old man's bug for the talking nations in the air.

"How wonderful, is it not," Sophie would ask me, repeating her father's ideas, the way kids do—"all these languages, these nations striving in the air, in this new air speech? There's nothing more wonderful here to me—in all this ship but one other thing alone."

"What's that?"

"The compass; always there; always watching for you day and night, like a little fish, swimming up the stream—in something."

We used to hold arguments over it, I standing out for the wireless, naturally, and she for the compass.

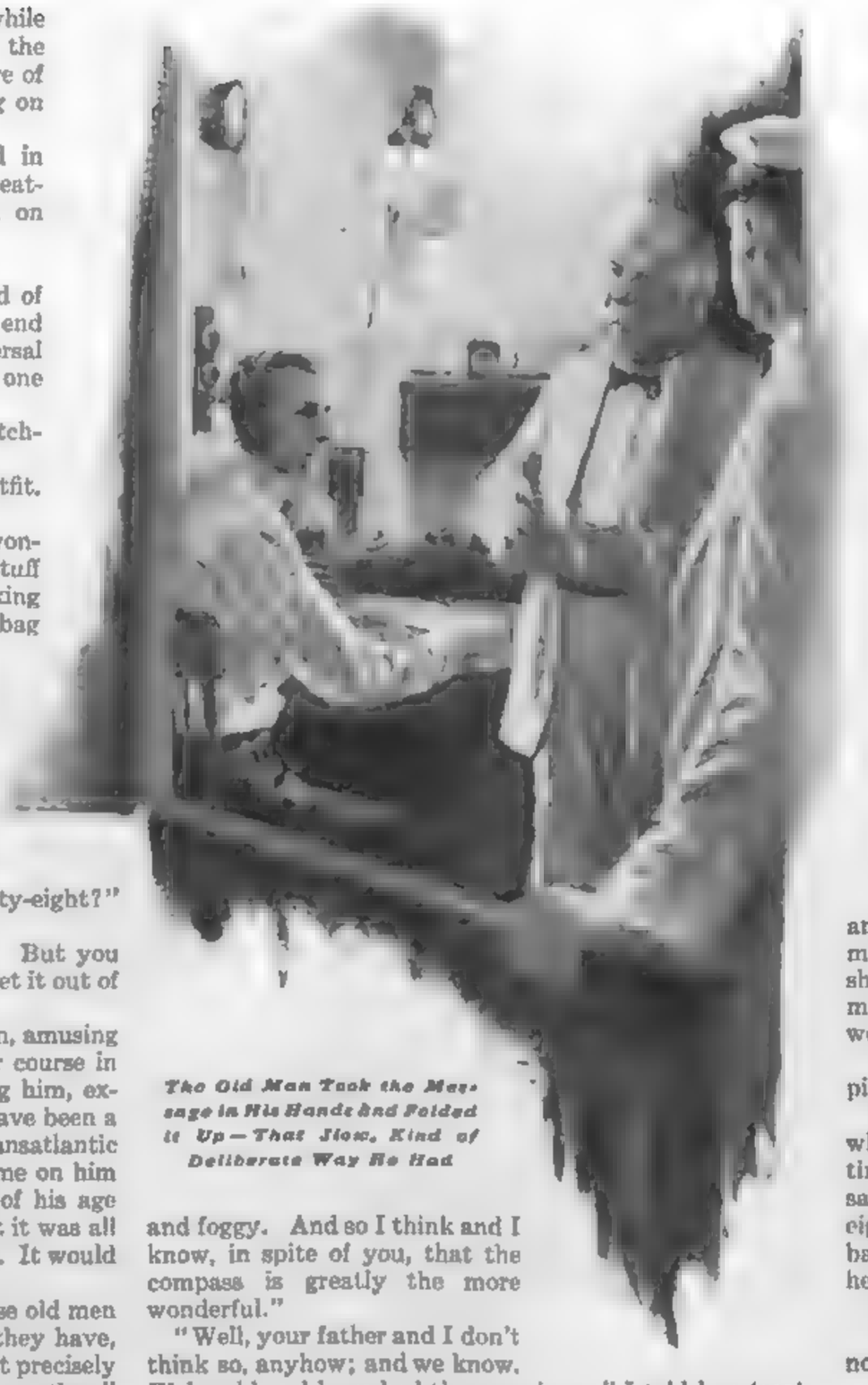
"Why, consider! You couldn't operate the ship," she'd say, "without one compass; but years and years they ran ships without the least wireless."

"I don't know how," I said, "judging from this one. They wouldn't know where it was without my wireless compass every night, with that thing they're steering by now," I said, bringing in that business about the compasses on the ship.

They'd just had an accident the week before on their compasses. A big, heavy fixture they had in the chart room had swung loose some way and come down on the compass they had in there—their standard compass they call it—and left only the one steering compass to operate by.

"And I'll say that's a pretty poor thing," I said, "if I didn't check it up every night with my wireless."

"But you know very well," she'd go on arguing—"you've admitted so—that you couldn't run the ship without one compass, and not the least when it was dark and foggy. And so I think and I know, in spite of you, that the compass is greatly the more wonderful."



The Old Man Took the Message in His Hands and Folded It Up—That Slow, Kind of Deliberate Way He Had

"Well, your father and I don't think so, anyhow; and we know. We're old and have had the experience," I told her, treating her like what she was, nothing but a kid just out of boarding school.

And then she'd laugh and we'd go on talking, I telling her about Michigan, where I was brought up; about the great fresh lakes, and how the automobiles ran down their runways to be assembled; and she telling me about Java and the winged foxes and the trees with flowers like soup plates, and the brown men with their calico wrappers on, and her father's plantation and his old export business at Surabaya.

"For seventy-five years it has now been in our family—the business," she said, looking more sober and serious when she talked about it. "We were merchants—export merchants always—my father, his father and his father also. That is why he will be always speaking to you about the advance which comes now after war in commerce, in civilization, through the wireless—the binding of all the world together in business."

"His big three," I said—"those world improvements he's always talking about—world law, world contracts, world language."

"But most of all, contracts—in trade. For the laws are made by countries, nations, and the languages also in a way. But the trade contract is made and kept or broken by people—just single people, like you and me—all over," she said, waving her hand, trying to explain to me, and not quite sure she did. "And so, you see, also, in this way they will express their real goodness, their daily honesty, each one, yet all together."

"Sure!" I said. "I get you! You mean they show—when you get way down under—whether the folks that make up a nation are crooks or not."

And then I boosted for America some, and our own folks—too much so, probably, I thought afterwards.

"Yes, yes!" she said, her eyes getting bigger and more excited as she talked upon the subject. "My father says that will be true of your America, also. And we—we also believe the same, coming, as I tell you, from a long race of merchants, of buyers and of sellers over the seas. 'A contract is a contract the world over,'" she said, repeating some of her father's mottoes to me. "'A merchant's word needs no forfeit bond.'

"Or else," she said, explaining along to me, "there would be no merchants, no business. For so much by them must be done through mere word of mouth, or even gestures. And so you see what it means to him—my father—and to me. For seventy-five years we have been merchants, my people, and not yet one contract broken—or one single word. Nor by me, though I am not a man, will there be one, either."

"You don't have to look so fierce about it. I'll take your word for it," I told her, for her eyes stared off like the queen of tragedy taking her oath.

And then she laughed and came out of it, and from that I got her to tell me about the figures that came for her father every night—that had started with that forty-eight and were working down.

"Quotations on sugar—that is what that is," she told me.

"Quotations!" I said. "How?"

"On piculs."

"Pickles!" I said. "I thought you just said it was on sugar."

"No, no! Piculs of sugar," she told me, laughing.

"Is that right?" I asked, watching her to see if she was joshing me. "Sugar pickles?"

And then when she could stop laughing she explained this to me. It seemed a picul is a weight which would be about one hundred thirty-six pounds with us, and the quotations were in Dutch guilders—that is, about forty cents, and a little over.

"Oh!" I said. "Well, pickles are going down—since you started. But I hope," I said, thinking that might sound a little raw maybe if they happened to be losing all that money—"I hope it isn't hitting you and your father."

"Oh, no," she said. "We have it all sold now on good contracts—good American contracts."

And about that time she got restless and ran off somewhere, probably over to see the captain and get another lesson on navigation and the compass. It made me sore, looking at it, the way he was chasing her; and she was around without an idea of it—nothing but a quick, merry kid just out of boarding school, starting around the world with two men laying themselves out to amuse her.

I sat down when she was gone and figured out the picul-guilders business in dollars and cents.

"Four thousand tons," I said, talking with the captain when he brought it up again—always poking around getting posted on the old man's affairs—"at thirty-five," I said, for it had slipped down there already from forty-eight, "and every time that figure goes down a point bang goes twenty-five thousand dollars right on board here—for somebody!"

"That's about right," he said, nodding.

"Making a sum total of over a half million loss by now—on the ship and cargo—since we left Java."

"Nearer three-quarters, no doubt," he told me.

"And insured for full value on the basis of when we started, according to you."

"No doubt it would be," he said, with his big round eyes still giving me the glassy stare.

"She'd show somebody quite a profit under water—in that barratry of yours," I told him, giving him his stare back. He made me sick, the cheap crook. "It's too bad you can't dope out some way of getting a piece of it."

"There might be other ways—safer and pleasanter," he told me, looking back hard and wise, "of getting even bigger money, without taking quite so much risk."

"What's that?" I said.

"Oh, never mind what!" he told me.

And I left it there, thinking he was just throwing another bluff, and went on to clear up that question that was on my mind and I never got the straight of.

"Say, look!" I said. "Who does lose all this on the sugar, if you say it isn't the old man?"

"Not him, no. He has already sold it, as I told you," he said, and went on then explaining to me about how they sold the stuff in advance on contract—cargo, insurance and freight laid down for whoever buys it in New York.

"Delivered on a certain date?" I asked him.

"No, except the ship has to clear by a certain time on the other end."

"In Java?"

"Right!"

"And we've done that—all right?"

"We have, yes."

"And then what?"

"He gets his money," he told me, "on one of these confirmed letters of credit—payment guaranteed by a New York bank—on the arrival of the proper papers there. He sends them over by faster steamer—two or three sets—duplicates of what we've got on board here—to make sure they get there in time."

"In time?" I said.

"Before the letters of credit expire."

"But if they didn't get there?" I asked him.

"They will—they always do. That's what they send the duplicates ahead for."

"So the old man," I said, "gets out of it; gets all his money at top prices—three or four hundred thousand dollars more than the stuff's worth now."

"You're jolly right he does!" he told me, with his well-satisfied smile. "And a good thing, too—for me!"

"For you!" I said, looking him over.

"Yes, for me. You've seen how chummy I've been of late with her."

"With her?"

"With the daughter; that nice soft little Dutch darling. And you know what she is, no doubt. She's the heir. She gets it all when he's gone, and he won't be hanging around so much longer. You can tell that by looking at him. He'll go pop some day sudden, like those little copper-colored ones do.

"You speak of barratry—of money out of this voyage," he said, tipping me the slow wise wink again, never able to keep his goings on with women to himself. "There's a pot goes there—with that little sweetness—that will make everything on this craft look like tuppence-ha'penny. So what's wrong with my marrying her and stepping into the old man's shoes, and settling down and raising a nice little family of tea and sugar exporters in Java?"

And he went on and made some dirty crack about marriage in general, and marrying her in particular. He always saw everything about women one way.

"Oh, for God's sake," I said finally, "keep out of the infant class!"

He didn't know first whether to take it for a trouble maker or a compliment, but he finally decided it was a compliment.

"You watch me!" he said

I went off with a fine, angry, dull-red grouch on after listening to him.

"What are you?" I said to myself, working myself out of it—trying to. "Jealous?

"Or maybe you think you're working yourself up into the millionaire class."

But just after that I had to laugh. It wasn't more than three or four days before the story was going around the ship that she'd turned him down.

And they looked it—both of them—though naturally not a word out of them; he going around ugly, chewing glass, and she quiet and a little scared looking, and keeping always out of his way.

But I didn't get the details—not then. For right after that the news of that failure came in.

III

IT HAD been calm weather most of the time. We were shushing along through the ocean off the end of Africa somewhere, and the daily figures by now had run down to under thirty—and a loss of easy five hundred thousand dollars, and probably more, under what the old man had sold his sugar for. I was sure by this time that somebody else was taking that loss, and not he, or he would be more excited

He was sitting there that night as usual, waiting for his usual figures on the piculs; listening to his battling languages in the air; sitting looking very quiet, almost sleepy, except for his little sharp, shining eyes; always watching; reminding me always of a young pet crow we had once when I was a boy in Michigan, only all in white, linen color, instead of black.

"They've changed a lot—your languages," I told him, "from what they were when we started."

They had, of course. We were leaving the East behind—the Chinese and the Dutch, and that crazy secret Japanese code, always butting in everywhere, regardless.

"But still, more and more now, the Anglo-Saxon," he said without moving anything except his little eyes.

"Yes, thank God!" I said.

I was glad, naturally, to be heading back into God's country—God's air, you might say, according to him. And then he asked me, I remember, how many languages I thought I'd heard altogether, listening in the air.

"Oh, a dozen or two!" I said, making a wild stab at it.

"And by and by," he chimed in again, nodding, "in the end, no doubt, one only!"

"Say, listen!" I said finally, for I'd got quite well acquainted with him by this time, sitting there together so much. "Do you really mean that sometime there might be just one language on the earth?"

"In the air first," he told me.

"Well, in the air, and then on the earth—is that it?"

"Why should there be more? Not now, but in the end, you understand."

"I understand," I told him. "But what about the other ones? What will become of them?"

"They die," he told me, "do they not? Exactly as do men."

"That's a brand-new thought to me," I told him, and then finally he mapped out for me the whole idea as it hit him.

"You have not been before there in our East—in the islands," he told me, "where the languages still lie as they first grew, and stay yet so many centuries as at their beginning. I, on the other hand," he went on telling me, "have traveled much here as a merchant—thirty, forty years. I observe myself how the language of men has started at the first, in the islands, in the valleys of the hills; cries of men, like birds; animals calling to their mates, their families, their tribes. The island makes them each one different—and the mountain. Beyond the sea, the mountain, they were not understood—in those days of no traveling."

"I get you," I told him.

"Now they die—there in our islands—their languages, as well as do the men, the tribes; and so it has been over this whole world from the beginning. Thousands, tens of thousands of dead languages are gone from the earth like ghosts, and leave not one sound behind, except perhaps, as I heard once myself, words in the mouth of a parrot."

"A parrot!" I said after him.

"A pet parrot which alone remained."

"Look!" I asked him, getting his idea "They die, we'll say! What kills them?"

"Other languages, traveling, conquering."

And I asked him how—by war?

"No, not by war for many centuries now do the conquering languages come. The Latin, the great war-nation

(Continued on Page 45)

We Were Clear by the End of Africa Now, Coming Out Into That Open Hole in the Sea Between There and South America, Waddling Home All by Our Lonesome

THE POPULAR GIRL

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VI

TO BE precise, as Mr. Haedge was to a depressing degree, Tom Bowman left a bank balance that was more than ample—that is to say, more than ample to supply the post-mortem requirements of his own person. There was also twenty years' worth of furniture, a temperamental roadster with asthmatic cylinders and two one-thousand-dollar bonds of a chain of jewelry stores which yielded 7.5 per cent interest. Unfortunately these were not known in the bond market.

When the car and the furniture had been sold and the stucco bungalow sublet, Yanci contemplated her resources with dismay. She had a bank balance of almost a thousand dollars. If she invested this she would increase her total income to about fifteen dollars a month. This, as Mrs. Oral cheerfully observed, would pay for the boarding-house room she had taken for Yanci as long as Yanci lived. Yanci was so encouraged by this news that she burst into tears.

So she acted as any beautiful girl would have acted in this emergency. With rare decision she told Mr. Haedge that she would leave her thousand dollars in a checking account, and then she walked out of his office and across the street to a beauty parlor to have her hair waved. This raised her morale astonishingly. Indeed, she moved that very day out of the boarding house and into a small room at the best hotel in town. If she must sink into poverty she would at least do so in the grand manner.

Sewed into the lining of her best mourning hat were the three new one-hundred-dollar bills, her father's last present. What she expected of them, why she kept them in such a way, she did not know, unless perhaps because they had come to her under cheerful auspices and might through some gayety inherent in their crisp and virgin paper buy happier things than solitary meals and narrow hotel beds. They were hope and youth and luck and beauty; they began, somehow, to stand for all the things she had lost in that November night when Tom Bowman, having led her recklessly into space, had plunged off himself, leaving her to find the way back alone.

Yanci remained at the Hiawatha Hotel for three months, and she found that after the first visits of condolence her friends had happier things to do with their time than to spend it in her company. Jerry O'Rourke came to see her one day with a wild Celtic look in his eyes, and demanded that she marry him immediately. When she asked for time to consider he walked out in a rage. She heard later that he had been offered a position in Chicago and had left the same night.

She considered, frightened and uncertain. She had heard of people sinking out of place, out of life. Her father had once told her of a man in his class at college who had become a worker around saloons, polishing brass rails for the price of a can of beer; and she knew also that there were girls in this city with whose mothers her own mother had played as a little girl, but who were poor now and had grown common; who worked in stores and had married into the proletariat. But that such a fate should threaten her—how absurd! Why, she knew everyone! She had been invited everywhere; her great-grandfather had been governor of one of the Southern States!

She had written to her aunt in India and again in China, receiving no answer. She concluded that her aunt's itinerary had changed, and this was confirmed when a post card arrived from Honolulu which showed no knowledge of Tom Bowman's death, but announced that she was going with a party to the east coast of Africa. This was a last straw. The languorous and lackadaisical Yanci was on her own at last.

"Why not go to work for a while?" suggested Mr. Haedge with some irritation. "Lots of nice girls do nowadays, just for something to occupy themselves with. There's Elsie Prendergast, who does society news on the Bulletin, and that Semple girl ——"

"I can't," said Yanci shortly with a glitter of tears in her eyes. "I'm going East in February."

"East? Oh, you're going to visit someone?"

She nodded.

She Went Up to Her Room in the Most Fashionable Hotel in New York and Ate Her Bun

"Yes, I'm going to visit," she lied, "so it'd hardly be worth while to go to work." She could have wept, but she managed a haughty look. "I'd like to try reporting sometime, though, just for the fun of it."

"Yes, it's quite a lot of fun," agreed Mr. Haedge with some irony. "Still, I suppose there's no hurry about it. You must have plenty of that thousand dollars left."

"Oh, plenty!"

There were a few hundred, she knew.

"Well, then I suppose a good rest, a change of scene would be the best thing for you."

"Yes," answered Yanci. Her lips were trembling and she rose, scarcely able to control herself. Mr. Haedge seemed so impersonally cold. "That's why I'm going. A good rest is what I need."

"I think you're wise."

What Mr. Haedge would have thought had he seen the dozen drafts she wrote that night of a certain letter is problematical. Here are two of the earlier ones. The bracketed words are proposed substitutions:

Dear Scott: Not having seen you since that day I was such a silly ass and wept on your coat, I thought I'd write and tell you that I'm coming East pretty soon and would like you to have lunch [dinner] with me or something. I have been living in a room [suite] at the Hiawatha Hotel, intending to meet my aunt, with whom I am going to live [stay], and who is coming back from China this month [spring]. Meanwhile I have a lot of invitations to visit, etc., in the East, and I thought I would do it now. So I'd like to see you ——

This draft ended here and went into the wastebasket. After an hour's work she produced the following:

My dear Mr. Kimberly: I have often [sometimes] wondered how you've been since I saw you. I am coming East next month before going to visit my aunt in Chicago, and you must come and see me. I have been going out very little, but my physicinn advises me that I need a change, so I expect to shock the proprieties by some very gay visits in the East ——

Finally in despondent abandon she wrote a simple note without explanation or subterfuge, tore it up and went to bed. Next morning she identified it in the wastebasket, decided it was the best one after all and sent him a fair copy. It ran:

Dear Scott: Just a line to tell you I will be at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel from February seventh, probably for ten days. If you'll phone me some rainy afternoon I'll invite you to tea.

Sincerely, YANCI BOWMAN.

VII

YANCI was going to the Ritz for no more reason than that she had once told Scott Kimberly that she always went there. When she reached New York—a cold New York, a strangely menacing New York, quite different from the gay city of theaters and hotel-corridor rendezvous that she had known—there was exactly two hundred dollars in her purse.

It had taken a large part of her bank account to live, and she had at last broken into her sacred three hundred dollars to substitute pretty and delicate quarter-mourning clothes for the heavy black she had laid away.

Walking into the hotel at the moment when its exquisitely dressed patrons were assembling for luncheon, it drained at her confidence to appear bored and at ease. Surely the clerks at the desk knew the contents of her pocketbook. She fancied even that the bell boys were snickering at the foreign labels she had steamed from an old trunk of her father's and pasted on her suitcase. This last thought horrified her. Perhaps the very hotels and steamers so grandly named had long since been out of commission!

As she stood drumming her fingers on the desk she was wondering whether if she were refused admittance she could muster a casual smile and stroll out coolly enough to deceive two richly dressed women standing near. It had not taken long for the confidence of twenty years to evaporate. Three months without security had made an ineffaceable mark on Yanci's soul.

"Twenty-four sixty-two," said the clerk callously.

Her heart settled back into place as she followed the bell boy to the elevator, meanwhile casting a nonchalant glance at the two fashionable women as she passed them. Were their skirts long or short?—longer, she noticed.

She wondered how much the skirt of her new walking suit could be let out.

At luncheon her spirits soared. The head waiter bowed to her. The light rattle of conversation, the subdued hum of the music soothed her. She ordered supreme of melon, eggs Susette and an artichoke, and signed her room number to the check with scarcely a glance at it as it lay beside her plate. Up in her room, with the telephone directory open on the bed before her, she tried to locate her scattered metropolitan acquaintances. Yet even as the phone numbers, with their supercilious tags, Plaza, Circle and Rhinelander, stared out at her, she could feel a cold wind blow at her unstable confidence. These girls, acquaintances of school, of a summer, of a house party, even of a week-end at a college prom—what claim or attraction could she, poor and friendless, exercise over them? They had their loves, their dates, their week's gayety planned in advance. They would almost resent her inconvenient memory.

Nevertheless, she called four girls. One of them was out, one at Palm Beach, one in California. The only one to whom she talked said in a hearty voice that she was in bed with grippe, but would phone Yanci as soon as she felt well enough to go out. Then Yanci gave up the girls. She would have to create the illusion of a good time in some other manner. The illusion must be created—that was part of her plan.

She looked at her watch and found that it was three o'clock. Scott Kimberly should have phoned before this, or at least left some word. Still, he was probably busy—at

a club, she thought vaguely, or else buying some neckties. He would probably call at four.

Yanci was well aware that she must work quickly. She had figured to a nicety that one hundred and fifty dollars carefully expended would carry her through two weeks, no more. The idea of failure, the fear that at the end of that time she would be friendless and penniless had not begun to bother her.

It was not the first time that for amusement, for a coveted invitation or for curiosity she had deliberately set out to capture a man; but it was the first time she had laid her plans with necessity and desperation pressing in on her.

One of her strongest cards had always been her background, the impression she gave that she was popular and desired and happy. This she must create now, and apparently out of nothing. Scott must somehow be brought to think that a fair portion of New York was at her feet.

At four she went over to Park Avenue, where the sun was out walking and the February day was fresh and odorous of spring and the high apartments of her desire lined the street with radiant whiteness. Here she would live on a gay schedule of pleasure. In these smart not-to-be-entered-without-a-card women's shops she would spend the morning hours acquiring and acquiring, ceaselessly and without thought of expense; in these restaurants she would lunch at noon in company with other fashionable women, orchid-adorned always, and perhaps bearing an absurdly dwarfed Pomeranian in her sleek arms.

In the summer—well, she would go to Tuxedo, perhaps to an immaculate house perched high on a fashionable eminence, where she would emerge to visit a world of teas and balls, of horse shows and polo. Between the halves of the polo game the players would cluster around her in their white suits and helmets, admiringly, and when she swept away, bound for some new delight, she would be followed by the eyes of many envious but intimidated women.

Every other summer they would, of course, go abroad. She began to plan a typical year, distributing a few months here and a few months there until she—and Scott Kimberly, by implication—would become the very auguries of the season, shifting with the slightest stirring of the social barometer from rusticity to urbanity, from palm to pine.

She had two weeks, no more, in which to attain to this position. In an ecstasy of determined emotion she lifted up her head toward the tallest of the tall white apartments.

"It will be too marvelous!" she said to herself.

For almost the first time in her life her words were not too exaggerated to express the wonder shining in her eyes.

VIII

ABOUT five o'clock she hurried back to the hotel, demanding feverishly at the desk if there had been a telephone message for her. To her profound disappointment there was nothing. A minute after she had entered her room the phone rang.

"This is Scott Kimberly."

At the words a call to battle echoed in her heart.

"Oh, how do you do?"

Her tone implied that she had almost forgotten him. It was not frigid—it was merely casual.

As she answered the inevitable question as to the hour when she had arrived a warm glow spread over her. Now that, from a personification of all the riches and pleasure she craved, he had materialized as merely a male voice over the telephone, her confidence became strengthened. Male voices were male voices. They could be managed; they could be made to intone syllables of which the minds behind them had no approval. Male voices could be made sad or tender or despairing at her will. She rejoiced. The soft clay was ready to her hand.

"Won't you take dinner with me to-night?" Scott was suggesting.

"Why"—perhaps not, she thought; let him think of her to-night—"I don't believe I'll be able to," she said. "I've got an engagement for dinner and the theater. I'm terribly sorry."

Her voice did not sound sorry—it sounded polite. Then as though a happy thought had occurred to her as to a time and place where she could work him into her list of dates, "I'll tell you: Why don't you come around here this afternoon and have tea with me?"

He would be there immediately. He had been playing squash and as soon as he took a plunge he would arrive. Yanci hung up the phone and turned with a quiet efficiency to the mirror, too tense to smile.

She regarded her lustrous eyes and dusky hair in critical approval. Then she took a lavender tea gown from her trunk and began to dress.

She let him wait seven minutes in the lobby before she appeared; then she approached him with a friendly, lazy smile.

"How do you do?" she murmured. "It's marvelous to see you again. How are you?" And, with a long sigh, "I'm frightfully tired. I've been on the go ever since I got here this morning; shopping and then tearing off to luncheon and a matinée. I've bought everything I saw. I don't know how I'm going to pay for it all."

She remembered vividly that when they had first met she had told him, without expecting to be believed, how unpopular she was. She could not risk such a remark now, even in jest. He must think that she had been on the go every minute of the day.

They took a table and were served with olive sandwiches and tea. He was so good-looking, she thought, and marvelously dressed. His gray eyes regarded her with interest from under immaculate ash-blond hair. She wondered how he passed his days, how he liked her costume, what he was thinking of at that moment.

"How long will you be here?" he asked.

"Well, two weeks, off and on. I'm going down to Princeton for the February prom and then up to a house party in Westchester County for a few days. Are you shocked at me for going out so soon? Father would have wanted me to, you know. He was very modern in all his ideas."

She had debated this remark on the train. She was not going to a house party. She was not invited to the Princeton prom. Such things, nevertheless, were necessary to create the illusion. That was everything—the illusion.

"And then," she continued, smiling, "two of my old beaus are in town, which makes it nice for me."

She saw Scott blink and she knew that he appreciated the significance of this.

"What are your plans for this winter?" he demanded. "Are you going back West?"

"No. You see, my aunt returns from India this week. She's going to open her Florida house, and we'll stay there until the middle of March. Then we'll come up to Hot Springs and we may go to Europe for the summer."

This was all the sheerest fiction. Her first letter to her aunt, which had given the bare details of Tom Bowman's death, had at last reached its destination. Her aunt had replied with a note of conventional sympathy and the announcement that she would be back in America within two years if she didn't decide to live in Italy.

"But you'll let me see something of you while you're here," urged Scott, after attending to this impressive program. "If you can't take dinner with me to-night, how about Wednesday—that's the day after to-morrow?"

"Wednesday? Let's see." Yanci's brow was knit with imitation thought. "I think I have a date for Wednesday, but I don't know for certain. How about phoning me to-morrow, and I'll let you know? Because I want to go with you, only I think I've made an engagement."

"Very well, I'll phone you."

"Do—about ten."

(Continued on Page 105)

The Floor Manager Was Sorry, But the Lady Really Must Have Left It at Home. There Was No Fifty-Dollar Bill in the Cash Drawer

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 18, 1922

The World is "In Conference"

FUSSY, self-important men are always "in conference" when anyone wants to see them. But the big boss of a big concern sits at his desk, ready to talk business with everyone who has any real business to talk about, listens, says yes or no, and gets on with the day's work. The little man is always conferring on how to do business; the big man does it.

The more clearly a man thinks, the more surely he knows, the less often he is "in conference," for it is impossible to gather twelve men in a room, without including among them some talk-lovers, time-wasters and obstructionists. That is why the real work of all large assemblies is done in committee. And the real work of most committees is done by one forceful man.

Unfortunately, international business can be transacted only "in conference," and the larger the conference the smaller the chance that it will prove a success, as it will progressively include more talk-lovers, more time-wasters, more obstructionists, and so offer a better opportunity for buck-passing and distributing the blame for failure.

The international conference is in danger of degenerating into a substitute for decisive action. It busies itself with the complex surface symptoms of a deep-seated but easily diagnosed disease. It recommends laying on of hands—gentle hands—as a cure, instead of surgery.

Before the Washington conference was over, another was on at Cannes, and still another had been called. At Washington limitation of naval armaments and the problems of the Far East were considered, at Cannes reparations and the relations of Great Britain and France, and the new conference is to send the world rejoicing on its economic way. But these widely separated matters are all parts of the same question, all symptoms of the same disease. Nothing can be done to effect a cure so long as the world's doctors approach the patient as they would a rich old lady from whom they hope to inherit, instead of with blunt speech, a can of ether and a case of sharp knives.

It is perhaps not without significance that the only agreement actually reached at the Washington conference on the scrapping of armaments concerned the battleship, which many acute critics of naval affairs, especially in Great Britain, consider an obsolete weapon of war and gravitating of its own momentum towards the junkpile. But when some members of the conference sought to lay impious hands on those newer weapons of defense and offense, the airplane and the submarine, shocked guardians of the temple of war prevented the attempted desecration. Yet the armament phase of the Washington conference was by no means a failure, for it started something that will never stop, short of full accomplishment.

None knows what the next conference can accomplish, because its program calls for the consideration of effects, not the removal of causes; because it will probably recommend emollients, salves, poultices, liniments and lotions, instead of the knife. No matter whether the United States is present as an observer or as a participant, we shall get nowhere until the real clinic is called, as it must be finally, and the knife is used on conscription, on armies, on navies and on every other form of war activities. That will be the beginning of full economic recovery.

Europe wants to know what America is going to do for her and America wants to know what Europe is going to do for herself. With the best will in the world America can do little except ruin herself by extending large credits under present conditions.

The basic commercial situation is not hard to understand. It differs in no essential from one that confronts every business man from time to time. Reduced to its simplest terms, we have a big customer who is in straits, if not actually bankrupt, but with good assets and potentialities if he will conserve them and build on them wisely. He owes us eleven billion dollars in public debts, which we cannot collect under present conditions, and other billions in private debts. Naturally we want to save this customer, to keep him from bankruptcy and to build him up again, if only for selfish reasons, though there are ties of friendship and blood as well. But while the war is over, the hatreds and methods that brought it on are not. War expenditures are being continued on a ruinous, even though a lesser scale, and we ourselves, to be prepared for some new lunacy, are forced against our commonsense judgment to waste extravagant sums. We can better afford this than the others, but we can't afford it.

In a friendly effort to help a sinking business back to firm ground old debts are often scaled down or forgiven. It would perhaps be good policy to forget the eleven billions that Europe owes us, once we could feel sure that the old destructive policies had been abandoned, so that the cancellation of this debt would work to a constructive end. But there is nothing as yet to warrant the assumption that this would be the outcome.

The first thing that a credit man considers is character. The rank and file in office and factory may be sober, efficient and hard-working, but if the men at the top are given to doubtful speculations and extravagant methods, learning nothing from their troubles and sticking to policies that have proved ruinous, the credit man will decide that his house is better off without the business.

The rank and file in Europe are sober, industrious and thoroughly worthy of credit. But too many of their political leaders are still wedded to war, to outgrown methods and ruinous practices. So long as France has 800,000 men in the field; Italy, 450,000; Poland, 450,000; Czecho-Slovakia, 150,000; and so on up and down the line; so long as the world's navies, after limitation, are larger than they were in 1913; so long as ambitious airplane and submarine programs are being planned, Europe is at best a doubtful customer. Better for ourselves and the future of the world to tighten our belts and live more to ourselves than to go to pot altogether with nations that will not profit by experience or take counsel of necessity.

Just now a lot of nonsense is being talked about the dual personality of nations. We are told that a country can be bankrupt publicly and sound privately; that a currency can be practically worthless, a national exchequer empty, national obligations repudiated, and that private business can still be healthy and sound. Nations whose currency is based on a few good engravers and a printing press and who cannot balance their budgets must sooner or later go broke, with destruction of their credit and with tremendous losses to investors both at home and abroad. To function at all they must then impose taxes that will be so drastic that they will practically confiscate private business. The nations that are balancing their budgets to-day are doing so only by taxation that is seriously impairing business stability and strength. Those that are not balancing budgets are betting on a financial miracle, and there have been no miracles of recent years.

This dual-personality-of-nations theory is of a piece with communism and other economic fallacies that practice has exploded for all time. Government is simply an aggregation of individuals, and government finance is absolutely dependent on private business. Good government means a light drain on the revenues of commerce and agriculture; bad government a heavy one; but in the end government finance is one with private finance. The faster a printing press runs on currency the poorer its product and the sooner it breaks down. Finally, only real money pays bills, and business is the only source of real money.

There is absolutely no argument left for war. Its apologists and defenders refute themselves in everything they say. War is not even efficient waste. Regiments, brigades, whole divisions even, through pompous vanity and sheer stupidity, are sacrificed in every war, to no military purpose whatever. All this stands out between the lines in book after book written about war. Capt. Peter E. Wright, late assistant secretary, Supreme War Council, who, in his book At the Supreme War Council, apparently writes from the inside, does not hesitate to say as much. The book is written to justify General Gough and the British Fifth Army, and not primarily to attack war, but in achieving his purpose Captain Wright confirms opinions that everyone not blinded by military propaganda had already formed. Of war propaganda, or rather of one phase of it, he says:

"General staffs, in times of modern war, when the nation becomes an army, are the most powerful organisms in the state, for almost everyone must obey them, and they tend to supersede the state itself. Through their huge patronage they lay hands on the legislature and the press. . . . This machine, created originally for one purpose, to deceive the enemy, had come, perhaps unavoidably, to be used for deceiving everybody, soldiers and civilians."

Again: "But falsehood, however indispensable, exacts its price, and here it recoils in an unexpected direction. Generals can have great reputations which are entirely artificial; they do not have to win victories or campaigns; the subject press bureau and the tame herd of special correspondents or special agents do it for them."

Then: "Statesmen, of course, know the truth. Anyone in the room of the Supreme War Council who knew these heroes remote from their godlike state, bright pomp of swarming obsequious staff officers, millionaire A. D. C.'s and attendant Major-Generals, motors and mounted orderlies, secretaries and cooks, with the fountains of official eulogy playing on them in ceaseless glittering streams, could measure their real stature in all its naked and tragic mediocrity: naked, because the working of their confused, slow and narrow minds revealed itself without chance of concealment in those keen debates, with masterly heads like Sonnino or Foch; and tragic, because these incapables and intriguers, thus decorated and exalted, disposed haphazard of all those brilliant young generations that were being mowed in swaths by the German scythe."

And then Captain Wright proceeds to deheroize some of the war's illustrious heroes. Anyone who is giving serious consideration to the problems that confront Europe and America should read this book. It is a splendid, though unintentional, introduction to them.

America is not unsympathetic or lacking in understanding of Europe's troubles. In a very real sense they are ours, both because we have been brothers-in-arms and because we must to some extent at least always be partners in business. But by reason of our physical detachment from the Old World we can perhaps see its problems in better perspective than those who are nearer to them. We are vitally concerned in a correct solution of these problems and we know that there is but one correct solution—disarmament down to a police basis. Without that, one of these conferences will finally resolve itself into a coroner's jury.

Some governments are still proceeding on the theory that business is business—that is, hatred and throat-cutting—in short, war. These governments are wrong. Business is first of all credit, and credit is character, and character is just and honorable dealing.

WHY EUROPE IS BANKRUPT

By Francis W. Hirst

PERHAPS an Englishman with some financial experience, and no official entanglements, who has studied European budgets for many years with anxious diligence, and has discussed them with American audiences during the last few months on the Pacific Coast, in the Middle West, at Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Richmond, may now be in a position to put on paper some useful thoughts, impressions and suggestions on the present discontents. I shall at any rate endeavor in the following paper to write out candidly, and without any reservations, exactly how the situation strikes me, in the hope that it may help the American public to an appreciation of European conditions and contribute to the formation of that indefinable but potent force which we call public opinion.

At the moment of writing it would seem that the Washington conference will achieve at best only a moral success. If the five leading naval powers establish a ratio for battleships, cruisers and submarines, such an agreement would undoubtedly facilitate a reduction of naval budgets in the future, if those in authority should ever be inspired by an effective desire to relieve taxpayers. But the actual result of the policy would be to stereotype an expenditure above the prewar scale and many times greater than the corresponding burdens of 1898, though the citizens of all these five countries are now paying much heavier taxes than those which the Czar's rescript then described as "the intolerable burdens imposed by the excessive armaments of to-day."

Tax Burdens

NOW it is generally supposed in the United States that Great Britain is in a fairly solvent and satisfactory condition, and certainly our last budget looked well by comparison with those of France and Italy. But the surplus shown was obtained by sales of assets and by an income tax which takes nearly one-third of a moderate income and more than half the incomes of the very rich. A wealthy Frenchman escapes very lightly compared with a rich Englishman or American. An Englishman of moderate means has to pay about three times as much in direct taxes as an American with the same income. If the war debt and the increase in the burden of unproductive expenditure have not reduced us to insolvency it is because we are taxed to the hilt or the bone. President Harding's epithet "staggering" is not at all too strong. In the year 1897 the national expenditure of the United Kingdom was £102,000,000, a rate of £2 11s. per head of the population. Last year the expenditure was more than eleven times as great and exceeded twenty-six pounds per head of the population. On March 31, 1914, the dead-weight debt of the United Kingdom was £651,000,000. On March 31, 1921, it stood at £7,644,000,000, including an external debt of over £1,000,000,000 due to the United States, against which a similar sum was due to Great Britain from its Allies.

These figures are more eloquent than any comment, even when allowance has been made for the fact that a paper pound, not convertible into gold, has still—after the fall of prices—a purchasing power not more than two-thirds of the prewar gold pound or sovereign. On the poor, who escape income tax and death duties, falls very heavy indirect taxation. Thus sugar is taxed at 25s. 8d. per hundredweight; before the war it paid only 1s. 10d. per hundredweight. Tea is taxed at one shilling per pound, as against five pence in 1913–14, and the tobacco duty has been increased from 3s. 6d. to 8s. 2d. Beer now pays an excise of five pounds per barrel; before the war the duty was only 7s. 9d. The cost of living has been further increased by doubled postage and practically doubled railway fares and railway rates, though a small reduction has just been made by the English railways.

Our economic troubles and new burdens are due partly to paper money and inflation, partly to the official theory that government officials and government employees ought to be exempt from the economic sufferings caused by the war. Meanwhile private wealth is diminishing. Profits are vanishing, wages are falling, and there is a great army of unemployed. Business men are being forced to borrow money from the banks in order to pay their rates and taxes. All classes are finding it more and more difficult to make both ends meet. High taxes and high prices mean that the people buy less, and the home market is therefore contracted. At the same time our impoverished foreign customers are unable to make their normal purchases. In short, all the evils of which American business men complain exist in an exaggerated form in Great Britain. Naval limitation so far offers no prospect of substantial relief to British taxpayers.

Naval "Economies"

TALKING of naval economy and its prospects, I copied on January fourth the following from a Washington correspondent:

> It is easy to understand the gratification being displayed in Great Britain over Mr. Balfour's achievements here. By obtaining an agreement on capital ships whereby Britain builds two 35,000-ton capital ships in the naval holiday and a free hand on all auxiliary craft Great Britain will be able to keep at least five of her seven dockyards going indefinitely.
>
> The French submarine menace, whether on paper or otherwise, will give her the chance to perfect her anti-submarine organization and to go forward with the development of undersea craft as well as anti-submarine devices.

I imagine that the gratification displayed is confined to the armament firms and naval experts. There remain the army and the civil service and the debt as possible fields of economy. *(Continued on Page 65*

WHEN A LADY LIVES ALL ALONE

MERTON OF THE MOVIES

"Say, Listen, Mr. Henshaw: Do You Think Beauty Is a Curse to a Poor Girl?"

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV
The Watcher at the Gate

THE street leading to the Holden motion-picture studio, considered by itself, lacks beauty. Flanking it for most of the way from the boulevard to the studio gate are vacant lots labeled with their prices and appeals to the passer to buy them. Still their prices are high enough to mark the thoroughfare as one out of the common, and it is further distinguished by two rows of lofty eucalyptus trees. These have a real feathery beauty, and are perhaps a factor in the seemingly exorbitant prices demanded for the choice bungalow and home sites they shade. Save for a casual pioneer bungalow or two, there are no buildings to attract the notice until one reaches a high fence that marks the beginning of the Holden lot. Back of this fence is secreted a microcosmos, a world in little, where one may encounter strange races of people in their native dress and behold, by walking a block, cities actually apart by league upon league of the earth's surface and separated by centuries of time.

To penetrate this city of many cities, and this actual present of the remote past, one must be of a certain inner elect. Hardly may one enter by assuming the disguise of a native, as daring explorers have sometimes overcome the difficulty of entering other strange cities. Its gate, reached after passing along an impressive expanse of the reticent fence, is watched by a guardian. He is a stoutish man of middle age, not neatly dressed, and of forbidding aspect. His face is ruthless, with a very knowing cynicism. He is there, it would seem, chiefly to keep people out of the delightful city, though from time to time he will bow an assent or wave it with the hand clutching his evening newspaper to one of the favored lawful inmates, who will then carelessly saunter, or drive an expensive motor car, through the difficult portal.

Standing across the street, one may peer through this portal into an avenue of the forbidden city. There is an exciting glimpse of greensward, flowering shrubbery, roses, vines and a vista of the ends of enormous structures painted yellow. And this avenue is sprightly with the passing of enviable persons who are rightly there, some in alien garb, some in the duller uniform of the humble artisan, some in the pressed and garnished trappings of rich overlords.

It is really best to stand across the street for this clandestine view of heart-shaking delights. If you stand close to the gate to peer past the bulky shape of the warder he is likely to turn and give you a cold look. Further, he is averse to light conversation, being always morosely absorbed—yet with an eye ever alert for intrusive outlanders—in his evening paper. He never reads a morning paper, but has some means of obtaining at an early hour each morning a pink or green evening paper that shrieks with crimson headlines. Such has been his reading through all time, and this may have been an element in shaping his now inveterate hostility toward those who would engage him in meaningless talk. Even in accepting the gift of an excellent cigar he betrays only a bored condescension. There is no relenting of countenance, no genial relaxing of an ingrained suspicion toward all who approach him, no cordiality, in short, such as would lead you to believe that he might be glad to look over a bunch of stills taken by the most artistic photographer in all Simsbury, Illinois. So you let him severely alone after a bit, and go to stand across the street, your neatly wrapped art studies under your arm, and leaning against the trunk of a eucalyptus tree you stare brazenly past him into the city of wonders.

It is thus we first observe that rising young screen actor, Clifford Armytage, beginning the tenth day of his determined effort to become much more closely identified with screen activities than hitherto. Ten days of waiting outside the guarded gate had been his, but no other ten days of his life had seemed so eventful or passed so swiftly. For at last he stood before his goal, had actually fastened his eyes upon so much of it as might be seen through its gate. Never had he achieved so much downright actuality.

Back in Simsbury on a Sunday morning he had often strolled over to the depot at early train time for a sight of the two metal containers housing the films shown at the Bijou Palace the day before. They would be on the platform, pasted over with express labels. He would stand by them, even touch them, examine the padlocks, turn them over, heft them; actually hold within his grasp the film wraith of Beulah Baxter in a terrific installment of the Hazards of Hortense. Those metal containers imprisoned so much of beauty, of daring, of young love striving against adverse currents—held the triumphant fruiting of Miss Baxter's toil and struggle and sacrifice to give the public something better and finer. Often he had caressed the crude metal with a reverent hand, as if his wonder woman herself stood there to receive his homage.

That was actuality, in a way. But here it was in full measure, without mental subterfuge or vain imaginings. Had he not beheld from this post—he was pretty sure he had—Miss Baxter herself, swathed in costly furs, drive a robin's-egg-blue roadster through the gate without even a nod to the warder? Indeed that one glimpse of reality had been worth his ten days of waiting—worth all his watching of the gate and its keeper until he knew every dent in the keeper's derby hat, every bristle in his unkempt mustache, every wrinkle of his inferior raiment and every pocket from which throughout the day he would vainly draw matches to relight an apparently fireproof cigar. Surely waiting thus rewarded could not be called barren.

When he grew tired of standing he could cross the street and rest on a low bench that encircled one of the eucalyptus trees. Here were other waiters without the pale, usually men of strongly marked features, with a tendency to extremes in stature or hair or beards or noses, and not conspicuously neat in attire. These, he discovered, were extras awaiting employment, many of them Mexicans or strange-appearing mongrels, with a sprinkling of negroes. Often he could have recruited there a band of outlaws for desperate deeds over the border. He did not fraternize with these waifs, feeling that his was another plane.

(Continued on Page 24)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

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Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

He had spent three days thus about the studio gate when he learned the existence of another entrance. This was a door almost opposite the bench. He ventured through this and discovered a bare room with a wooden seat running about its sides. In a partition opposite the entrance was a small window and over it the words "Casting Director." One of the two other doors led to the interior, and through this he observed pass many of the chosen. Another door led to the office of the casting director, glimpses of which could be obtained through the little window.

The waiting room itself was not only bare as to floor and walls, but was bleak and inhospitable in its general effect. The wooden seat was uncomfortable, and those who sat upon it along the dull-toned walls appeared depressed and unhopeful, especially after they had braved a talk through the little window with someone who seemed always to be saying, "No, nothing to-day. Yes, perhaps next week. I have your address." When the aspirants were women, as they mostly were, the someone back of the window would add "dear" to the speech. "No, nothing to-day, dear."

There seemed never to be anything to-day, and Clifford Armytage spent very little of his waiting time in this room. It made him uncomfortable to be stared at by other applicants, whether they stared casually, incuriously, or whether they seemed to appraise him disparagingly, as if telling him frankly that for him there would never be anything to-day.

Then he saw that he, too, must undergo that encounter at the little window. Too apparently he was not getting anywhere by loitering about outside. It was exciting, but the producers would hardly look there for new talent.

He chose a moment for this encounter when the waiting room was vacant, not caring to be stared at when he took this first step in forming a connection that was to be notable in screen annals. He approached the window, bent his head and encountered the gaze of a small, comely woman with warm brown eyes, neat reddish hair and a quick manner. The gaze was shrewd; it seemed to read all that was needed to be known of this new candidate.

"Yes?" said the woman.

She looked tired and very businesslike, but her manner was not unkind. The novice was at once reassured. He was presently explaining to her that he wished to act in the pictures at this particular studio. No, he had not had much experience—that is, you could hardly call it experience in actual acting, but he had finished a course of study and had a diploma from the General Film Production Company of Stebbinsville, Arkansas, certifying him to be a competent screen actor. And of course he would not at first expect a big part. He would be glad to take a small part to begin with—almost any small part until he could familiarize himself with studio conditions. And here was a bunch of stills that would give anyone an idea of the range of parts he was prepared to play—society parts in a full-dress suit, or soldier parts in a trench coat and lieutenant's cap, or juveniles in the natty suit with the belted coat, and in the storm-king-model belted overcoat. And of course Western stuff—these would give an idea of what he could do—cowboy outfit and all that sort of thing, chaps and spurs and guns and so forth.

And he was prepared to work hard and struggle and sacrifice in order to give the public something better and finer, and would it be possible to secure some small part at once? Was a good all-round actor by any chance at that moment needed in the company of Miss Beulah Baxter, because he would especially like such a part, and he would be ready to start to work at any time—to-morrow, or even to-day.

The tired little woman beyond the opening listened patiently to this, interrupting several times to say over an insistent telephone, "No, nothing to-day, dear." She looked at the stills with evident interest and curiously studied the face of the speaker as she listened. She smiled wearily when he was through and spoke briskly.

"Now, I'll tell you, son; all that is very nice, but you haven't had a lick of real experience yet, have you?—and things are pretty quiet on the lot just now. To-day there are only two companies shooting. So you couldn't get anything to-day or to-morrow or probably for a good many days after that, and it won't be much when you get it. You may get on as an extra after a while when some of the other companies start shooting, but I can't promise anything, you understand. What you do now—leave me your name and address and telephone number."

"Yes, ma'am," said the applicant, and supplied these data.

"Clifford Armytage!" exclaimed the woman. "I'll say that's some warm name!"

"Well, you see" he paused, but resolved to confide freely in this friendly seeming person—"you see I picked that out for a good name to act under. It sounds good, doesn't it? And my own right name is only Merton Gill, so I thought I'd better have something that sounded a little more—well, you know."

"Sure!" said the woman. "All right, have any name you want; but I think I'll call you Merton when you come again. You needn't act with me, you know. Now, let's see—name, age, height, good general wardrobe, house address, telephone number—oh, yes, tell me where I can find you during the day."

"Right out here," he replied firmly. "I'm going to stick to this studio and not go near any of the others. If I'm not in this room I'll be just outside there, on that bench around the tree, or just across the street where you can see through the gate and watch the people go through."

"Say!"

Again the woman searched his face and broke into her friendly smile. "Say, you're a real nut, aren't you? How'd you ever get this way?"

And again he was talking, telling now of his past and his struggles to educate himself as a screen actor—one of the best. He spoke of Simsbury and Gashwiler and of Lowell Hardy, who took his stills, and of Tessie Kearns, whose sympathy and advice had done so much to encourage him. The woman was joyously attentive. Now she did more than smile. She laughed at intervals throughout the narrative, though her laughter seemed entirely sympathetic and in no way daunted the speaker.

"Well, Merton, you're a funny one—I'll say that. You're so kind of ignorant and appealing. And you say this Bughalter or Gigwater or whatever his name is will take you back into the store any time? Well, that's a good thing to remember, because the picture game is a hard game. I wouldn't discourage a nice clean boy like you for the world, but there are a lot of people in pictures right now that would prefer a steady job like that one you left."

"It's Gashwiler—that name."

"Oh, all right, just so you don't forget it and forget the address."

The new applicant warmly reassured her.

"I wouldn't be likely to forget that, after living there all these years." (Continued on Page 26)

Alone at Her Table, Beulah Baxter Gazed Raptly Aloft, Meditating Perhaps Some Daring New Feat

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Actual Size
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Robt. Burns Cigar is Full Havana Filled

(Continued from Page 24)

When he left the window the woman was again saying into the telephone, "No, dear, nothing to-day. I'm sorry."

It was that night he wrote to Tessie Kearns:

Dear Friend Tessie: Well, Tessie, here I am safe and sound in Hollywood after a long ride on the cars that went through many strange and interesting cities and different parts of the country, and I guess by this time you must have thought I was forgetting my old friends back in Simsbury; but not so, I can assure you, for I will never forget our long talks together and how you cheered me up often when the sacrifice and struggle seemed more than any man could bear. But now I feel repaid for all that sacrifice and struggle, for I am here where the pictures are made, and soon I will be acting different parts in them, though things are quiet on the lot now with only two companies shooting to-day; but more companies will be shooting in a few days more and then will come the great opportunity for me as soon as I get known, and my different capabilities, and what I can do and everything.

I had a long talk to-day with the lady out in front that hires the actors, and she was very friendly, but said it might be quite some time, because only two companies on the lot were shooting to-day, and she said if Gashwiler had promised to keep my old job for me to be sure and not forget his address, and it was laughable that she should say such a thing, because I would not be liable to forget his address when I lived there so long. She must have thought I was very forgetful, to forget that address.

There is some great scenery around this place, including many of the Rocky Mtns. etc. that make it look beautiful, and the city of Los Angeles is bigger than Peoria. I am quite some distance out of the center of town, and I have a nice furnished room about a mile from the Holden studios, where I will be hired after a few more companies get to shooting on the lot. There is an electric iron in the kitchen where one can press their clothes. And my furnished room is in the house of a Los Angeles society woman and her husband, who came here from Iowa. Their little house with flowers in front of it is called a bungalow. The husband, Mr. Patterson, had a farm in Iowa, six miles out from Cedar Falls, and he cares little for society; but the wife goes into society all the time, as there is hardly a day just now that some society does not have its picnic, and one day it will be the Kansas Society picnic and the next day it will be the Michigan Society having a picnic, or some other state, and of course the Iowa Society that has the biggest picnic of all, and Mr. Patterson says his wife can go to all these society functions if she wants, but he does not care much for society, and he is thinking of buying a half interest in a good soft-drink place just to pass the time away, as he says after the busy life he has led he needs something to keep him busy, but his wife thinks only of society.

I take my meals out at different places, especially at drug stores. I guess you would be surprised to see these drug stores where you can go in and sit at the soda counter and order your coffee and sandwiches and custard pie and eat them right there in the drug store, but there are other places, too, like cafeterias, where you put your dishes on a tray and carry it to your own table. It is all quite different from Simsbury, and I have seen oranges growing on the trees, and there are palm trees, and it does not snow here; but the grass is green and the flowers bloom right through the winter, which makes it very attractive with the Rocky mtns. in the distance, etc.

Well, Tessie, you must excuse this long letter from your old friend, and write me if any company has accepted Passion's Perils and I might have a chance to act in that some day, and I will let you know when my first picture is released and the title of it so you can watch out for it when it comes to the Bijou Palace. I often think of the old town, and would like to have a chat with you and my other old friends, but I am not homesick, only sometimes I would like to be back there, as there are not many people to chat with here and one would almost be lonesome sometimes if they could not be at the studio. But I must remember that work and struggle and sacrifice are necessary to give the public something better and finer and become a good screen actor. So no more at present, from your old friend, and address Clifford Armytage at above number, as I am going by my stage name, though the lady at the Holden lot said she liked my old name better and called me that, and it sounded pretty good, as I have not got used to the stage name yet.

He felt better after this chat with his old friend, and the following morning he pressed a suit in the Patterson kitchen and resumed his vigil outside the gate. But now from time to time, at least twice a day, he could break the monotony of this by a call at the little window.

Sometimes the woman beyond it would be engrossed with the telephone and would merely look at him to shake her head. At others, the telephone being still, she would engage him in friendly talk. She seemed to like him as an occasional caller, but she remained smilingly skeptical about his immediate success in the pictures. Again and again she urged him not to forget the address of Giggenholder or Gooshswamp or whoever it might be. He never failed to remind her that the name was Gashwiler, and that he could not possibly forget the address because he had lived at Simsbury a long time. This always seemed to brighten the woman's day. It puzzled him to note that for some reason his earnest assurance pleased her.

As the days of waiting passed he began to distinguish individuals among the people who went through the little outer room or sat patiently around its walls on the hard bench, waiting like himself for more companies to start shooting. Among the important-looking men that passed through would be actors that were now reaping the reward of their struggle and sacrifice; actors whom he thrilled to recognize as old screen friends. These would saunter in with an air of fine leisure, and their manner of careless but elegant dress would be keenly noted by Merton. Then there were directors. These were often less scrupulously attired and seemed always to be solving knotty problems. They passed hurriedly on, brows drawn in perplexity. They were very busy persons. Those on the bench regarded them with deep respect and stiffened to attention as they passed, but they were never observed by these great ones.

The waiting ones were of all ages; mostly women, with but a sprinkling of men. Many of the women were young

There Now Halted at His Table, Bearing a Laden Tray, None Other Than the Montague Girl, She of the Slangy Talk and the Regrettably Free Manner

or youngish, and of rare beauty, so Merton Gill thought. Others were elderly or old, and a few would be accompanied by children, often so young that they must be held on laps. They, too, waited with round eyes and in perfect decorum for a chance to act. Sometimes the little window would be pushed open and a woman beckoned from the bench. Some of them greeted the casting director as an old friend, and were still gay when told that there was nothing to-day. Others seemed to dread being told this, and would wait on without daring an inquiry.

Sometimes there would be a little flurry of actual business. Four society women would be needed for a bridge table at 8:30 the next morning on Stage Number Five. The casting director seemed to know the wardrobe of each of the waiters, and would select the four quickly. The gowns must be smart—it was at the country house of a rich New Yorker—and jewels and furs were not to be forgotten. There might be two days' work. The four fortunate ladies would depart with cheerful smiles. The remaining waiters settled on the bench, hoping against hope for another call.

Among the waiting-room hopefuls Merton had come to know by sight the Montague family. This consisted of a handsome elderly gentleman of most impressive manner, his wife, a portly woman of middle age, also possessing an impressive manner, and a daughter. Mr. Montague always removed his hat in the waiting room, uncovering an abundant cluster of iron-gray curls above a noble brow. About him there seemed ever to linger a faint spicy aroma of strong drink, and he would talk freely to those sharing the bench with him. His voice was full and rich in tone, and his speech, deliberate and precise, more than hinted that he had once been an ornament of the speaking stage. His wife, also, was friendly of manner, and spoke in a deep contralto somewhat roughened by wear but still notable.

The daughter Merton did not like. She was not unattractive in appearance, though her features were far off the screen-heroine model, her nose being too short, her mouth too large, her cheek bones too prominent and her chin too square. Indeed, she resembled too closely her father, who, as a man, could carry such things more becomingly. She was a slangy chit, much too free and easy in her ways, Merton considered, and revealing a self-confidence that amounted almost to impudence. Further, her cheeks were brown, her brief nose freckled, and she did not take the pains with her face that most of the beautiful young women who waited there had so obviously taken. She was a harum-scarum baggage with no proper respect for anyone, he decided, especially after the day she had so rudely accosted one of the passing directors. He was a more than usually absorbed director, and with drawn brows would have gone unseeing through the waiting room when the girl hailed him.

"Oh, Mr. Henshaw, one moment, please!"

He glanced up in some annoyance, pausing with his hand to the door that led on to his proper realm.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Montague! Well, what is it?"

"Well, it's something I wanted to ask you." She quickly crossed the room to stand by him, tenderly flecking a bit of dust from his coat sleeve as she began, "Say, listen, Mr. Henshaw: Do you think beauty is a curse to a poor girl?"

Mr. Henshaw scowled down into the eyes so confidingly lifted to his.

"That's something you won't ever have to worry about," he snapped, and was gone, his brows again drawn in perplexity over his work.

"You're not angry with poor little me, are you, Mr. Henshaw?"

The girl called this after him and listened, but no reply came from back of the partition.

Mrs. Montague, from the bench, rebuked her daughter.

"Say, what do you think that kidding stuff will get you? Don't you want to work for him any more?"

The girl turned pleading eyes upon her mother.

"I think he might have answered a simple question," said she.

This was all distasteful to Merton Gill. The girl might, indeed, have deserved an answer to her simple question, but why need she ask it of so busy a man? He felt that Mr. Henshaw's rebuke was well merited, for her own beauty was surely not excessive. Her father, from the bench, likewise admonished her.

"You are sadly prone to a spirit of banter," he declared, "though I admit that the so-called art of the motion picture is not to be regarded too seriously. It was not like that in my day. Then an actor had to be an artist; there was no position for the little he-doll whippersnapper who draws the big money to-day and is ignorant of even the rudiments of the actor's profession."

He allowed his glance to rest perceptibly upon Merton Gill, who felt uncomfortable.

"We were with Looey James five years," confided Mrs. Montague to her neighbors. "A hall show, of course—hadn't heard of movies then—doing Virginius and Julius Cæsar and such classics, and then starting out with The Two Orphans for a short season. We were a knock-out, I'll say that. I'll never forget the night we opened the new opera house at Akron. They had to put the orchestra under the stage."

"And the so-called art of the moving picture robs us of our little meed of applause," broke in her husband. "I shall never forget a remark of the late Lawrence Barrett to me after a performance of Richelieu in which he had fairly outdone himself. 'Montague, my lad,' said he, 'we may work for the money, but we play for the applause.' But now our finest bits must go in silence, or perhaps be interrupted by a so-called director who arrogates to himself the right to instill into us the rudiments of a profession in which we had grounded ourselves ere yet he was out of leading strings. Too often, naturally, the results are discouraging."

The unabashed girl was meantime having sprightly talk with the casting director, whom she had hailed through the window as Countess. Merton, somewhat startled, wondered if the little woman could indeed be of the nobility.

"Hello, Countess! Say, listen, can you give the camera a little peek at me to-day, or at pa or ma? 'No, nothing to-day, dear.'" She had imitated the little woman's voice in her accustomed reply. "Well, I didn't think there would be. I just thought I'd ask. You ain't mad, are you? I could have gone on in a harem tank scene over at the Bigart place, but they wanted me to dress the same as a fish, and a young girl's got to draw the line somewhere. Besides, I don't like that Hugo over there so much. He hates to part with anything like money. Say, I'll bet he couldn't play an honest game of solitaire. How'd you like my hair this way? Like it, eh? That's good. And me having the only freckles left in all Hollywood. Ain't I the little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour?

(Continued on Page 88)

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MAGIC MUSIC

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"I Didn't Come Here to Play Hide and Seek," He Said

SALLY BELLE sat on the front doorsteps of the Sewall house reading a letter from Pig. In the hammock behind her Lillian Sewall and Madgie Carr were whispering and giggling and watching her, but she did not care. All up and down the little tree-shaded street the June light was fading fast, but she knew Pig's letter by heart. The writing was scrawly and black. It was on yellow copy paper, with blue, ruled lines.

CAMP CONTENT, June 14.

MISS SALLY BELLE SMITH,

Friend Sally Belle: Arrived here yesterday. It is pleasant here. There are some pleasant fellows here. The cook is a nigger cook, and he is some cook. While writing these few lines to you, he walked past the porch and said, "Are you writing to your best girl?" A nigger does not have much sense, but a nigger sure can cook.

Will close now and write more soon. Am writing these few lines to let you know I arrived safely. The mountain behind this camp or shack is one thousand, five hundred and eighty-two feet in height. Your friend, HAROLD PLUMMER.

Sally Belle slipped the letter into the front of her new surplice waist and folded her hands above it, like the girl in the old engraving in her front hall, The Love Letter. This was her first letter from Pig, her first letter from a boy. Friend Sally Belle! That was not very romantic—it was not even good manners; but it did not matter. Nothing did, to-night. It was the sweetest night. No night that June, no night in any June had ever been so sweet. She did not quite know why.

"On such a night," she whispered; it was a quotation, she did not know from what. "On such a night ——"

It was a gray, still night. There was no wind, but the air felt soft and cool on your face, like your mother's hand touching you. There were no stars yet, but they would come soon; the sky was all ready for them, all smooth and soft; if you threw back your head and looked you could see deep into it, up and up, with only the twilight, gray and thin, between you and all the big sky. Main Street looked little but very long. It led past this house and her house and the high dark tree that she loved, on and on, past the sleepy, far lighted town, straight into the heart of the sky.

There was a very old game, called Magic Music. Children played it; soft music went on while you played; it went louder when you played right and lower when you played wrong, and when it was very loud that was the end of the game. Music on an old square piano, tinkly and thin and clear; music that waited for something and wanted something. This night wanted something too. What did it want? The stars? Music—Magic Music. The words were very sweet.

Sally Belle stirred and sat up straight on the steps and looked over her shoulder up Main Street. Something was going to happen; it had happened three times already while she sat here. This was the long quiet time between supper and late-train time. Main Street was empty and almost dark, but far up Carr's Hill, beyond the railroad station, she saw two lights, the side lights of an old-fashioned buggy. It crept down the hill, crossed the track, crossed High Street and did not turn. It was Free Foster's buggy and his sorrel colt. It was the strange boy again.

He was boarding with Free Foster and tutoring for college-entrance exams. He had been in town a week and no girl had spoken to him yet, but they had all seen him in church. He had driven past the house three times to-night, but he had not once looked in. He was here again. Sally Belle shut her eyes tight and put her hands over them, then she opened them wide and looked.

The boy was a Boston boy, in dark Boston clothes. He was slender and tall and sat high on the springless buggy seat and drove carelessly and well. He was bareheaded and his hair was a pale silver gold, like Lil's. He had a beautiful face; you could not see it clearly, but she looked and looked, and while she looked he turned his head slowly and looked at Sally Belle, straight at her through the dusk. He did not smile. His eyes looked very big and very dark. He looked away from her quickly and drove on down the street very fast. She leaned far forward and looked after him, but he did not look back. He was whistling now, an old tune, with silly words. College glee clubs sang it. She loved it. It was Veazie.

Way down in Veazie—I'm livin' easy—
On pork chops greasy—I'm livin' high ——

The sorrel was not carriage-broke yet. It was hard to handle. The buggy swung round the corner of Church Street on two wheels, and the trees hid it. She had stared at the strange boy—stared hard. If he came back she would not look at him. She would sit up very straight and not look at all, but she wished he would come. Something else was wrong, too; she missed something. What was it? It was the girls in the hammock. They were not laughing now, only whispering, and very low, so that she could not hear. Sally Belle knew these signs. They were very bad signs indeed. She jumped up and went and perched on the piazza rail and looked at the two girls. Lillian blushed. Madgie giggled.

"Hello, darling," she said sweetly—too sweetly. "Come on in. Water's fine. Lots of room. Always room for you."

"What's doing?" Sally Belle asked sternly.

"Nothing. Never is, in this dead old town. Did you have a sweet letter? Awful sweet? Going to read it to us?"

"No."

"I'll bet you aren't. I'll bet it's some letter."

"It is a private letter," said Sally Belle coldly.

Madgie was jollying her, changing the subject. Madgie was planning something and leaving her out of it. She would not ask again what it was. There was a way you could smile, that always made the girls angry, a little absent smile; she had practiced it with a mirror. She smiled. There was a long, awkward pause. Lillian wriggled in the hammock and cleared her throat twice, but did not speak. Madgie fluffed out her skirts and patted her hair elaborately.

"Life's short," she announced; "can't stick around here forever. Guess I'll go for a little walk. Coming, Lil?"

"I—I don't care if I do."

"Good girl. You sit right here, darling, all comfy, and read your nice letter."

"It's too dark," said Sally Belle.

"Light the lantern. We'll be right back. Lil and I just want to take a little walk, that's all."

"Tell her," said Lillian sulkily.

Madgie raised her eyebrows elegantly.

"Tell what? There's nothing to tell."

"She'll find out anyway. And—and it's mean not to tell."

"I don't care to be told," said Sally Belle stiffly.

"Madgie and I are going riding. Buggy riding with a boy."

"Indeed?"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing," said Sally Belle simply. "What boy?"

"Don't you wish you knew? The boy doesn't know yet, but he will soon. And it's not Stub or Tish."

"So I infer," said Sally Belle with dignity.

Lillian blushed very red.

"Madgie is Stub's girl, and I'm Tish's girl," she admitted sulkily. "I know that just as well as you do. I'm going with Tish—simply going with him, that's all. Tish can't own me; no boy can; it's a free country. You don't own me, either, Miss Smith."

"I don't wish to, Miss Sewall."

(Continued on Page 31)

The Big Job in 1922 is SELLING

To get the good-lighting result shown in the large illustration, follow the simple rules stated in the lower right-hand paragraph, "How to Light Your Store."

And the Goods Must be Seen to be Appreciated

There must be light or there won't be trade, and that light must be sufficient in quantity, properly placed, and rightly shaded to make seeing quick, sure and easy.

Most merchants accept this as a self-evident fact, yet fail to see that their own lighting, which they take for granted to be adequate, falls far short of their stores' requirements. For dimness and glare sometimes make little impression on eyes that have too long been used to these handicaps, and thus they escape detection.

Once dimness and glare have been detected, it is easy and inexpensive to remodel the lighting of any store, big or little, so that it will be correct and up-to-date. There are just four rules to observe. First, have plenty of light; second, have it properly placed; third, shade the light so that the direct brightness or glare does not strike the eyes of customers or employes; and fourth, clean the lamps and shades at least once a month, else half the light may be needlessly lost and the lighting economy correspondingly lessened.

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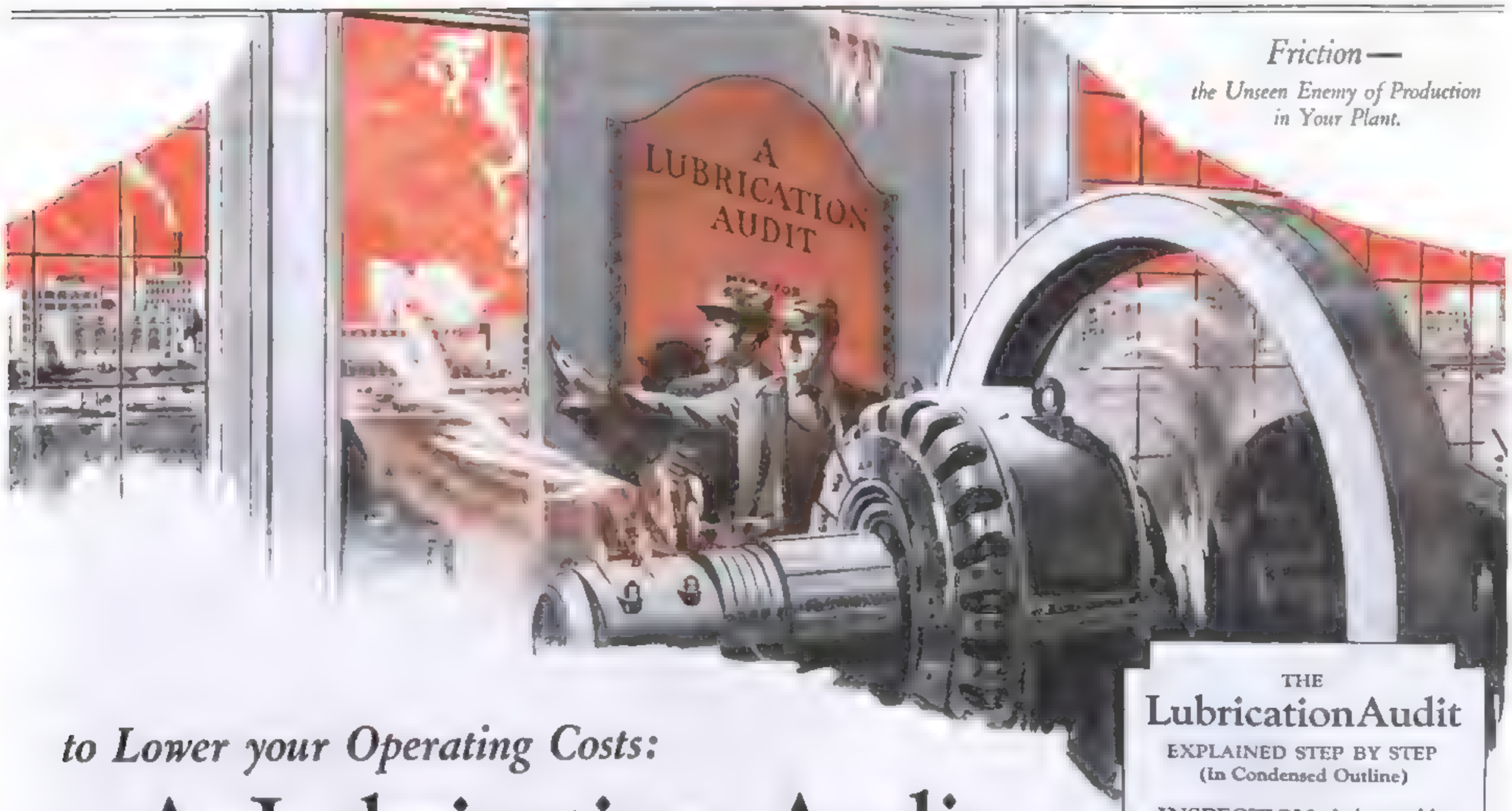
For most stores the following rules will provide excellent illumination. *First*—Use 300-watt MAZDA Daylight lamps, or 200-watt MAZDA C lamps. MAZDA Daylight lamps are preferable, under most circumstances, because (1) they show colors more accurately, and (2) their light blends more agreeably with natural daylight. *Second*—The space between lighting units should not greatly exceed ten feet. *Third*—The lamps should be properly shaded. Shades and reflectors, when made of glass, should be of dense white glass rather than clear or frosted glass, and should entirely surround or enclose the lamp. *Fourth*—Clean the lamps and shades once a month.

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS



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See details in column at right.

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Continued from Page 28

"You make me tired! I'm not a prig like—like some people, but I hope I'm a lady. I wouldn't pick up a boy on the street, but if the boy spoke first—if—if you came too ——"

"Thanks, I don't care to come."

"You don't have to. And I don't have to tell you every time I turn round."

"You don't have to tell me," Sally Belle smiled; "I know."

"You know a lot," said Lillian uneasily.

"I know this," said Sally Belle slowly "a boy from away is different. They aren't like us. They don't act the way we act. They don't talk the way we talk. They wear different clothes. They—they're different. You can call me a prig if you want to. I don't care. And I don't care what you do. It is nothing to me—absolutely nothing. I'd do it, too, if I felt like it. I—I don't happen to feel like it. But if I were you I'd take any boy in this town before I took a boy from a big town, from Boston. A boy from away."

Sally Belle stopped. Her voice choked her; tears were beginning to come and the girls must not see her cry.

"If you're going, go," she said coldly.

Lillian rose and stood shifting from foot to foot uncomfortably. Madgie, who had listened to this discussion calmly, jumped up with the assured and elegant air which kept her queen of the crowd, slipped her arm through Lillian's and laughed a shrill little laugh.

"Sarah Isabel Smith, you've got a crush on that boy yourself!" she said.

"I," stammered Sally Belle—"I —— "

"Don't let her get your goat, Lil. A boy from away is the same as any boy, after you get him going. I'll show you. Come on."

Lillian came. When Madgie decreed it you always came. They hurried out of the yard, up the street and out of sight, with their heads close together. They whistled a tune, slightly off key, and kept time to it with little dancing steps. The tune was Veazie.

Sally Belle sat down in the hammock and pulled the pillows all round her and hugged them tight. She did not light the porch lantern. The dark was best when you were trying not to cry. Lillian would beg her pardon, and kiss her, and make up. Lillian loved her best; Lillian was her own best friend. But first the girls would ride with the new boy at Free's. Madgie could get any boy she wanted. How did she get them? What did she say? She would get this boy and ride with him past the house, laughing.

Sally Belle watched the street patiently, waiting to see.

She did not want to see. She curled up in the hammock, hiding her face with the cushions. Her heart ached—really ached, with a little queer new pain. Madgie always flirted and Sally Belle did not care, but she cared to-night. She cared very much. Pig's letter crackled in her waist and she crumpled it and threw it on the floor. It was not a love letter, only a letter from Pig. She stretched out and lay still. She could rest here—sleep, perhaps. She would feel better soon. She could not flirt, but she could do other things that Madgie could not do—poor Madgie! Sally Belle could think long, lovely thoughts, all alone in her heart; write poems, too; only there were no poems in the world to-night. The late train whistled at the Falls. It called to her like a voice. The train was the Boston train. It came straight from the cities, big strange bright-lighted cities, and stopped here. Anything that was in the cities could come here on that train something wonderful, something sweet. Soon it would whistle again, nearer. She lay quite still, waiting to hear it. Poor Madgie!

"Sleeping Beauty," a voice said.

Sally Belle rubbed her eyes and tried to sit up. She had slept, really slept, and dreamed of something pleasant. The dream was gone. Was the voice a dream voice? No, for it spoke again, low and clear, close beside her. A boy was standing beside her, a tall boy with silver-gold hair.

"Miss Smith," he said.

"It's you," she tried to say—"you. I knew you'd come!"

The mist cleared from her eyes. She sat up straight in the hammock and hugged her knees tight and looked at the boy. She was wide awake now; awake in a cold, alien world, and her legs ached. The boy was not a dream boy. He was the new boy at Free's. He was not so handsome, close to. His nose was not very straight. But his Boston clothes were quite beautiful clothes; smooth blue serge, and they fitted in all the places where boys' clothes did not fit. What was he doing here? She frowned at him.

"Miss Smith"—he pronounced his words in a close-clipped Boston way that she liked to hear—"pardon me for butting in, but Miss Sewall and Miss Carr are going to drive to the lake with me. They are in my rig, round the corner on High Street, waiting; the colt won't stand on Main Street. I came to ask if you would care to go too."

"I see," said Sally Belle gravely.

The boy smiled; he had a nice smile, and nice white teeth, even and very small. Her rose-colored sweater had dropped to the floor. He picked it up and held it over his arm, smoothing it.

"Take your time," he said.

He was sure she would go with him, very sure. Girls always went where he asked them to, and flirted with him

At the Foot of the Steps He Stopped and Looked Back at Sally Belle and He Was Not Laughing at All. "Come Here," He Said

and picked him up on the street. Sally Belle smiled. She was afraid of strangers but she was not afraid of this boy She was not afraid at all. When she was ready to talk she would know just what to say to him. She was ready now. She spoke politely but very coldly.

"You have the advantage of me."

"The which?"

"The advantage. I have not met you. We have not been introduced."

The boy looked puzzled.

"I never ride with a man to whom I have not been introduced," Sally Belle explained clearly. "I—I make it a rule."

The boy smiled, and this time she did not like his smile quite so well.

"Your little friends aren't so choosy, Miss Smith."

"That is their business."

"They gave me the glad hand, both of them. I met up with them in the drug store. They're swell girls. One's a cutie, the other's a queen. The queen says she won't go unless you go too."

"She will," said Sally Belle.

"Look here," the boy said; "I don't know where you get this stuff, but I tell you as a friend, you can't get away with it. Not with me. I wasn't born yesterday."

"It is nothing to me when you were born," Sally Belle explained; "absolutely nothing. And—and you're not my friend. We have not been introduced."

"When I count three I'm going, and you're going with me. One, two ——"

"Will you please put down that sweater?" Sally Belle interrupted firmly. "It's mine."

The boy put the sweater on the porch rail, folding it very neatly. Then he sat down on it and stared at Sally Belle. He stared hard, just as if he had not seen her before.

"You mean it," he said slowly; "you're not bluffing. You won't go with me."

"No."

"Well," said the boy, "you're a new one. A new one on me. What do you know about that? A new one in this jay town."

"It is not a jay town. It's the county seat."

"Pardon me. My mistake. Mind if I sit here?"

"The porch is not my porch."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" the boy said softly. "Say," he added respectfully, "who do you think you are?"

He did not mean her to answer, so she did not. He took out a silver cigarette case and put it back in his pocket, unopened. He crossed his legs and sat still, looking at her. Sally Belle swung the hammock gently back and forth and looked straight into his eyes and smiled.

"You get my goat," he said solemnly after a while; "that's all I've got to say. You get my goat."

"I don't want your goat," Sally Belle explained. "I think you'd better go now. The girls are waiting."

"Let them wait," the boy suggested quite hopefully. "It won't hurt them. Let's go for a walk, just you and me—get an ice-cream soda. You eat? Don't live on hot air? No? No, of course not. I—I was joking. But listen: if Free Foster brings me to call, in style, can I come in?"

"Mr. Foster is my friend," Sally Belle admitted.

"Drive you round there right now, and have him out."

"How could I drive there with you? We have not been introduced."

"Introduce myself!" The boy rose and made a deep, graceful bow. "Miss Smith, permit me ——"

"I know your name. Every girl in town does."

"Let's hear you say it. Go on, it won't bite you."

"Tyler Peters," Sally Belle said in a small, soft voice.

"My friends call me Pete."

"Indeed?"

"Stung again!" The boy laughed a pleasant laugh, as if he liked to be stung. "If Free gets us all fixed up will you go riding to-morrow night?"

"I may and I may not."

The boy laughed again and turned to go. At the foot of the steps he stopped and

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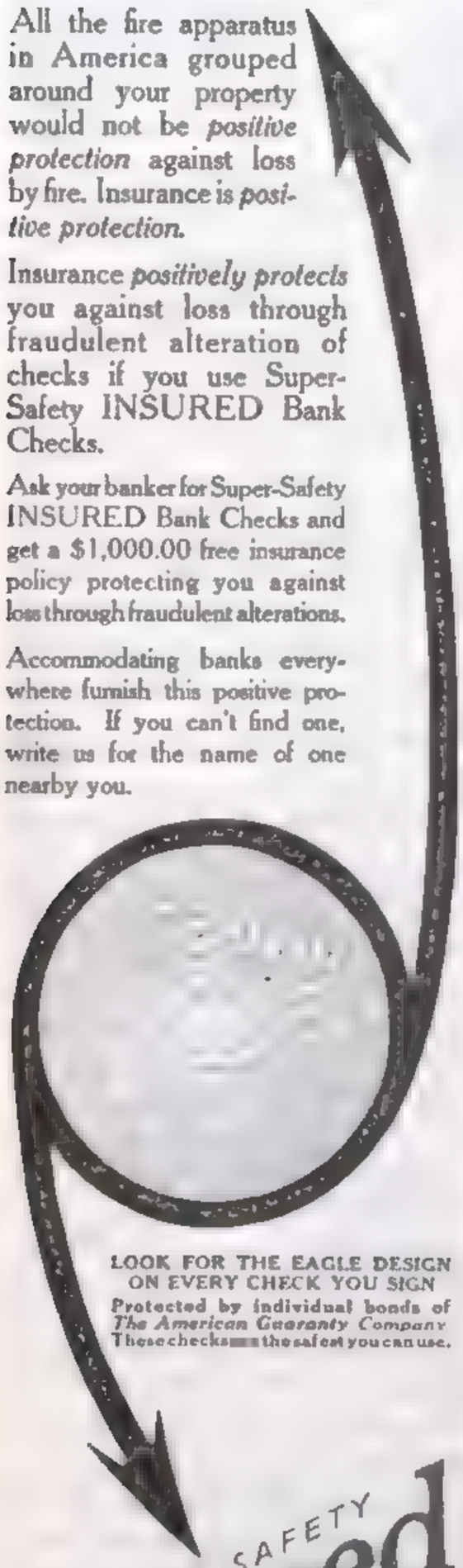

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looked back at Sally Belle and he was not laughing at all.

"Come here," he said.

Sally Belle got up and came slowly to the top of the steps and stood there, looking down at the boy.

Her heart did not ache any more; she felt happy—happy all over, and she could write a poem, a long poem about the night. The stars were all out now; there were strange stars among them, little soft new-born stars. She would call the poem Magic Music. The night and the stars were all making it. Magic Music!

The boy was talking again.

"I saw you in church last Sunday and I—I liked your looks. I made up to those girls to-night just to get in with you. Did you know that? I guess you did. I guess a girl always knows."

The boy's dark eyes were too big; you could not look at them. Sally Belle looked away from them, up at the stars again.

"You—you know a lot, but you've got a lot to learn. So long, Miss Smith."

The apple tree at the end of the garden was Sally Belle's place to watch sunsets from, but she was not here to watch the sunset to-night. The Smith lot was half an acre; it cut straight back from Main Street into this old tangled garden. The evergreen hedge was never clipped; it had grown to a high marching army of trees, with the big apple tree leading. The army kept out all the world. Beyond, there were other gardens and houses and streets, but here you were safe, deep in a fairy wood, a sleeping-beauty wood. Sally Belle stood still and listened. She heard a voice from the house; Lillian was calling her. The voice called again and stopped. She scrambled up into the lowest crotch of the tree. She climbed higher, carefully; her rose-colored dimity dress and her patent-leather pumps were quite new. There was a place in this tree that she used to call her nest. She reached it and cuddled into it, leaning back on two curving branches, fluffing out her rosy skirts and dangling her feet far down. There was not a scratch on the tiny pointed shoes. She heard the town clock strike faintly; she was exactly on time.

The sun was a round red ball, sinking into the hedge. It was going fast. Sally Belle sighed. The summer, too, was going fast—very fast. This was the last night of July. It was a wonderful summer, a dream summer of dream days. No two days were alike, and each day was a little more thrilling, a little more sweet. Everything was fun, this summer, more fun than it used to be; the old picnics and straw rides and the new parties that Pete planned. Pete had planned the party that she was giving to-morrow night, a fancy-dress ball; and she was to go as a rose.

There were whole days when she did not see him, but any day when you woke up and the sun shone you knew that you might see him that day. Madgie and Lil had crushes on Pete. Pete was polite to them. He was polite to everyone. He took Madgie to ride more often than Sally Belle. Madgie had good stuff in her, he explained, and he was trying to knock some of the nonsense out of her. But he liked Sally Belle best. He told her so.

The red sun was quite gone now—asleep in the hedge, where it slept every night. The garden was touched with pink sunset light. It was a magic light. Knights in armor might come riding through it. Fairies might dance in it, hand in hand. You could close your eyes and almost hear their dance music—Magic Music. Music on an old square piano, tinkly and thin and clear; music that whispered something and wanted something. Sally Belle thrilled and sighed. If only this night, this minute, could last forever, without change; go on forever, just like this, to music—Magic Music.

She sat up on her branch and listened. She heard real music now, a softly whistled tune on the other side of the hedge. She twisted her mouth up tight and whistled a bar of it in answer. It was Veazie.

Way down in Veazie—I'm livin' high.

Then she pressed tight against the trunk of her tree, curled into a little heap, as if the trunk could open and take her in and hide her. She heard footsteps. He was coming. He was very late, later than usual, but he was here. He pushed through the hedge, whistling low, to call her. He moved around cautiously, looking for her, then came and stood at the foot of her tree. He was all in white, very tall and straight, with his hair pale gold in the sunset light; Mr. Tyler Peters—Pete. He was looking into a corner of the hedge, where he thought he saw her, and his dark eyes were quite angry.

"Come out," he called. "I see you but I shan't go after you. This is kid stuff. I won't stand for it. Come out."

If she sat still he would go away and not find her. She leaned far forward, watching him. One of her pumps came loose. She reached for it, but it slipped through her fingers and fell. It struck Pete on the forehead. He caught it and swung round and looked at her and frowned.

"Saw you. Saw you all the time," he said.

"You did not."

"Doubt my word?"

"Yes," said Sally Belle sweetly. Pete kicked the tree.

"I didn't come here to play hide and seek," he said.

"What did you come for?"

"You know."

Sally Belle giggled. Pete wanted her to kiss him. All boys expected to be kissed sometimes, she knew—all boys except Pig. Pete did not really want it; he was only pretending. It was one of the games he played.

"Do I get it?" said Pete.

"What?"

"What I asked you for last night."

"Last night?" Sally Belle considered. "That's a long time ago. You—you were late to-night."

"I had to see a fellow about something."

"Indeed?"

"I—I've got a right to."

"Certainly. Go see one now if you want to."

"I don't. Come down."

"I like it up here."

"Can I come up?"

"You might soil your white trousers."

"Come down. Give you till I count three."

"Count away," said Sally Belle. She swung her feet.

"You'll get cold," said Pete, watching them. Sally Belle drew up her shoeless foot and sat on it decorously.

"Give me my slipper," she said.

"Sell it to you. What am I offered?"

"Nothing. It's mine."

"Fine shoe. Double A width. Superfine." Pete waved it.

"Keep it," said Sally Belle airily, "if you like it. I've got lots of shoes."

"Sell it to you for what I asked you for last night."

"One?"

"Just one. How about it?"

Pete stood frowning up at her. He was not really angry, only pretending; that was part of his game. Sally Belle laughed. She stopped laughing suddenly.

"Pete," she begged, "don't let's be silly any more. I—I don't feel silly. Come up here and sit by me, and be good."

"You," grumbled Pete. "Oh, you!"

But he put her shoe in his pocket, caught a branch of the tree and swung himself up, and climbed to a place beside her. He sat there hanging his legs down; beautiful, long white legs.

"You're some little kid," he said.

Sally Belle did not answer. She sighed.

"Some guys," said Pete profoundly, "don't know a kid when it's kidding them. Your little friend Plummer, he's in that class, from what I hear. Get his eyes open when he comes home."

"It's not August yet," said Sally Belle eagerly. Pete laughed.

"What are you going to be to-morrow night?"

"Madgie and Lil and I are a nun and the evening star and a rose."

"Which is which?"

"I can't tell. I promised."

"You're the nun," said Pete with conviction.

"Don't be too sure."

"You're the nun, all right. Cold, that's what you are. Cold as a cake of ice." Pete was starting his game again.

"Don't," said Sally Belle suddenly, "please don't. Tell me about the play; the play with the beautiful song—Toreador."

"It's an opera," said Pete sulkily.

He did not tell her about it; he did not want to talk. He reached for her hand, but she pulled it away. She clasped both hands round her knees and rocked back and forth and looked at the garden. It was her garden and Pete's. She would not come here often when Pete was gone.

It was night in the garden now. The grass was a dim web of lovely vanishing green, and the hedge was a heavy hanging curtain of black-green mist. The dark was coming fast, very fast, and you could not stop it. It was a cold queer dark. Things could die in it; beautiful things—fairies and Magic Music. Sally Belle felt sorry for them. A sob came into her throat, but she swallowed it. Pete was here beside her. He was not gone yet. She had August. She had this evening. But there was something wrong with it—terribly wrong. Pete was getting more wrong every minute while they sat here. Pete was so silent and strange.

"Talk, Pete," she said. "Talk."

But at once she did not want him to talk. She felt afraid, and cold. It was too cold in the garden.

She could not move until Pete spoke again. He spoke in a cold hard voice that she had not heard before.

"I'm through," he said. Sally Belle could not answer. She sat very still. Pete went on talking, all in that new hard voice. "Little girl, you've kept me guessing all summer. If you like me you've got to prove it. You can take me or lose me. It's up to you. But I tell you this—I tell you as a friend—a girl that won't come across is a cheat."

"A cheat?"

"That's what I said."

"What—what do you want me to do?"

Pete held up her shoe.

"You know."

"I see," said Sally Belle calmly. "Wait."

"Don't stall."

"I'm not. I—I'm thinking."

You did not really think, when you were hurt suddenly and very deeply; you just felt sorry. You did not need to think; it was as if she had always known what Pete had just told her; always known what to answer. She swung square round on her branch and looked at him through the dark.

"I'll buy your shoe," she told him. "I'll pay you to-morrow night. You can trust me. I—I don't cheat." She moved close to him and held up a cold little silk-stockinged foot. "Put it on," she said.

A nun and an evening star and a rose sat on the edge of Sally Belle's four-poster bed, masked and ready for the ball. The nun's cowl and robe hid Lillian's blond head and lovely slender figure. Madgie looked tall and changed in her black gauze and tinsel stars. Sally Belle was a flutter of pink cambric petals from neck to ankle—a garden of roses, not one rose. The masks were all cut by one pattern, high on the forehead, with long ruffles over the chin. Behind them your heart might break and the world would not know. But though your heart broke, balls were still balls. Sally Belle had a duty to perform and her plans for it were complete; she would do it before supper. Until then she would dance; you could dance while Rome burned. To-morrow she would live in a changed and empty world, but she could dance to-night. Lillian had quarreled with Tish, about Pete, and had little interest in this ball or any ball.

"I'm hot," she complained. "I hate to dress up, and I can't go two hours without talking. I'll be dumb."

"No great loss," said Madgie crudely. "You can't talk till we unmask; you promised. You can whisper some."

"I don't see any sense to it."

"It's more fun."

"Who for?" The nun choked down a sob. "I wish Tyler Peters was dead."

"He isn't," said Sally Belle softly.

"How do you know whether he's alive or dead?" asked the nun unkindly. "A prig like you?"

"She knows, all right." The evening star slipped an arm round Sally Belle, who wriggled in her embrace. "Tish will make up with you, Lil. Anything can happen in a mask. Go on down. We'll come later. We've got a bone to pick."

The nun went, trailing heavy draperies disdainfully.

"I don't want to pick bones," said Sally Belle; "I want to dance." But the star's arm held her tight. "What bone?" she asked coldly.

"Pete," said the star concisely, "and he is some bone too."

Sally Belle stiffened but sat still.

"What about him?" she asked quite calmly.

"Three things," said the star, in the crisp, smooth voice that ruled the crowd.

Continued on Page 34

Asbestos roofing should cost a lot more—but it doesn't

THERE are only a few materials that can be made into roofing and none that *alone* can resist fire, weather, and time indefinitely—except Asbestos.

This rock fibre is itself immune. It needs no aid or added protection.

Obviously—a different kind of roofing and no more like other types than concrete is like wood.

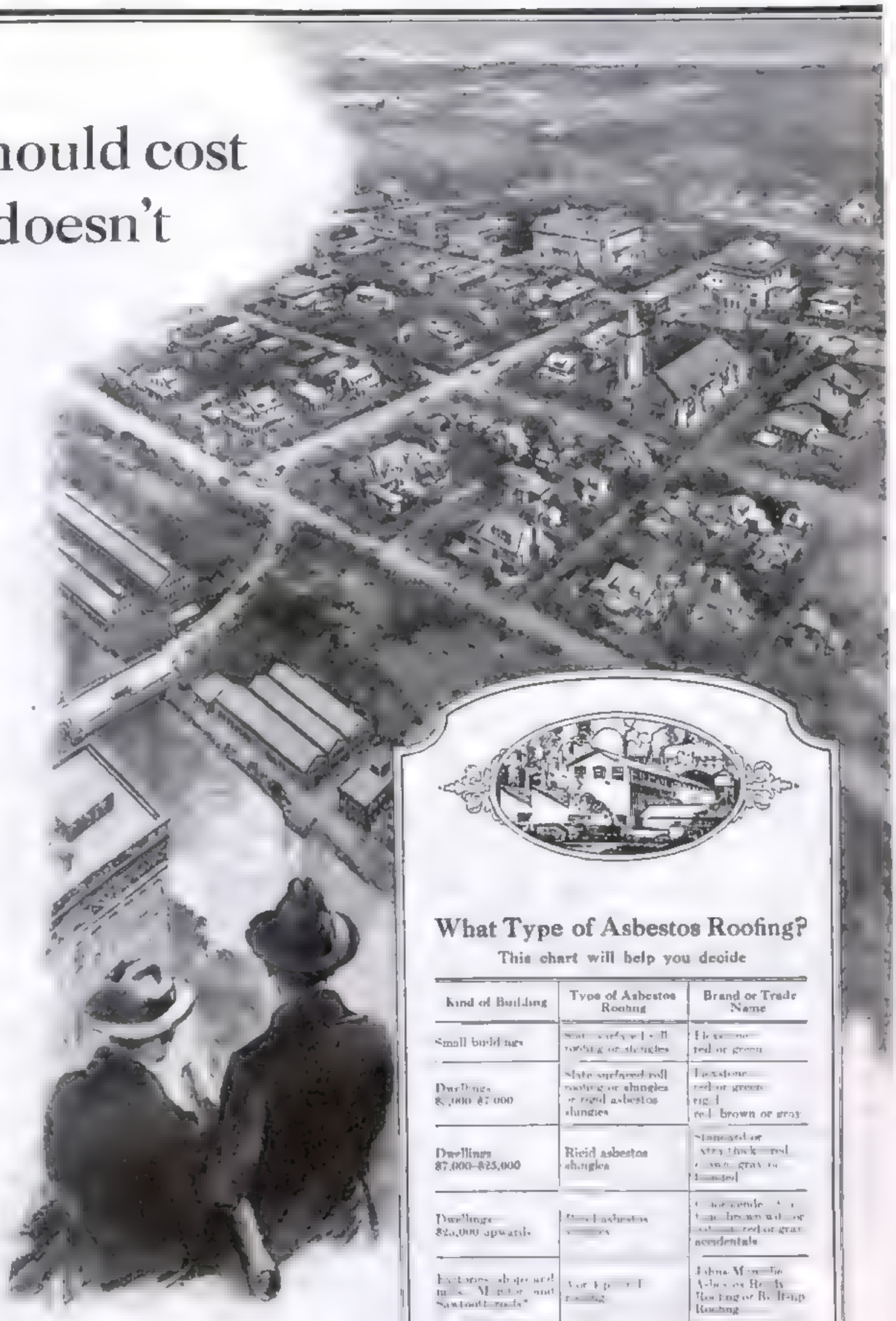
You might well expect that Johns-Manville Asbestos would cost more, because on the building it gives more service.

But, actually, it costs less. Its slightly higher first cost is more than offset by the fact that you apply and forget it. No periodic painting or coating expense, and no untimely deterioration—for, remember, it is made of fireproof rock.

This is why industrial concerns use it on their buildings. They cold-bloodedly go after the cheapest per-year roofing. That's just what you should do.

Look over the chart; select the kind of roofing that is suggested for the building you have in mind. Look up your local dealer—and inquire into the history of Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing in your own neighborhood—and have him tell you of our policy of Roofing Responsibility, which is the broadest and fairest basis on which any product can be offered.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York
For Canada
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd.



What Type of Asbestos Roofing?

This chart will help you decide

Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	[illegible] roofing or shingles	[illegible] red or green
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Slate-surfaced roll roofing or shingles or rigid asbestos shingles	[illegible] red or green [illegible] red, brown or gray
Dwellings $7,000–$25,000	Rigid asbestos shingles	[illegible] very thick [illegible] gray to [illegible]
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	[illegible] asbestos [illegible]	[illegible] brown, red or gray [illegible]
Factories, shops and [illegible] Mixed and Sawtooth roofs*	[illegible] roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Built-up Roofing
[illegible] buildings*	Built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Built-up Roofing
Steel or frame buildings [illegible]*	Corrugated asbestos roofing with steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing
Steel or reinforced concrete buildings [illegible] temperature or [illegible] conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing without steel reinforcement	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Weave Roofing

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Roofing

Residence of P. R. Urion
Pleasantville, N. Y.

Residence of Peter Neelsen
Galveston, Texas

Residence of Henry F. Keil
Rye, N. Y.

Jim Henry's Column

In Common

It is a curious thought, how different men are in most of their ideas, aspirations and habits, and yet how absolutely alike in others.

For example, tomorrow morning, between the hours of 6:45 and 7:30, about fifteen million men will stand before their mirrors in exactly the same postures, go through the same motions and accomplish about the same results, namely: they will cut down that jungle of ugliness which is everlastingly pushing out from a man's hide and overrunning the attractive contours of his face.

With this one difference. A certain proportion will enjoy the process and the others will think thoughts they dare not express unless they are rough and uncouth, and which I cannot even hint at in this public forum.

Now, let's get down to cases and be practical and factful about this inevitable process of shaving.

We would all do away with it if women would let us. It takes time, at the best is a nuisance, and at the worst is awful.

I don't have to tell you whether or not the soap you are using is up to the job. I do tell you that in the opinion of every man who uses it, Mennen Shaving Cream comes closer to making shaving pleasant than any other preparation ever invented.

I tell you that Mennen's exerts a peculiar influence on a beard which transforms its meanness into something approaching benevolence.

I tell you that Mennen's is so non-irritating and so packed with soothing lotions that all you need afterwards is a flick of neutral-toned Mennen Talcum for Men to put you at peace with the world. Our Talcum for Men, by the way, doesn't show the way white powder does. It is made especially for men—fine for a talcum shower after your bath to protect your skin from irritation—and soothing after a shave.

So buy them both—Mennen Shaving Cream and Mennen Talcum for Men—and solve this shaving question for good. My demonstrator tube costs 10 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 32)

"I'm listening."

"First place, you have a date with him every night."

"I ——"

"You do. A little bird told me."

"He told you. Pete."

"A bird," the star insisted, coyly but firmly. "Second place, you have a crush on him; a worse crush than Lil. Pig's away and the mice can play. Third place ——"

"My guests are waiting," said Sally Belle, with dignity but without effect.

"Third place, Pete's not worth it. Pete is nothing to me; merely a friend, that's all. I'm going with Stub. But I know what kind of a boy Pete is. I know it right down to the ground. He's a cheap city sport, that's what he is. Fun for a girl that can handle him, but you can't. Kid like you with your nose in a book ——"

"Can't I?" asked Sally Belle softly.

"Not a chance. You don't know what you're getting into. I tell you as a friend."

"If you knew so much why didn't you tell me before?" said Sally Belle. "It—it's too late now. I can take care of myself, Miss Carr. When I can't I'll come to you. Now I must join my guests. Come down when you wish to. I shall be pleased to see you." She picked up her rose-trimmed fan, waved it airily, and paused for a final word. "You're jealous," she finished sweetly, and was gone, in a crackling rustle of petals.

Madgie meant well; her words were pin pricks in a heart already pierced and bleeding; they were forgotten already. Sally Belle fluttered down the stairs, paused in the candle-lit hall, peeping in at the two long parlors, then slipped inside and stood screened by a high, shiny palm and looked at the ball.

It was a beautiful ball, even to jaded and world-weary eyes. The palms and flowers were from Carr's greenhouse, the floor was slippery with wax, and the carpet tacks made precarious bumps in the corners. The costumes were cheesecloth or old clothes from attics. The boys had dressed up under protest, the girls were jealous of one another's costumes. But you did not care. You felt all round you the strange thrill that makes a party. You looked at a fairy scene, all soft lights and gay flying colors. In the dining room, out of sight, Old Higgins was playing an old-fashioned waltz with a sleepy, slow swinging tune. The room and the world swung in time to it. You saw Columbia, three peasant maidens, two Priscillas, Santa Claus, very grand in a new homemade costume and rented wig and beard. He was short and he could not reverse. He was Stubby Giles. You saw the nun, her troubles all forgotten, dancing in double-quick time, with an Indian chief. The chief was tall and wore a bright headdress of feathers and danced as only one boy in town could dance. He was doing the new dip waltz. The costume came from a real costumer in Boston. The boy was Pete.

Sally Belle put both hands on her heart and started forward. A dark figure blocked her way—a monk, correct in brown outing flannel, with bath slippers for sandals and bare ankles that looked red and cold. It was Tish. Lil had told him about Sally Belle's costume, and he knew her. He made no attempt to disguise his voice. It was severe, like a real monk's.

"Dance," he demanded. "I've got a bone to pick with you, about a friend of mine."

"I don't care to discuss your friends," said Sally Belle, dodging.

The monk caught her and swept her into his brown flannel embrace and out on the floor. He smelled quite strongly of moth balls.

"I had a letter to-day," he announced.

"Indeed?"

"From a friend of mine."

"Pig."

"I won't mention names. I never mention names. But he's a good friend of mine, and a good friend of yours, and I'm a good friend of yours too."

"That's nice," said Sally Belle absently. The nun and the Indian chief were resting on a bench behind a palm. She could see only their feet. They sat very close together.

"I am a darn good friend of yours," said the monk solemnly. "I like you. I like you fine. I always did. But you're a kid, that's all you are, or ever will be. A twelve-year-old kid."

"I'm fifteen," said Sally Belle with dignity.

"If certain girls in this town," the monk went on bitterly, "can't tell a cheap city bounder from a genuine guy, let them fall for him. I won't stop them. I won't lift a hand. But I can't sit tight and see him put it over a kid like you. You watch your step, Miss Smith. If you don't ——"

"Yes?" prompted Sally Belle calmly.

"I'll write to a friend of mine and put him wise to you."

"Me?"

"You and Tyler Peters." The monk threw bitter irony into his voice. "Pete!"

"You are under a misconception," said Sally Belle. "You—you don't understand. You mean well, Tish, and I like you. I like you lots. But I'm going to write to Pig myself to-night. And"—she ducked out of the monk's arms with a quick little shrug and skipped backward, avoiding his grasp—"I can take care of myself," she said.

"Don't do anything rash," she heard Tish call as she left him.

She laughed bitterly. People let you alone when you needed help, and nagged you when you did not. That was life. But Tish had hurt her, and Madgie had hurt her. Santa Claus, cooling off alone in a corner, with his beard in his hand, looked thoughtful and gloomy, as if he, too, had a bone to pick. Between them they were spoiling her evening. She did not want to dance any more. She would do at once the hard thing that she had to do. She edged her way round the room to the bench where the nun and the chief had sat. They were gone. The waltz music had stopped, and the party was dancing on, whistling the tune, or stopping to clap for more music. Standing face to face in the heart of the crowd, clapping their hands against each other's, she saw the nun and the chief. She pushed her way toward them and reached them. She caught a flying string of the chief's beads and pulled it hard. It broke and the beads scattered on the floor. The chief swung round and saw her.

"Kidnaped," he said, and laughed.

Sally Belle tried to laugh, too, but she could not. He was dazzling, splendid; he had beads, wampum, a blanket, a battle-ax—everything. His bare arms were stained dark brown, his mask was a war mask grotesquely painted, with his eyes showing bright through the holes. Sally Belle held out her arms and stood waiting, a small but determined rose. The music was starting again, faster and louder. He plunged his arm expertly among the rose petals and swung her into the dance.

"Who are you?" he asked.

Sally Belle shook her rose-crowned head.

"A rose."

"I know you, all right. There's just one girl in this jay town with nerve enough to sandbag me like this. Just one girl in this town or any town for me."

"Who?" breathed Sally Belle.

"Madgie Carr."

"Oh!" sighed Sally Belle. "Oh!"

"Look at me."

Sally Belle drooped her eyelids, hiding her eyes.

"Why the modest-violet stuff? Can it. What's eating you? Sore about last night? I had to leave early. I had a date with a fellow. Short and sweet—that's my motto. You're not jealous of that kid? Not again?"

"Kid?"

"The Smith kid. I told you all about her."

"Tell me again," whispered Sally Belle very low.

"She's got a case on me. A bad case. She'd like mighty well to start something, but I don't see it that way. I'm trying to knock the nonsense out of her. There's some good stuff in her. She's a good little kid. But she's not in your class. Get me?"

"I get you." Sally Belle pressed closer against the wampum and beads. "Don't talk," she whispered. "Dance."

They danced. He held her very tight, so that she seemed to be flying. Beautiful words came singing into her head, as they always did when she danced: "The Last Waltz."

That was the name of something, a picture or a song. "The Last Ride Together"—that was the name of something, too, a verse from a poem that she had written herself:

The stately swaying minuet,
Through which a thrill of intrigue ran,
The whispered words of ill intent,
Half heard behind a waving fan —

A thrill of intrigue. It was all round her, in strange, bulky, costumed figures, in the chief's masked face, so close to hers. Old Higgins played like a whole band of fiddlers, not one; gypsy fiddlers, playing in the dark, hungry and cold and happy.

"Who cares if the world should end to-night?" she whispered.

"I don't get you," said the chief.

They were close to a long casement window. Sally Belle stopped dancing and slipped out of his arms, and pushed the window wide. She stepped through it and stood framed in it, waiting. All her pink petals fluttered.

"Come," she said.

He followed her and she shut the window tight behind them, with all the party inside. She took the chief's hand firmly.

"Come," she said again.

She led him across the lawn to the garden gate. She pulled him through it, and on down the path, stumbling over the borders.

The garden was very dark, and the apple tree at the end loomed high and strange. She guided him to it.

"Great minds run in the same channel," he said a little guiltily. "You—you wouldn't prefer to go somewhere else?"

"No," said Sally Belle firmly, "we have to sit here."

She sat down on the soft damp grass and he sat beside her.

"Take off your mask," she said. She untied her own mask with steady fingers and laid it on the grass with Pete's.

"Light a match," she ordered.

"Oblige a lady," Pete agreed.

He fumbled for his box, struck one match that went out, and another that flared high. He held it up and looked at her. She saw his smiling face, pale in the dark, with the eyes very bright and big. He stopped smiling and stared at her. He stared and stared. The match burned his fingers. He dropped it. He sat quiet, looking toward her through the dark, as if he could see her. Looking at her and saying nothing—Pete! She had read of minutes that were as long as hours. This was one.

"Ye gods and little fishes!" he said softly at last. And then, "Hell's bells!" And then, very softly and sadly, "Damn! Excuse my French."

"I excuse it," said Sally Belle graciously; "you've got me," Pete announced. "you've got me right where you want me."

"Yes," said Sally Belle.

"Stung," said Pete bitterly, "by a kid like you. A small-town kid."

"Yes."

"I have to hand it to you," Pete admitted, "and I do. Here's where I get off. I'll go way back and sit down. I know when I'm licked. But I won't apologize."

"You don't have to."

"You've got my number. I've had three girls on the string all summer, and kept them going. I'm not proud of it, but I'm not ashamed of it either. You can't be young but once."

"No," sighed Sally Belle.

"I—I was writing to four other girls all the time. You might as well know it."

"Yes."

"I—I liked you the best of the lot. No use to tell you that now."

"No."

"It's true. If—if you cared to let bygones be bygones and—and start something—well, maybe I couldn't toe the mark, but—I'd make a bluff at it."

Sally Belle received this offer in silence. The chief wriggled on the grass.

"Spit it out," he urged. "Call me down if you're sore."

"I'm not sore," said Sally Belle.

"You've got a right to be sore. I've done you dirt, and I'm sorry."

"What for?" asked Sally Belle.

"Fooling you."

"You didn't fool me. I fooled you."

"How do you dope that out?"

Sally Belle sighed. She hated to be unkind, and now she had to be.

"Pete, I knew," she said—"I knew all the time, from the very first night. I—I knew all about it."

"What?"

"You," said Sally Belle, "and Madgie and Lil and—and the other girls. And pretending and lying. Excuse me, but you do lie. You" she paused, recalling just the words that described him—"you're a cheap city sport."

"I am, am I?"

"Oh, yes," said Sally Belle eagerly.

"Would you kindly explain to me," Pete asked in measured tones, "why you stood for me if you were onto me?"

(Continued on Page 36

A Prediction Verified

"But the time is coming—mark well the prediction—when you will buy Oldfields because of their records as a product—records of endurance and long life." — *From advertisement in Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 7, 1920*

SINCE the above prediction appeared, Oldfield has overtaken 85% of the other tire companies in volume of sales.

For the past two years Oldfield Tires have won every important motor classic and established many new records of speed and endurance.

At Indianapolis in 1920, the winner, using Oldfield Cord Tires, averaged 90 miles an hour, and for the first time in history, drove the entire distance of 500 miles without a tire change. Oldfield Tires led the field in the French Grand Prix in 1921—the first time this event was won by American Made Tires.

Last fall, within a space of two weeks, two new 250-mile world's records, both of them without tire change, were made on Oldfield Tires.

On November 26, at the Los Angeles Speedway, Eddie Hearne made an average mark of 109 7-10 miles per hour; and right on the heels of this performance, Jimmie Murphy, the winner of the Grand Prix, bettered the time for this distance, setting a new mark of 111 8-10 miles per hour at the International Sweepstakes at the San Carlos Speedway at San Francisco.

Such records have led over 6,000 established dealers, who know tires and give service, to recommend Oldfield Tires to car owners, who demand the utmost in tire economy.

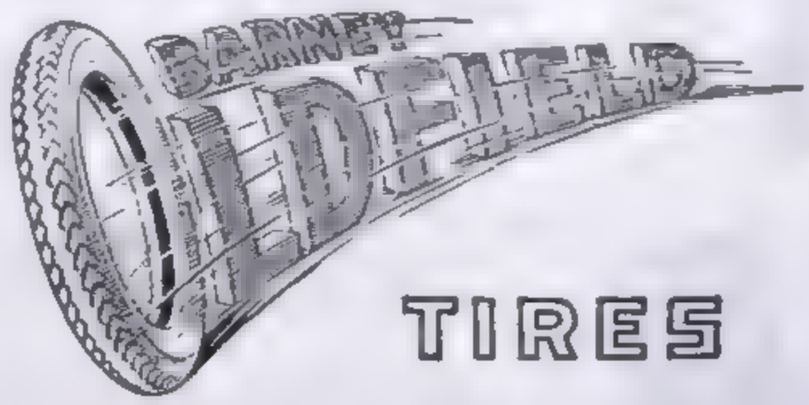
These Oldfield owners are getting the same unusual "records of endurance and long life" on the road, that have established Oldfield supremacy on the track.

Since last December 53 distributors of established high standing have purchased 53 carloads of Oldfield Tires.

If you are interested in building a permanent business with a tire that is in ever increasing demand, you are invited to write to the nearest Oldfield warehouse listed below.

"999" The quality of endurance already established by this 30x3½ full-size, 4-ply, 17¼ ounce, fabric is winning thousands of friends among light car owners.

$9.99



THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO., AKRON, OHIO

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Chicago, 1920 Michigan Blvd.
Dallas, 2121 Commerce St
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San Francisco, 1414 Van Ness St
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Is it hard to *Relax*?

Do you find it difficult to let go—to let yourself become limp? To build up wasted energy Nature needs this complete relaxation. Only 15 minutes a day is more beneficial than a barrel of tonics.

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Try Royal Relaxation Just Push the Button

and enjoy healthful relaxation in "The World's Easiest Easy Chair." Pull out the exclusive Disappearing Leg Rest. PUSH THE PATENTED "PUSH BUTTON." Recline to a position of restful ease. Release the button and the back locks in that position. Every point of the body is supported. Royal Relaxation is complete.

Many attractive modern and period designs in oak or mahogany. Upholstered in tapestries, leathers, velours and fabricated leathers. Fully guaranteed. Sold by furniture dealers everywhere. Write for our Free Booklet.

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"Push the Button—Back Reclines"

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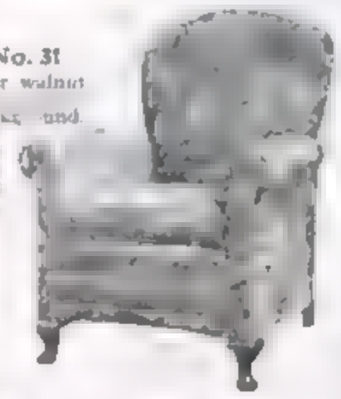
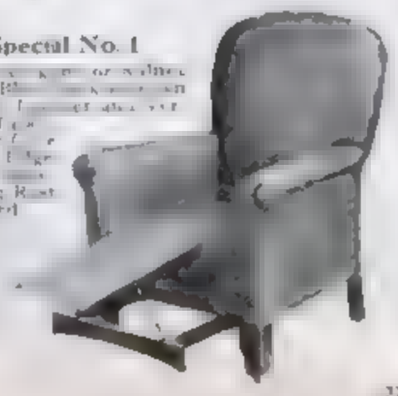


Special No. 5

Special No. 1



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"You have to act just the way you act. You have to lie and pretend," Sally Belle explained. "That was part of it."

"Part of what?"

"Flirting," said Sally Belle wistfully. She thrilled and sighed. "I wanted to flirt," she said. She choked down a sob and went on quite bravely: "I always wanted to and I never could. All the girls can but me. I've tried to, with you, all summer. I did the best I could. But it's no use. It's too hard. I've got to give up. I can't flirt."

"The deuce you can't!"

"I can't—I can't stand things like this."

"Like what?"

"This. Shut your eyes. Tight."

Sally Belle touched Pete's eyes with her fingers. They were shut. She caught up her mask and got up and stood beside him. She fluffed out her crumpled skirts; the cambric was quite limp. She was a fading rose, but roses died in a night. She was not afraid at all, but she was trembling all over. The trembling would not stop and her heart beat very hard. She bent over Pete closer and closer. Their heads touched—their faces; that cold thing was Pete's cheek and the warm place was his mouth. She kissed him.

She drew back quickly. She was trembling still, but she ran quickly and lightly. She found the path. The dark hid her. She was safe.

"You kid—you cute little highbrow kid—come back here."

Pete had jumped up, crushing his mask underfoot. He stood calling her, there in the garden that had belonged to them both and never would again. How dark it was! Dark as a night without dreams.

"I don't cheat. Good-by," she said.

Dear Harold: I am well, and I hope you are well.

Sally Belle sat by her bedroom window, writing her letter to Pig. She had sat here ever since the party went home, but that was all she had written. The letter was hard to write, but it was pleasant to sit here, at her little new white desk, with two candles burning and the noise of the party all gone. She had on her silk kimono, pale pink, like a rosebud just blown, and her hair was in two soft cuddly braids. Beside her on the desk was her pile of letters from Pig. The letters were all just alike inside, but how fast the pile had grown! She was saving her glass of milk until the letter was written. There was cream on top. She looked at it hungrily and wrote another sentence:

I have got something to tell you ——

Sally Belle was using her new fountain pen and dipping it in the ink. She dipped it again and read the words she had written—black, staring words. The ink dried on the pen. She wiped it and put it down. She went to the west window and stood there looking out. It was hard to tell Pig. She told Pig everything, and she had meant all summer to tell him about her affair with Pete when it was ended.

"This is the end," she said out loud.

The words had a solemn sound that was very beautiful. Nobody heard, but a little wind was stirring the tree outside her window, as if it were trying to answer. Sally Belle leaned far out and listened and looked.

From this window you saw the garden; it was too dark to-night, but the garden was there, in the dark, waiting—her garden where she had heard Magic Music. Pete brought the music, of course. She heard it the first night he came. She never wanted to see Pete again. He was a cheap city sport. But the music was sweet. Where was it now? Asleep in the garden, where the sun slept at night? It was not dead. It was alive somewhere, out there in the dark, only she could not hear. If she could only hear it again—just once.

Sally Belle shut the west window. It was late. She went back to her desk and dipped her pen. It blotted, but she wrote on quite fast:

I have got something to tell you when you come back. It is too long to write. It is not very nice. I have been a silly girl all summer. I want you to come back. I miss you, Pig. Yours truly, SARAH ISABEL SMITH.

Sally Belle folded the letter into a square pink envelope and sealed it with her seal—a rose. She kissed the seal lightly once. It was the way that she always sealed letters to Pig. It was rather a silly way, but Pig did not know about it. She drank her milk, blew out the candles, folded the rose kimono carefully over a chair, where she could see it next morning when she waked, and slipped into bed with the letter to Pig in her hand. She put it under her pillow. She was glad it was written. This was the end indeed.

She opened her eyes and sat up, staring wide-eyed at the dark. Her room looked just as it always looked; everything was in place, the kimono safe on the chair, the white curtains waving at the window beside her bed. That window was open, but the west window was shut. No sound could come from the garden, but she had heard a sound, a small, clear, silver sound. What was it? It was like someone singing a very long way off, and very sweetly. She could not hear it now, only Pig's letter rustling under the pillow as she lay down again. It was a dream perhaps, but it was not like a dream. It was like—like ——

"Magic Music—Pig," whispered Sally Belle, half asleep. Then she turned on her pillow and slept.

CONSCIENCE STOCKINGS

By ROBERT QUILLEN

MRS. HOWARD WILKINS possesses a pair of very expensive gray silk stockings. She does not wear them. They hang in state, one on each side of her dressing table, and to each is affixed a motto card bearing in highly illumined letters a significant reference to the laborer and his hire. Intimate feminine friends who have invaded Mrs. Wilkins' bedroom have been intrigued by the novelty of the decoration and have sought an explanation, but their persistent questioning has been without reward. To each Mrs. Wilkins has replied that the stockings are the fruit of a guilty conscience.

The true explanation of the relation between stockings and conscience became known to a few of Howard Wilkins' intimates on the occasion of his pointed and persistent refusal to share in the task of emptying a quart bottle of illicit beverage fetched from a Northern city by a fellow merchant. The refusal was wholly without precedent or appearance of reason, and required an explanation neither vague nor puerile. Knowing the futility of evasion and being unwilling to offend his intimates with an excuse not in keeping with the gravity of the situation, Howard related the tale of the stockings.

It appeared that on a previous occasion a bibulous friend had waylaid Howard on his way home to supper and offered an outlawed hospitality of such potency that Howard had continued his homeward journey with his head among the stars and his system all primed for romance.

There was a guest in the house, a charming little minx from a neighboring town who had chummed with Mrs. Howard in a fashionable and ineffectual school for young ladies, and there was a flurry of preparation for a card party to which almost everybody in town had been invited. While waiting for supper, Howard sat on the piano bench with the minx and pretended an interest in her playing. As a matter of fact, his ears were attuned to a melody unknown to commonplace sober mortals. The industry of the beverage he had consumed and the nearness of the minx conspired to dim the obligations and restraints of matrimony, and almost without conscious effort he found himself up to the eyebrows in an unrestrained flirtation. The event moved with unexampled rapidity, and within a space of five minutes a kiss had been asked for and refused—refused coyly, however, and with an absence of finality that invited discussion and encouraged mention of compensation. Before supper was announced a bargain was concluded, merry vows were exchanged, and the contracting parties shook hands with mock solemnity in pledge of good faith.

From the standpoint of one who puts his faith in them, the fault in beverages having great authority is that their potency is no sooner felt than it begins to diminish, so that the high emprise they suggest is left to be accomplished without their sustaining kick. Howard made hunger for a cigar an excuse to quit home after supper, and being yet a little persuaded by the beverage he had taken, bought the most expensive pair of stockings he could find in town and set out upon his return without premonition of an approaching attack of virtue.

As he neared home conscience took him by the throat and demanded a hearing. He struggled valiantly, determined at any cost to carry through an adventure so bravely begun, but a conscience long accustomed to supreme authority is not easily denied, and in the end Howard surrendered. When one has set his heart upon virtue there is always an easy way to circumvent the devil. Surrender brought with it the problem of avoiding ungallantry, but brought a solution of the problem in the person of Billy Travis—bachelor, ladies' man and good fellow—an adventurer and a person of discretion.

Howard hailed him with delight and revealed the depths of his iniquity.

"It's this way, Billy," said he. "My liquor has died out on me and delivered me over to my conscience. I can't carry this thing through and I can't afford to disappoint the lady. She will be on the east veranda on the stroke of nine. There is no light there and one man will look much like another. Just give her these stockings and get a kiss in return. I'll be greatly indebted to you, and the kiss"—he hesitated, and then surrendered momentarily to the enthusiasm of his carnal nature—"oh, Billy," he finished, "it will be some kiss!"

It is not clear whether the minx possessed a conscience having authority equal to that of Howard's or whether, indeed, she possessed any conscience at all. Likely enough a campaign of treachery matured in her mischievous little head while yet Howard sat on the piano bench bargaining. At any rate she sought Mrs. Wilkins immediately after supper, confessed her share in the indiscretion, and suggested that Howard be made to pay for the privilege of kissing his own wife.

As the clock stirred its wheels and adjusted itself to begin proclaiming the hour of nine, Billy Travis slipped away from the other guests, out through an unlighted side hall, and so to the darker east veranda. A figure, barely discernible in the gloom, stepped eagerly to meet him. Soft arms crept about his neck.

Now a proper kiss is not a business to be dispatched lightly or hurriedly. It is not a collision between lips hastily drawn apart as though in regret of the contact, nor yet a pecking of lips against unresponding cheek. A proper kiss requires the undivided attention of two enthusiasts who have no other pressing engagement.

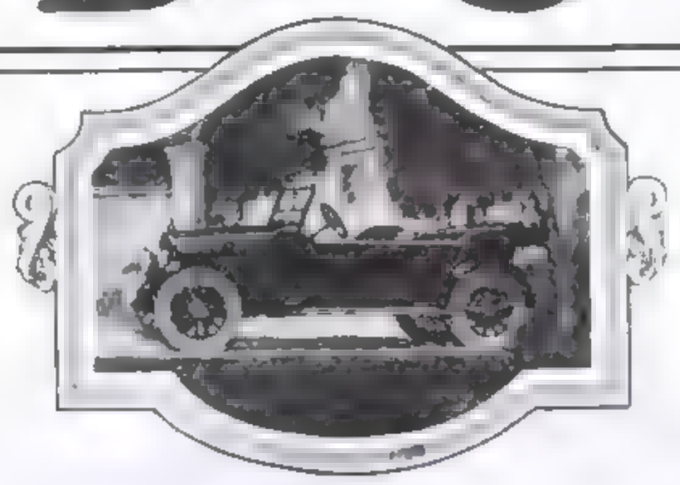
Billy was not a tyro, but he had no experience of kisses that are free of restraint. He drew the slight figure within his arms and bent his head, and then he lost count of time. He was still a little breathless and light-headed when he rejoined the other guests.

When the party was ended and the minx had retired Howard sat in front of the fireplace to enjoy his virtue, as men will, by dreaming of the sweets he had missed.

Mrs. Wilkins came and stood behind his chair and tousled his hair as she had a way of doing; and then she spread the gray silk stockings on his knees and said with a little catch in her voice: "They are very pretty stockings, Howard, and worth much more than one of my kisses. But I—I tried hard to give you the worth of your money."

Howard avoids beverages containing more than one-half of one per cent, and he also avoids Billy Travis. For Billy has a way of rolling his eyes heavenward and rhapsodizing at great length and in infinite detail concerning the kiss Howard missed by reason of his conscience.

HUDSON



$1695 F.O.B. DETROIT

How Do the New Hudson Prices Affect Your Plans for Buying a Car?

They alter the whole scale of motor values.

Today's Super-Six is finer in all ways. It is lower in cost.

The phaeton sells at $1695. All other models are correspondingly low.

Hudson's long leadership of fine car sales has always rested on value. Who does not know its ability and distinction—qualities due in part to its patented principle by which motor vibration is minimized? Who does not admire its beauty of line and finish that has made it the pattern car?

More than 110,000 Super-Sixes in service reveal a quality of distinctive importance. Long hard usage does not appreciably affect the character of its performance and reliability. Many Super-Sixes have served upwards of six years and 100,000 miles. But the wear, inevitable in such service, gives little concern to the owner. At little cost any Super-Six can be made to look and perform like new. This quality makes it stand out among all cars. It reveals a quality no one can ignore.

Six years as the largest selling fine car in the world proves it no temporary favorite. Today's Super-Six possesses many finer qualities than those earlier models. Time and experience have produced a smoother, more responsive car. Greater comforts to passenger and driver have resulted. It lacks little that the most particular buyer could want.

And now that motor car prices have become stabilized, it is again possible to correctly determine true values. At the new prices what do you find elsewhere that is comparable in worth?

Phaeton - - - - -	$1695
7-Passenger Phaeton	1745
Cabriolet - - - -	2295
Coupé - - - - -	2570
Sedan - - - - -	$2650
Touring Limousine -	2920
Limousine - - - -	3495

HUDSON SUPER SIX

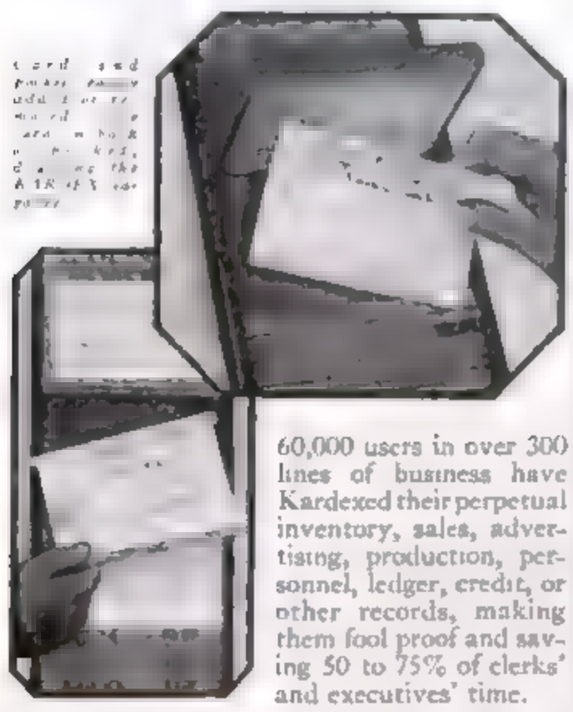
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

SUPER-SIX

KARDEXING
Your Records Reduces Errors

YOU have valuable records hidden away in boxes and loose-leaf books. Kardex them into plain sight. No more hunting and searching. Put each into its own transparent-tipped pocket, with name or title plainly before you, yet protected. Use your present cards or new ones. Once Kardexed, records need not be removed. You refer to or make entry on either side of card without taking it out of its pocket. No chance for lost or misfiled records.



60,000 users in over 300 lines of business have Kardexed their perpetual inventory, sales, advertising, production, personnel, ledger, credit, or other records, making them fool proof and saving 50 to 75% of clerks' and executives' time.

Kardex steel units are now made in 500 to 3000 capacity and for any size card or ledger sheet. Using backs of card holders as illustrated doubles capacity. Thus two different sets of records can be combined in one. Units nest and stack together to carry any capacity—hundreds or millions.

Write for KARDEX booklets. Mail samples of cards used or ask for new Kardex forms. Ask for book on "Budget Control"; one for retailers, one for manufacturers.

AMERICAN KARDEX COMPANY

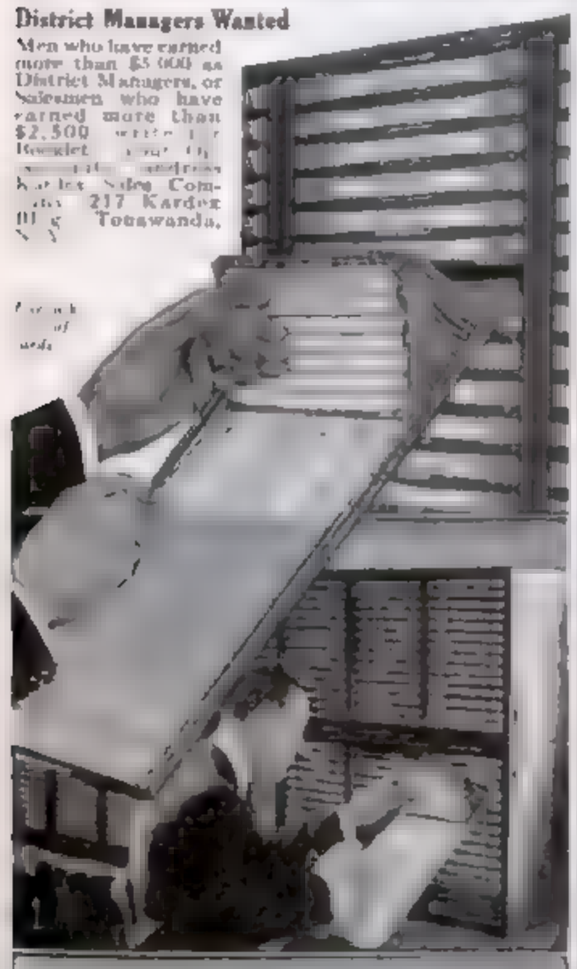
Card Record and System Authorities

213 Kardex Bldg. TONAWANDA, N. Y.

Boston, 461 Market St., San Francisco, 60 Front St. W., Toronto, 3 Holborn Viaduct, London, 10 Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris. Branches in 54 other cities.

District Managers Wanted

Men who have earned more than $5,000 as District Managers, or Salesmen who have earned more than $2,500 write for Booklet ... Kardex Sales Company, 217 Kardex Bldg., Tonawanda, N. Y.



KARDEX
Cards in Sight

THERE WAS A LADY

Continued from Page 11

"Oh, the Duchess, the Duchess! Oh, my dear paws! Oh, my fur and whiskers! She'll have me arrested as sure as ferrets are ferrets! Where can I have dropped them?"

The little boy leaned forward, flushed and enchanted.

"Well, but motherie darling, where *could* he have dropped them? Where *could* he have dropped those gloves?"

. . . . . .

"*Monsieur désire*——" Benedick stared blankly at the solicitous countenance, wrenching himself back across the years. Monsieur desired — ah, monsieur desired ——

He sat very still after that, until she had sipped the last drop of black coffee out of the little blue cup, until she had pulled the hat down over the golden wings and wrapped the sapphire scarf about her white throat and wedged Alice back into the brief case, and smiled at Jules, and smiled at Geneviève, and smiled at the gray kitten, and vanished through the brown door. He sat even stiller for quite a while after she had gone; and then suddenly bounded to his feet and flung out of the room before the startled Jules could ask him whether there was not something that he preferred to the untouched benedictine.

It was drizzling in the gray street and he turned his face to it as though it were sunshine. He glanced in the direction of the large dark office, and dismissed it with a light-hearted shrug. Business—business, by the Lord! Not while there was still a spot to dream in undisturbed. He raced up the apartment-house stairs three at a time, scorning the elevator, and was in the living room before the petrified Harishidi could do more than leap goggle-eyed from his post by the Florentine chest. Harishidi had obviously been indulging his passion for Occidental music, though you would not have gathered it from the look of horrified rebuke that he directed at the Renaissance treasure's spirited rendition of the Buzz Town Darkies' Ball. The look conveyed the unmistakable impression that Harishidi had done everything in his power to prevent the misguided instrument from breaking out in this unfortunate manner during his master's absence, but that his most earnest efforts had proved of no avail. Benedick, however, was unimpressed.

"For the love of God, shut off that infernal noise!"

Harishidi flung himself virtuously on the offending treasure, and Benedick stood deliberating for a moment.

"Bring me the records out of the drawer—no, over to the couch—I'm half dead with sleep after that fool party. Get my pipe—the brier, idiot! Matches. Thus the lot Mrs. Benedick sent?"

Harishidi acknowledged it freely, and Benedick shuffled rapidly through the black disks. Cello rendition of Eli Eli; the Smith Sisters in a saxophone medley; highly dramatic interpretation of the little idyl from Samson et Dalila; Kiss Your Baby and Away We Go, specially rendered by Dolpho, the xylophone king —— Yes, here it was: An Elizabethan Song, sung by Mr. Roger Grahame, of the Santa Clara Opera Company.

"Here you are, Hari—put this on your infernal machine. Take the telephone off the hook and give me another of those cushions. Where's an ash tray? All right—let her rip!"

"I play her now?" demanded the incredulous Harishidi.

"You play her now, and you keep right on playing her until I tell you to stop. What's more, if I hear another word out of you, you're fired. All right—what are you waiting for? Go ahead!"

The quiet room was suddenly flooded with grace and gallantry and a gay melancholy; a light tenor voice singing easily and happily of something that was not joy—and was not sorrow:

There was a lady, fair and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her, passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.
Till—I—die.

Fair and kind—a lady with gold wings for hair and gray velvet for eyes; a lady who knew what to have for lunch, and who read Alice in Wonderland; a lady who was tall and slim, and had a mouth like a little girl, and mad on her high boots white-handed and white-throated pear blossoms in the sunlight fair and kind.

Her gesture, motion and her smile,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguile,
Beguile my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.
Till—I—die.

Her grace—her voice—a lady who walked as though she were about to dance—a lady who spoke as though she were about to sing—fair and kind—gold and ivory—he had seen her before—she lived in a castle and her hair hung down to her heels—he had ridden by on a black horse and she had thrown him a rose—a castle by the sea—a castle behind a hedge of thorns—a castle in a dreaming wood—but he had found her and waked her with a kiss. No, no, it was he who had been asleep—a long time—a long time asleep—he wanted to hear the end of the story, but he was so warm and happy, it was hard to keep awake—the firelight made strange shadows.

"And so they both lived happily ever after!"

"Then he did find her, motherie?"

"Of course, of course he found her, Sleepy Head."

"Ever, ever after, motherie?"

"Ever, ever after, little boy."

Fair and kind, Golden Hair, smiling in the firelight—smile again—ever after, she said—ever, ever after.

. . . . . .

The next day he was at Raoul's at a quarter to twelve, and when Jules asked what monsieur desired he told him to bring anything—it made no difference to him! The stupefied Jules departed hastily to the kitchen, where he was obliged to remain seated for several moments, owing to a slight touch of vertigo—and monsieur sat unmolested in his chair in the corner, his eyes fastened on the brown door as though they would never leave it. He was still sitting there, feverish and preoccupied, a half hour later, having dutifully consumed everything that Jules put before him without once removing his eyes from the door. It wasn't possible—it wasn't possible that she wouldn't come again. Fate could not play him so scurvy a trick; but let him lay eyes on her just once more, and he would take no further chances with fate. He would walk up to her the second that she crossed the threshold, and demand her name and address and telephone number and occupation.

And the door opened, and she came in, and he sat riveted to his chair while she bestowed a bunch of violets the size of a silver dollar on the enchanted Geneviève, a smile of joyous complicity on the infatuated Jules, and a rapturous pat on the gray kitten. After a while he transferred his gaze from the door to the table next to him, but otherwise he did not stir. He was thinking a great many things very rapidly—unflattering and derisive comments on the mentality of one Larry Benedick. Fool—ass! As though any lady who held her bright head so high, who had such proud and lovely grace, would not disdain him out of measure if she could get so much as a glimpse into the depths of his fatuous and ignoble mind! Ask her for her address, indeed! His blood froze at the thought.

The lady, in the meantime, had ordered lunch and discarded her hat and pried another treasure from the brief case. This time it was brown and larger, and she held it so that Benedick could see the title without irreparably ruining his eyes. Tommy and Grizel—the unspeakable Tommy! She was reading it with breathless intensity, too, and a look on her face that struck terror to his heart, a look at once scornful and delighted and disturbed, as though Tommy himself were sitting opposite her. So this—this was the kind of fellow that she liked to lunch with—a sentimental, posturing young hypocrite, all arrogance and blarney; it was incredible that she couldn't see through him! What magic had the worthless idiot for ladies—for even the loveliest of ladies, smiling down at him, wistful and enchanted? Benedick glared at the humble-looking brown volume as though he would cheerfully rip the heart out of it.

He continued to glare until the white hands put it back into the brief case with a lingering and regretful touch and carried it away through the door. No sooner had it closed than he jammed on his hat and brushed rudely by the smiling Geneviève and out into the wind-swept street. There he paused, staring desperately about him, but the sapphire feather was nowhere to be seen, and after a moment he started off at a tremendous pace for his apartment, where he proceeded to keep his finger on the elevator bell for a good minute and a half, and scowled forbiddingly at the oblivious elevator boy for seven stories, and slammed the door of the living room so vigorously that the red lacquered frames leaped on the wall. He crossed the room in three lengthy strides and slammed his bedroom door behind him even more vigorously.

The bedroom was exactly half the size of the tiled bathroom, so that the artistic sister-in-law had only been able to wedge in a Renaissance day bed and a painted tin scrap basket—but Benedick found it perfectly satisfactory, as she had permitted him to use books instead of wall paper. All the ones that she considered too shabby for the living room rose in serried ranks to the high ceiling—Benedick had substituted a nice arrangement of green steps for a chair, and had discovered that he could put either these or the scrap basket in the bathroom if it was necessary to move around.

He mounted the steps now and snatched a brown volume from its peaceful niche on the top shelf next to Sentimental Tommy, climbed down and sat on the Renaissance day bed, wrenching it open so violently that he nearly broke its back, and read about what happened to Tommy on the last few pages—served him damned well right, too, except that hanging was too good for him. Sentiment! Sentiment was a loathsome and intolerable thing, not to be borne for a moment. The third time that he read it he felt a little better, and he got up and kicked the scrap basket hard, and telephoned to the incisive gentleman in the office that he wouldn't be around because he had neuralgia and phlebitis and a jumping toothache, and telephoned his ravished sister-in-law that he'd changed his mind and would be around for dinner at eight if she'd swear to seat him next to a brunette. Subsequently he was so attentive to the brunette that she went home in a fever of excitement—and Benedick ground his teeth and prayed that somehow his golden lady might know about it and feel a pang of the soft and bitter madness known as jealousy, which is the exclusive prerogative of women.

He lay with his head in the pillow on the Renaissance bed most of the night, cursing his idiocy with profound fervor, wondering what insanity had made him think for a moment that he was interested in that yellow-haired girl and resolving not to go near Raoul's for at least a week. She was probably someone's stenographer—or a lady authoress. Every now and then he slipped off into horrid little dreams. He was building a gallows out of pear trees for a gentleman called Tommy, and just when he had the noose ready it slipped about his own throat—and he could feel it tightening, while someone laughed just behind him, very soft and clear. He woke with a shiver, and the dawn was in the room. He wouldn't go to Raoul's for a month.

At five minutes to twelve he crossed its threshold, and she was there already with her hat off and a little fat green-and-gold book propped up against her goblet. Thank God that she had left that brown bounder at home! Benedick stared earnestly, and felt a deeper gratitude to Robert Herrick and his songs than he had ever known before. It was easy to see that she was safe in green meadows brave with cowslips and violets and hawthorn and silver streams, playing with those charming maids, Corinna and Julia.

Benedick breathed a sigh of relief, and when her lunch arrived he was stricken again with admiration at the perfection of her choice. Herrick himself could have done no better—the whole-wheat bread, the primrose pats of butter, the bowl in which the salad lurked discreetly—but he could see emerald green of cress and something small and silver and something round and ruddy—onions and radishes shining like jewels! There was a jar of amber honey, and a little blue pitcher of thick cream—and a great blue bowl of crimson berries—strawberries in March, with a drift of fresh green mint leaves about them. Here was a lady who was either incredibly wealthy or incredibly spendthrift. She closed her book when Jules put this other pastoral before her, and ate as though it

Continued on Page 41

The Packard Truck is designed and built to earn money for its owner. Every detail of its engineering, every inch of the tested material in it, contributes directly and always to this one end.

It is the product of a manufacturing skill that joins the finest standards with economical production, and it carries into the service of its owner the full value of its maker's experience and care. In more than two hundred lines of business it is delivering better hauling at lower cost.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Diggers

FORTY stories in the air the man who rides the giant girder guides it into place, there is the drum of rivets driven home, and the hurrying crowd below pauses to watch the latest wonder of construction climb toward the sky.

In the frontier days the early settler built his simple cabin upon surface soil. But as men built upward in the air they dug downward in the earth. As industry and commerce demanded buildings of greater size, safety demanded foundations of greater depth.

And so, before the man who guides the girder comes the man who wields the shovel. Supporting the structure which is seen is the structure which is unseen. High above the city looms the graceful tower, for all to see, for all to admire; but anchored fast to bedrock is the strong foundation which supports the tower in its place.

National advertising, in its early days, was built upon surface soil. It was conducted without study of markets or market conditions; without assurance that the product possessed the elements of national success; without adequate trade distribution or organized sales tactics.

Because advertising was a novelty, the mere act of advertising was sometimes enough for success. But to go on that basis today is as dangerous as it would be to erect a modern building on the surface foundation of the settler's cabin.

With today's problems of distribution and competition, if advertising is to be successful the message that appears in the publications must be only part of the structure. Supporting this part which is seen must be the part which is unseen. Inviting and convincing must be the message, for all to see, for all to remember; but anchored fast to bedrock must be the strong foundation which makes the message effective.

And so, at Advertising Headquarters, before the building of the message comes the digging of the facts.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 38)

might be a long, long time before she ate again, though she managed to look as though she was singing all the time. There was a bit of cream left for the kitten, and she fed it carefully, patted its white whiskers and was gone.

Benedick strolled out thoughtfully, remembering to smile at Geneviève, and feeling more like a good little boy than a ripened cynic. It was incredible how virtuous it made one feel to be happy! He wanted to adopt a yellow dog and give money to a beggar and buy out a florist shop. The florist shop was the only object accessible, and he walked in promptly; the clerk had spoken to him before he realized that he couldn't send her flowers, because he didn't happen to know who she was. He might tell him to send them to the loveliest lady in New York, but it was a little risky. However, he bought an armful of daffodils, and a great many rose-red tulips, and enough blue and white hyacinths to fill a garden, and went straight back to his apartment without even waiting for change from the gold piece that he gave to the clerk.

He handed them over to the startled Harishidi with the curt order to put them in water—never mind if he didn't have enough vases. Put them in highball glasses, finger bowls—anywhere. He wanted them all over the place.

The buyer of flowers then retired and put on a gorgeous and festively striped necktie, washed his face and hands with a bland and pleasing soap, brushed his black hair until it shone, smiled gravely at his dark face in the mirror and returned to the living room. There he selected a white hyacinth blossom with meticulous care, placed it in his buttonhole and earnestly requested Harishidi to retire and remain in retirement until summoned. He spent quite a long time after that, drawing the curtains to shut out the grayness, struggling despairingly over the diminutive fire, piling the cushions so that they made a brilliant nest at one end of the velvet sofa, placing a gold-tooled volume of Aucassin and Nicolette where she could reach it easily. Oh, if he could not send his flowers to her he would bring her to his flowers! He adjusted the reading lamp with its painted parchment shade and dragged a carved stool beside the sofa. It was his sister-in-law's best find—a broad and solid stool, sedate and comely. He sat there clasping his knees, his cheek against the velvet of the sofa, waiting.

After a long time he drew a deep breath and smiled into the shadows. He did not turn his head; what need to turn it? She was there—he could see her sinking far back into the scarlet cushions, greeting his flowers with joyous eyes. She had on a cream-colored dress of some soft stuff and a long chain of amber beads—the lamplight fell on her hair and on her clasped hands—and still he sat there, waiting. What need had they of speech? There was a perfume in her hair—a perfume of springtime, fleeting and exquisite; if he reached out his hand he could touch her. He sat very still, waiting. After a little while he felt her hand on his dark head, but still he did not stir; he only smiled more deeply into the shadows and closed his eyes. His eyes were still closed when Harishidi came in to ask him if he had forgotten dinner—and his lips were parted, like a little boy lost in a happy dream—in a happy, happy dream.

After that the days passed by in an orderly and enchanted procession; he watched them bringing gifts to the corner table at Raoul's, feeling warm and grateful and safe—too content to risk his joy by so much as stirring a finger. By and by he would speak to her of course; in some easy, simple way he would step across the threshold of her life, and their hands would touch, never to fall apart again. She would drop her brief case, perhaps—and he would give it back to her, and she would smile; she would come into some drawing-room where he was standing waiting patiently, and the hostess would say, "You know Mr. Benedick, don't you? He's going to take you in to dinner." He would go to more dinners—surely she must dine somewhere; and dances—surely she danced. Or the gray kitten might capture that wisp of a handkerchief and bring it to him as booty; he would rescue it and carry it back to her. And she would smile her thanks—she would smile. It would all be as simple as that—simpler, perhaps; for the time, he asked no more than to let the days slip by while he sat watching her across the table; that was enough.

Ah, those days! There was the one that she brought out a great fat volume of Schopenhauer and laughed all the time she read it; twice she laughed aloud, and so gay and clear was her derision that Jules joined in too. It was probably the essay on Woman, Benedick decided—the part where he said that ladies were little animals with long hair and limited intelligence.

There was the day that she read out of a slim book of vellum about that small enchanting mischief, Marjorie Fleming, and when Jules put the iced melon down before her she did not see it for almost a minute—her eyes were too full of tears.

There was the day when she read War and Peace with her hands over her ears and such a look of terror on her face that Benedick had all that he could do to keep from crossing over and putting his arms about her to close out all the dangers that she feared—even the ones she read about in books.

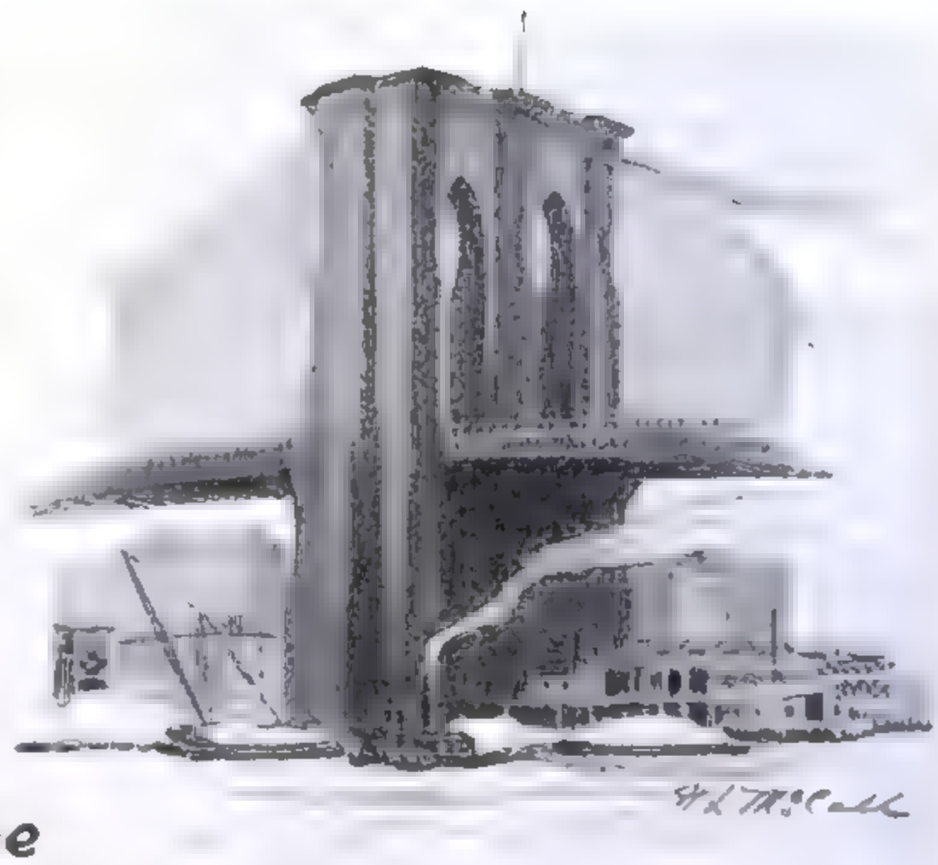
And suddenly March was over, and it was April, and there was the day that she took a new volume out of the brief case—so new that it still had its paper cover with large black letters announcing that it contained desirable information about Small Country Houses for Limited Incomes, Colonial Style. She read it with tremendous intensity and a look wavering between rapture and despair. Once she sighed forlornly, and once she made a small defiant face at some invisible adversary, and once she patted a picture lingeringly.

After she had gone Benedick took his sister-in-law's automobile and drove out to Connecticut and bought a house—a little old white house with many-paned windows, that sat on a hill with lilac bushes around it and looked at the silver waters of the Sound. It was perfectly preposterous that she shouldn't have a house if she wanted it—and he was glad that she wanted a small country house, colonial style, even though it didn't necessarily imply a moderate income. For the first time in his life he was glad that his income was not moderate.

When he got back to town he bought a gray roadster—not too heavy, so that she could drive it. She might want to be in and out of town a lot; you never could tell. He told his sister-in-law that he was going to raise Airedales, because it was impossible to buy a decent puppy these days; and he discoursed lucidly and affably about a highly respectable Scotch couple that he was going to get to look after the white house and supervise the Airedales.

After that he proceeded to devote most of his leisure hours to antique shops and auctions, where he purchased any amount of Sheraton furniture and Lowestoft chins and Bristol glass and hooked rugs and old English chintzes for the benefit of the Airedale puppies and the Scotch couple. He hadn't so much time as formerly, because he had been growing steadily more uncomfortable at the thought of explaining to those gray eyes and gay lips the undeniable fact that he had twenty-four hours of leisure to dispose of every day of his life—so he had wandered over to the dark office one morning and remarked casually to the gray gentleman at the desk that he might blow in every now and then and see if there was anything around for him to do. It appeared that there was plenty around—so much that he took to blowing in at about nine and blowing out at about five—and he did it not so badly, though a good clerk might have done it better. The best of brains are not quite a substitute for a lifetime of training; not at first! He continued to spend a generous hour over lunch, however, proving a total loss to the firm for a considerable time after he returned, sometimes in such an abandoned mood that there was a flower in his buttonhole.

And then it was May, and the sapphire feather was gone, and she would come in through the brown door with flowers on her drooping hat and pale frocks tinted like flowers, cool and crisp as dresses in a dream. She still had the brief case, but it was absurd to think that a stenographer would wear such hats—anything so ravishing would cost a year's salary. When he wasn't too busy watching the way her hair rippled back, showing just the tips of her ears, he would wonder whether she were a great heiress with an aversion to jewelry or a successful novelist who had to choose between pearls and Raoul's. He had never seen even the smallest glint of jewels about her—never a gleam of beads at her throat



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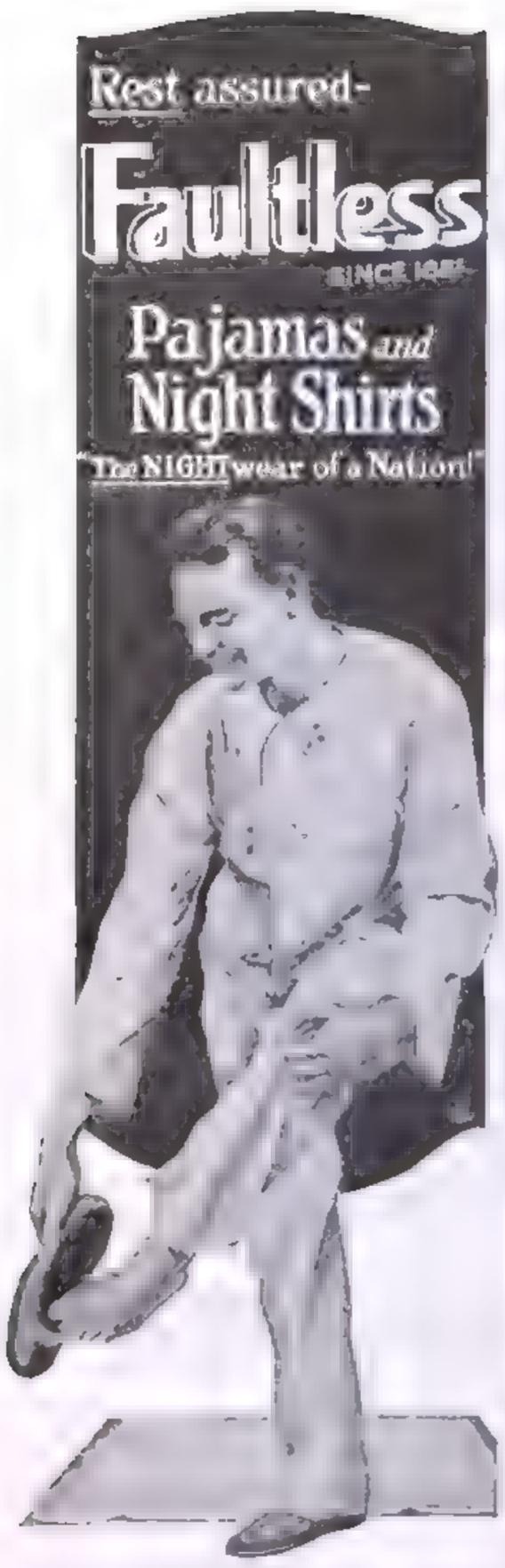

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or a brooch at her waist or a ring on her fingers. Sometimes he thought that it would be pleasant to slip a long string of pearls about her neck and a band of frosted diamonds about her wrist, to see her eyes widen at their whiteness. Still, this way she was dearer, with flowers for her jewels; better leave the pearls alone—pearls were for tears.

It was incredible how radiant she looked those days; when she came through the door with her flying step and her flying smile the very kitten would purr at the sight of her—her eyes said that the secret that they knew was more delightful and amusing than ever and her hands were always full of flowers.

And then there was the day that she came in looking so exultant that she frightened him—it wasn't fair that she should look so happy when she didn't know about the house on the hill, or the gray roadster, or the lucky person who was going to give them to her—it wasn't fair and it was rather terrifying. Perhaps it would be better not to wait any longer to tell her about them; she couldn't be disdainful and unkind through all that happiness. Of course he would lead up to it skillfully and carefully—he wasn't a blundering schoolboy—he was a man of the world, rather more than sophisticated, with all his wits about him, and a light touch. He would catch her eye and smile, deferential and whimsical, and try some casual opening—"Our friend the kitten" or "Good old Jules being slower than usual; spring turns the best of us to idlers!"—and the rest would follow as the night the day—or better still, as the day the night. It mightn't be a bad idea to upset something—his wineglass, for instance; he raised a reckless hand with a swift glance at the next table—and then he dropped it.

She was reading a letter, an incredibly long letter, page after page of someone's office paper covered with thick black words that marched triumphantly across the sheets, and her face was flooded with such eloquent light that he jerked back his head swiftly, as though he had been reading over her shoulder. He could not speak to her with that light on her face—he sat watching her read it through twice, feeling cold and sick and lonely. He was afraid—he was afraid. He would speak to her to-morrow.

To-morrow came, and with it his lady, in a green muslin frock and a shadowy hat wreathed with lilacs. He noted with a slow breath of relief that she had no brief case, no book, no letters. His coast was clear then at last; this day she had no better comrade to share her table; he would go to her and ask her to understand. He had risen to his feet before he saw that she had not taken off her hat; she was sitting with her head a little bent, as though she were looking at something on the table, her face shadowed by the drooping hat, her hands clasped before her—and then Benedick saw what she was looking at. There was a ring on her finger—a small, trivial, inconsequential diamond, sparkling in its little golden claw like a frivolous dewdrop; and suddenly she bent her head and kissed it.

He sat down slowly and stiffly—he felt old. He did not even see her go; it was Jules' voice that made him lift his head.

"*Ah, le printemps, le printemps! V'là la jolie demoiselle qui s'est fiancée!*"

"Yes," said Benedick. "Spring—in spring it is agreeable to have a fiance."

"Monsieur, perhaps, knows who she is?"

"No," replied monsieur amiably, "but she is, as you say, a pretty girl."

"She is more than that, if monsieur pardons. The man whose bride she will be has a little treasure straight from the good God. What a nature—what a nature! Generous as a queen with her silver, but she turns it to gold with her smile. Monsieur has perhaps noted her smile?"

"No," replied monsieur, still amiably. "Bring me a bottle of the Widow Clicquot, however, and I will drink to her smile. Bring a large bottle so that I can drink often. It might be better to bring two."

He drank both of them under the eyes of the horrified Jules; it took him all the afternoon and part of the evening to accomplish it, but he won out. All during the hours that he sat sipping the yellow stuff he was driving his mind in circles, round and round over the same unyielding ground—round and round again. It was a hideous mistake of course; there was nothing irretrievable in an engagement. He could make her see how impossible it was in just a few minutes; it might be a little hard on this other fellow at first, but that couldn't be helped. He hadn't been looking for her, starving for her, longing for her all the days of his life, this other fellow, had he? Probably he had told half a dozen girls he loved them; well, let him find another one to tell. But Benedick—whom else had Benedick loved? No one—no one, all the days of his life. Surely she would see that; surely when he told her about the white house and the gray roadster she would understand that he couldn't let her go. He had been lonely too long; he had been hard and bitter and reckless too long. He would tell her how black and empty a thing was loneliness. When she saw how desperately he needed her she would stay.

When he told her about the corner cupboards in the low-ceilinged dining room, full of lilac luster and sprigged Lowestoft, and the painted red chairs in the kitchen, and the little stool for her feet, with the fat white poodle embroidered in cross-stitch, she would see all those things that he had never told her! There was the tarnished gilt mirror with the painted clipper spreading all its sails; he had hung it so that it would catch her smile when she first crossed the threshold. There was the little room at the head of the stairs that the sun always shone into; he had built shelves there himself, and put in all his Jules Verne and R. L. S. and Oliver Optic and Robin Hood and The Three Musketeers. He had been waiting for her to tell him what kind of books little girls read, and then he was going to put them in too. Of course she couldn't understand those things unless he told her; to-morrow when she came he would tell her everything—and she would understand and be sorry that she had hurt him; she would never go away again.

At eleven o'clock Jules once more despairingly suggested that monsieur must be indeed fatigued, and that it would perhaps be better if monsieur retired. Monsieur, however, explained with great determination and considerable difficulty that he had an extremely important engagement to keep, and that all things considered, he would wait there until he kept it. True, it was not until to-morrow, but he was not going to take any chances; he would wait where he was. Raoul was called in, and expostulated fervently: "*Mais enfin, monsieur! Ce n'est pas convenable, monsieur!*"

Monsieur smiled at him, vague and obstinate, and Raoul finally departed with a Gallic shrug, leaving poor Jules in charge, who sat nodding reproachfully in a far corner, with an occasional harrowed glance at the other occupant of the room. The other occupant sat very stiff and straight far into the night; it was towards morning that he made a curious sound, between defeat and despair, and dropped his dark head on his arms and slept. Once he stirred and cried desperately, "Don't go—don't go, don't go!"

Jules was at his side in a moment, forgiving and solicitous.

"*Monsieur désire* ——"

And monsieur started up and stared at him strangely—only to shake his head, and once more bury it deep in his arms. It was not Jules who could get what monsieur desired.

It was late the next morning when he waked, and he consumed a huge amount of black coffee and sat back in his corner, haggard and unshaven, with a withered flower in his buttonhole, waiting for her to come through the door—but she did not come.

Not that day, nor the next, nor the next: he sat in his corner from twelve to two, waiting, with a carefully mocking smile on his lips and a curious expression in his eyes, wary and incredulous. He had worked himself into an extremely reasonable state of mind—a state of mind in which he was acidly amused at himself and tepidly interested in watching the curtain fall on the comedy. He blamed a good deal on the spring and a taste for ridiculously unbalanced literature: the whole performance was at once diverting and distasteful. This kind of mania came from turning his back on pleasant flirtations and normal *affaires de cœur*—it was a nearly ironical punishment that the god of comedy was meting out to pay him for his overweening sense of superiority.

Well, it was merited—and it was over! But he still sat in the corner, watching, and the fourth day the door opened and she came in. She had on a gray dress, with a trail of yellow roses across her hat and a knot of them at her waist, and a little breeze came in with her. She stood hesitating for a moment in the sunlight, and then she went quickly to where Geneviève sat at her high desk, and stretched out her hands with a pretty gesture, shy and proud. The sunlight fell across them, catching at a circle above the diamond ring—a little golden circle, very new and bright.

Benedick rose to his feet, pushing back his chair; he brushed by her so close that he could smell the roses; he closed the brown door behind him very gently and leaned against it, staring down the shining street, where the green leaves danced, joyous and sedate, upon the stunted trees.

Well, the curtain had fallen on the comedy—that was over. After a minute he shrugged his shoulders and strolled leisurely down to the real-estate agent and sold him the little white house, lock, stock and barrel, including some rather good china and a lot of old junk that he had picked up here and there. It was fortunate that the young couple from Gramercy Square wanted it; he was willing to let it go for a song. Yes, there was a view of the Sound, and he'd done quite a lot of planting. Oh, yes, there was a room that could be used as a nursery—lots of sun. There was his signature, and there was the end of it—the papers could be sent to his lawyers.

He then sauntered over to his sister-in-law's and presented her with the gray roadster; he was about fed up with motoring, and he'd changed his mind about Airedales. Dogs were a nuisance. After a little pleasant banter he dropped in at the club and played three extremely brilliant rubbers of auction, and signed up for a stag theater party to see a rather nasty little French farce. He didn't touch any of the numerous cocktails—he wasn't going to pay her the compliment of getting drunk again—but he laughed harder than anyone at the farce, and made a good many comments that were more amusing than the play, and his best friend and his worst enemy agreed that they had never seen him in such high spirits.

He went back to the apartment, humming to himself, and yawned ostentatiously for Harishidi's benefit, and left word not to wake him in the morning—and yawned again—and went to bed. He lay there in the blackness for what seemed hours, listening to his heart beat; there was a tune that kept going round in his head—some idiotic thing by an Elizabethan—"Fair and kind." He must go lighter on the coffee. "Was never face so pleased my mind ——" Coffee played the deuce with your nerves. "Passing by ——" Oh, to hell with it!

He stumbled painfully out of bed, groping his way to the living room, jerking on the light with a violence that nearly broke the cord. One o'clock—the damned thing must have stopped. No, it was still ticking away, relentless and competent. He stood staring about him irresolutely for a moment, and then moved slowly to the Florentine chest, fumbling at the drawer. Yes, there it was—An Elizabethan Song, sung by Mr. Roger Grahame—"There was a lady, fair and kind." There was a lady ——

He flung up the window with a gesture of passionate haste and, leaning far out, hurled the little black disk into deeper blackness. Far off he heard a tinkling splinter from the area; he closed the window and pulled the cord on the wrought-iron lamp and stumbled back to the Renaissance bed. He was shaking uncontrollably, like someone in a chill, and he had a sickening desire to weep—to lay his hot cheek against some kind hand and weep away the hardness and the bitterness and despair.

Loathsome, brain-sick fool! He clenched his hands and glared defiance to the darkness, he who had not wept since a voice had ceased to read him fairy tales, a long time ago. After eternities of staring the hands relaxed, and he turned his head and slept.

He woke with a start—there was something salt and bitter on his lips; he brushed it away fiercely, and the clock in the living room struck four. After that he did not sleep again; he set his teeth and stared wide-eyed into the shadows—he would not twice be trapped to shame. He was still lying there when the sun drifted through the window; he turned his face to the wall, so that he would not see it, but he did not unclench his teeth.

It was June, and he took a passage for Norway—and tore it up the day that the

(Continued on Page 45)

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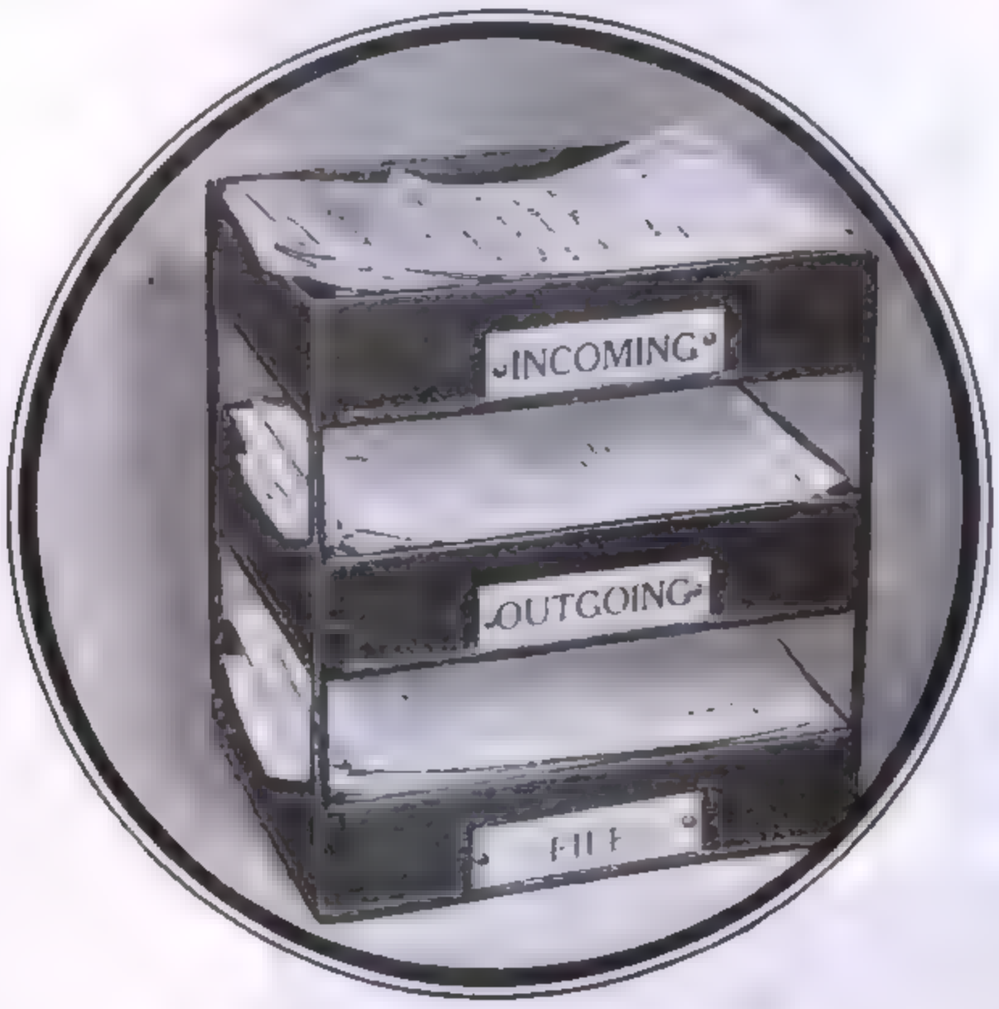

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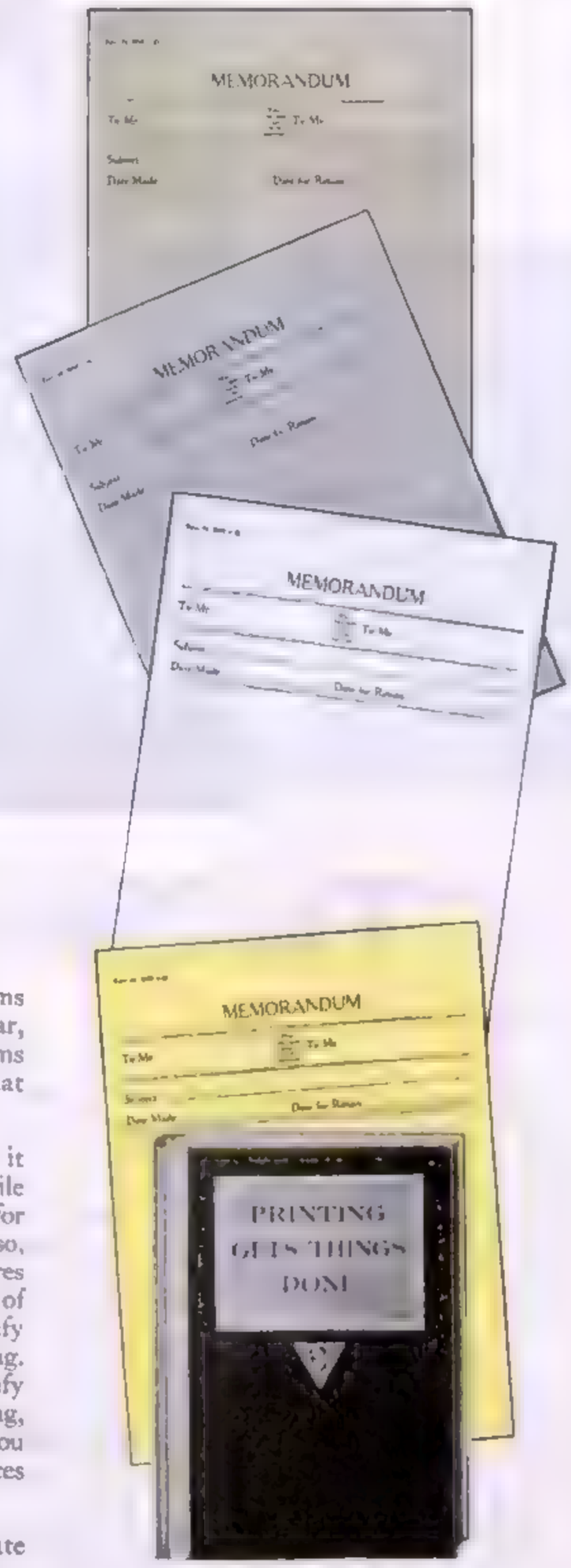

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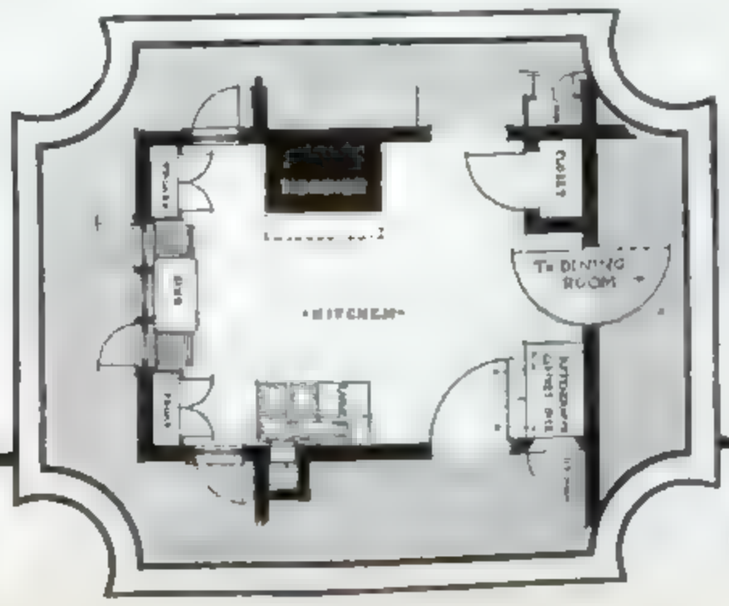

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(Continued from Page 42)

boat sailed. There was a chance in a thousand that she might need him, and it would be like that grim cat, fate, to drop him off in Norway when he might serve her. For two or three days she had been looking pale; the triumphant happiness that for so long she had flaunted in his face, joyous and unheeding, was wavering like the rose red in her lips. It was probably nothing but the heat. Why couldn't that fool she had married see that she couldn't stand heat? She should be sitting somewhere against green pines, with the sea in her eyes and a breeze lifting the bright hair from her forehead. She never read any more—she sat idle with her hands linked before her; it must be something worse than heat that was painting those shadows under her eyes, that look of heart-breaking patience about her lips. And Benedick, who had flinched from her happiness, suddenly desired it more passionately than he had ever desired anything in his life. Let the cur who had touched that gay courage to this piteous submission give it back—let him give it back—he would ask nothing more. How could a man live black enough to make her suffer?

She hardly touched the food that was placed before her—Jules hovered about her in distress, and she tried to smile at him—and Benedick turned his eyes from that smile. She would sit very quiet, staring at her linked hands with their two circles, as though she were afraid to breathe—she, to whom the air had seemed flowers and wine and music! Once he saw her lips shake terribly, though a moment later she lifted her head with the old gallant gesture and went out smiling.

Then for a day she did not come—for another day—for another—and when once more she stood in the door Benedick felt his heart give a great leap, and stand still. She was in black—black from head to foot—with a strange little veil that hid her eyes. She crossed the room to her table and sat down quietly, and ordered food, and ate, and drank a little wine. After Jules had taken the things away she still sat there, pressing her hands together, her lips quite steady; only when she unlinked them he saw the little red crescents where the nails had cut.

So that was why she had had shadows painted beneath her eyes. He had been ill, the man who had given her the rings—he had died. It would be cruel to break the hushed silence that hung about her with his clumsy pity, but soon he would go to her and say, "Do not be sad. Sadness is an ugly thing, believe me. I cannot give you what he gave you, perhaps, but here is the heart from my body. It is cold and hard and empty; take it in your hands and warm it. My need of you is greater than your need of him—you cannot leave me." He would say that to her.

The gray kitten touched her black skirt with its paw, and she caught it up swiftly and laid her cheek against its fur. It was no longer the round puff that she had first smiled on—but it was still soft—it still purred. She put it down very gently, and rose, looking about her as on that first day—at the place where the fire had burned in the corner, at the pansies, jaded and drooping in their green pots; once again her eyes swept by Benedick as though he were not there. They lingered on Geneviève for a moment, and when they met Jules' anxious faithful gaze she parted her lips as though to speak—and gave it up with a little shake of her head, and smiled instead—a piteous and a lovely smile—and she was gone.

He never saw her again. That was not a hundred years ago; no, and it was not yesterday; the steel has come into his hair and his eyes since then, but sometimes he still goes to Raoul's to lunch, and sits at the corner table, where he can see the brown door. Who can tell when it might open and let in the spring? Who can tell what day might find her standing there once more, with her gay eyes and her tilted lips and the sunlight dancing in her hair?

Benedick's best friend and worst enemy and the world and his pretty sister-in-law are very wise, no doubt, but once—once there was a lady —— He never touched the tips of her fingers, but she was the only lady that Benedick ever loved.

PIRACY IN REVERSE

(Continued from Page 17)

language," he said, "now many years is dead, is it not?"

"What then?"

"What has spread the conquering languages now the last three hundred years—the Spanish first, the Portuguese, the Dutch, my language; and now the Anglo-Saxon?" he asked me. "What alone will?" And I looked at him.

"By sea—ship first, and now at last by this new speech of the air—of yours here."

"Oh," I said, beginning to get him.

"Commerce, is it not?" he went on.

"I get you," I broke in. "And now ——"

"Now," he said, going on, "we rise in speech from the islands and the valleys into the air. Men call with grunts and cries no longer to one another in their small clearings in the woods, by dozens or by hundreds, but over all, to all in the atmosphere above."

"And so then in the end you claim," I said, watching him and touching the wireless, "we all get just one language out of this?"

"Why not—at last?" he answered. "Why more? Though who knows when?"

"And it will all come about through commerce, so you claim?"

"Or so it seems to me, an old merchant," he told me.

And I sat and thought it over for a minute, all his battling languages in the air fighting for the world. It was quite a theory at that.

"They fight now after war," he was telling me, "a greater fight than they fought then—the great dozen languages you speak of that have lived and become strong enough to call through the sky."

"And you claim," I asked him, "that the Anglo-Saxon is winning out?"

"No," he said, stopping me. "No; the Anglo-Saxon has only, I say, the great chance now, if it will prove worthy, as had the Spanish or the Portuguese or the Dutch long ago and—and lost."

"Then you don't claim to know?"

"We know one thing only," he answered me, a little slowly, "of which we can be sure. The language of the air, in the end, when it comes, will not be the language of liars or cheats, of contract breakers, of those that other men do not trust."

"Why not?"

"Because it will come by commerce," he told me, "and in commerce men will not buy for the long period of other men, or of nations, who may not be trusted. Why should they? Who can make them?"

"And so the crooked nation's language will not travel and win out, you claim?"

"How could it?" he wanted to know.

"There might be something in that," I said, and stopped. "There might be, too—just common honesty!" I said to myself, thinking it over, but not for long. For then I got my call and the good news of that failure—sent through from Java.

The old man took the message in his hands and folded it up—that slow, kind of deliberate way he had.

"They fail," he said. "It is too bad—the world over—in sugar, silk, cocoa, wool. Even in America now!"

And just then the captain came in.

"Who fails?" he asked him.

"The firm—the American company who has bought my sugar."

And then all at once the voice of Sophie came from in behind the two of them. I hadn't seen her coming in.

"What is it?" she asked in a quick voice, excited the way women always get over any fear about business. "Is it trouble for us? Do we lose—in the selling of our sugar?"

"Not we, dear one," her father said, smiling an easy, comforting smile. "We are protected by our confirmed letters of credit on a bank—an American bank. The money may be already in our own bank account from the necessary papers, which go forward ahead of us by swifter steamers."

"The papers!" said Sophie, and we all three looked up at the funny tone there was in her voice.

"But you should know," the old man told her, reminded evidently of something. "They were the same which I gave you to carry back to Kadje. Kadje, the bookkeeper," he repeated, staring at her the way we were all doing now—"at the office, with the other things for him. And to tell him that he, after all, should put them

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Just because the mothers of the world want children to love oats. This is their supreme food—the vim-food and the body-builder, rich in 16 needed elements.

It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness, so oat lovers are never underfed.

We made for them these extra-flavory oats.

We use only queen grains in it—just the rich, plump, full-grown oats. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

Year by year the mothers found this out. They tried a package, and the surprising flavor gave them new ideas of how good oats can be.

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Just the rich, plump, flavory oats

All for 2½c

The large-size package of Quaker Oats costs only 30 cents, save in distant sections. It serves 60 liberal dishes—five dishes for 2½ cents.

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Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

5679

through, as I became now so much pressed for time. Why?" he asked, stopping suddenly, looking at her as she stood there, her eyes open, her cheeks red, her breath coming quick. "What now?" the old man asked louder, standing up from his seat.

But without speaking she jumped out of the wireless room and down below into her cabin while we waited, all standing, and in a few seconds she was back again, breathing hard.

"I—I did not give them! I did not give them to him!" she said, talking foreign in her excitement. "All the rest I gave, but not these two! At the bottom of the bag they were!"

"What is this?" her father asked, standing like a little petrified man.

"I—I stopped," she said, stammering. "I bought that little scarf I so desired and you permitted that I should buy, and when I bought it I put it also in the bag; and so they, the letters, were underneath it; and so——"

"So then you may have lost me—the others—a great fortune by your whim, your unheedfulness, your foolish light desire for woman's dress," the old man told her—no longer soft and slow, standing hard and still as a little man of copper.

"I—I——" said Sophie, all the color gone from her face now, still breathing hard.

"Silence then!" said the old man.

He was breathing hard himself now, I noticed; harder than she was for all her hurrying. You could hear him in the stillness which came over us all. His face now was growing kind of purple.

"This gentleman, the captain," he said, turning, "must say now whether we lose or gain all." And I could almost see the captain jump when the idea got to him.

"Perhaps yet we will be safe. No doubt we ourselves in this ship shall bring our bills of lading there on time," the old man said, and stared at him, waiting.

"What time must they be in there at the bank—these papers?" the captain asked him, looking back. I could see then something was coming. I could hear it in his voice.

"By the thirtieth of September—at the last!" said the old man, and I noticed then that his tongue was just a little thick.

I got the glance in the captain's eye as he looked first at the old man and then by him at Sophie. He waited before he spoke, taking a good long think first. He was framing something, that was sure.

"I doubt it," he said. "I doubt it."

He was throwing the hooks into the old man; scaring him, I always thought; getting ready to make him a proposition later about getting the papers there on time. And he wouldn't feel bad exactly, on the side, at getting back at Sophie for refusing him, by giving her a good strong scare.

But if it was doing business with the old man he was after he missed his way, for just then, with a kind of cough and groan, the old man tottered and went over. He'd had a little touch of apoplexy. And though we got him up and got him to bed, and he seemed to be going to come out of it, yet he was out of the active life from that time on. And the captain, if he was looking for a piece of money by barratry or piracy or marriage or blackmail during this voyage, would have to cook up some other scheme or find some other party to get it from.

IV

I SAT and thought it over when it was all done and we'd got the old man to bed.

"A half a million dollars—and more!" I said, whistling to myself. "All gone for a scarf to wind around her neck! You wouldn't believe it!"

I didn't believe it—not yet! We were out of the East, I knew that. About all you'd hear were the English ships talking to South Africa. We'd turned the corner around Capetown and were headed for home, and we had nearly five weeks yet. And though you might say she was the slowest thing on earth, and her bottom was covered over with that grass that comes on them in those warm waters like a swampy meadow, yet I knew as well as I needed to that ship could get there with those bills of lading to New York—if there was just one person in the world that wanted her to.

"You talk about your barratry," I said to myself, watching him walking on the bridge, thinking on the same subject I was—"your big safe crooked piece of money! He's king here. All he's got to do is burn a few less tons of coal—slow her up a knot or so an hour, or run her off her course a little now and then and lay it to that poor old excuse of a steering compass or do a half dozen things I wouldn't know about. And we'd never be there—and somebody in New York would be in a half million dollars for not having to pay the money on that sugar."

But how was he going to collect his share from anybody at that distance—in advance, as he'd have to—for slowing up? And on the other hand, how could he collect on this end for speeding her up—or pretending to—if the old man stayed down and out? There was the question, and I could see from the grouch he had on and the way he kept off by himself, doping, that the captain hadn't got the answer yet.

The old man was out of sight then for several days, while we went wallowing along northwest about ten knots an hour as usual—and Sophie, his girl, always with him.

I got a chance to speak to her finally, after several days. You wouldn't believe how she'd changed—grown up in just that short time. It was like a child had gone out of a room and a woman had come back in. Her eyes especially. They were the eyes of a grown woman that had been standing open nights, staring into the dark.

"How is he to-day?" I asked her.

Instead of answering she stopped short and sort of hesitated.

"May I come in," she asked me then, "for one moment with you?"

We were standing in front of the door to my wireless.

"What is it?" I asked her when I had taken her in and given her a seat. "Isn't he so well to-day?"

"He is not well any day," she said, shivering a little and then catching herself before she began to cry. "He is so anxious, restless! Some change to him must come—or he shall die."

"Change?" I asked her. "What change?"

"He must cease to worry. He must in some way be told—solaced—convinced—that we shall arrive in New York in time. Or otherwise he will wear himself to death even before we get there. And if indeed we did not reach there in time, and make this loss for himself and for others, whose sugar this in our charge in part also is—then he would surely die!" she said, and stopped, opening and shutting her hands. And I, like a fool, sat and watched her.

"And I—I then will have done it! I will kill him myself—all for a scarf of silk!" she said, talking louder; and her shoulders began to shake—kid's shoulders under the trouble of a woman—and more!

"Steady! Steady there!" I said, putting my hand on her arm, not knowing too well just what to do. "It'll come out all right probably." And after a minute she got hold of herself.

"I would now ask you one thing," she said then. "Do you believe truly that we shall be in New York with our papers on time?"

"There's just one man will know that for certain!" I said, watching her, starting to hint.

"The captain?"

"Yes," I said, looking at her, going slow—not ready naturally to come out flat yet with what suspicion I might have about him. "The captain's a regular king on these ships; the absolute monarch. What he says goes. But it's my opinion that we'll get there in time—if he wants to."

"If he wants to!" she said with a funny little catch in her voice. "Oh!"

And I looked at her, wondering whether I ought to have opened it up.

"You do not know," she said then, getting flushed up and excited. "But he has not been so very friendly of late toward me for—for a certain reason; something occurring between us by which he was much offended. It could not be for—for lack of friendliness to me that he would delay—that I should be responsible for this also!"

"Oh, no," I said. "Not that—anyway! He's too practical!"

But she got up on her feet.

"It is not—it seems not possible—no! Yet to make sure I shall go to him," she said—"appeal to him; tell him how he must surely take us there. And if there is anything I can now do or undo I must—I must do it!" she said, and broke off, staring for a minute, twisting her fingers and looking at me.

And I didn't answer her, like a fool, or tell her to keep away from him!

"I have come to you," she said after waiting a minute. "You alone I can trust.

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The Value of Time

By Krónos

Paintings by
HAROLD DeLAY

"GIVE IT TIME," said Confucius to an impatient disciple. "Every day cannot be a Festival of Lights!"

Twenty-four centuries before the age which we fondly call most en! Yet the disciple of present-day Efficiency may find food for thought in the way the great Chinese philosopher planned out his daily life: not the strained, nerve-racking effort often mistaken for efficiency, but the calm, far-seeing efficiency of a thoughtfully ordered life program.

Confucius, in his wisdom, took Time to *save* Time.

His was a far-visioned schedule. "At fifteen," he wrote in his latter years, "I entered on a life of study. At thirty I took my stand as a scholar. At forty my opinions were fixed. At fifty I could judge and select. At sixty I never relapsed into a known fault. At seventy I could follow my heart's desires without going wrong." Confucius cherished the broad life-vision of which Li Po, China's greatest poet, sang thirteen centuries after—

"The universe is but a tenement
Of all things visible: Darkness and Day
The passing guests of Time!"

In timekeeping devices, as in so many other inventions, the Flowery Kingdom apparently anticipated other nations by thousands of years. Even our "modern" daylight saving system was introduced by Duke Chau a trifle over three thousand years ago. The first to use the ancient water-clock as a timepiece, he divided the floating index into one hundred *keh*, or parts. In winter he allotted forty *keh* to day and sixty to night. *In summer he reversed this.*

In America's eyes the Orient is a puzzle, China a paradox. The tranquil, leisurely routine of the high-caste Chinese is a constant challenge to Americans, who see it as a deliberate waste of life's most costly commodity—*Time.*

Yet the Chinese gentleman of today keeps watch repair shops working overtime by carrying *two* watches, which he is anxious shall run harmoniously!

A quaint procedure, eloquent of the Orient's real appreciation of *the value of Time*, but happily unnecessary among the fortunate owners of America's timekeeping masterpieces—

Elgin Watches

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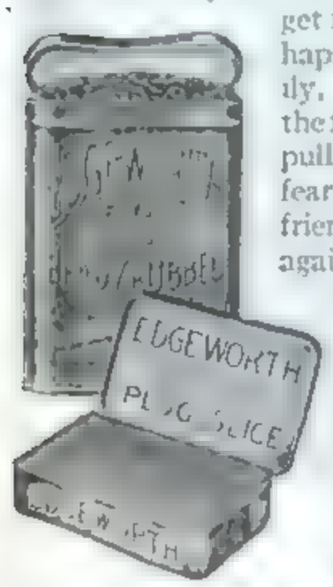
Honestly, do you like a fancy pipe?

You know the kind we mean. It comes in a beautiful velvet-lined leather case and arrives on your birthday or Christmas. And when you have company, and they talk pipes, you go to the drawer, pull out your fancy pipe, polish it with the palm of your hand and perhaps fill it up and smoke with your best company manners.

And then, when all the folks have gone—or before they have gone, if they stay too long—you reach for your old favorite briar, fill her up just right, and then the world is pretty good again. The people who seemed terrible bores a few minutes ago look like regular human beings as you see them through a transparent blue haze of curling smoke. In the meantime, the fancy pipe has been relegated to its glorious case for another period of oblivion.

It's the same with tobacco, too. Somebody smoking a fancy brand offers you his pouch, and just to be a good fellow you take a pipeful (feeling a little pang of conscience as you push the unfamiliar tobacco into your pet pipe). And you smoke it. It may be very good tobacco. Perhaps you can't even decide what, if anything, is the matter with it.

But it isn't your brand, and when you get near the end, perhaps just a little hastily, you knock out the fancy tobacco and pull out your own, fearful lest the too-friendly pouch appear again and you may have to refuse gently but firmly.



Have you had such an experience? And isn't it almost worth it to know how much you really like your Edgeworth?

We don't claim that Edgeworth pleases every man. But we do want every pipe smoker to try Edgeworth—to find out for himself if it isn't just the taste and strength to suit him.

We gladly take the burden of proof on our own shoulders. So we will send generous samples of Edgeworth both Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them.

Send us a postcard with your name and address, and we'll put the samples into the hands of Uncle Sam's messengers just as quick as we can. Then, when you get them, light up your pipe, puff away to your heart's content and you can be the whole jury and the judge. If you like Edgeworth—and we hope you will—you can buy it at your dealer's by the package, tin or jar.

Address your card for free samples to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

(Continued from Page 46)

I trust you. You are so—so American, as you say they are—free, independent, honest!" And I didn't think what to say then either.

"But never to no one shall you ever speak of this!" she said then, holding out her hand to shake on it. And I shook it, still without the sense to warn her, and she went away.

That very next day, I think it was—that next evening—the captain was in, feeling fine. I noticed the change in him the minute he came in.

"You know that thing you were talking about once," he said, giving me the deep, mysterious wink, "about my being too old—for them!" And I gave a grunt, watching him.

"They come around," he said, smiling a proud, radiant smile. "They come around in the end."

"Who come around?" I said. "What?"

"I'm going to marry her."

"Who?"

"The little darling from Java."

"You are like ——" I said. I looked in his face then, and I could see that what he said was true, and I stopped short, getting the idea. That poor, excited, frightened kid had gone to him, trying to help to keep her father alive, scared that she would kill him, and he had done the rest.

"This is very much between us, you understand," he told me—sorry probably he'd let it loose in his excitement—"for the present. We aren't telling anybody yet, not even the old man, so keep it to yourself."

"Oh, very well," I told him.

"But he'll never marry her," I said to myself. "Not while I'm alive and roaming loose. I'd feel good, wouldn't I, standing by, an innocent bystander, and letting this thing go on, especially after all the talk I'd been giving her and she'd taken about Americans being white men!"

As it was, I could have bitten myself to death for not talking—not warning her in advance about him, and what he was, even though I had nothing to prove anything by exactly.

But the thing was done now, and everything showed it.

He was with her whenever he could be, and she kept away from me. I didn't see her at all. And that next day we were off! You could hear the engines speeding up. And I had my orders to get the wireless compass with great frequency, helping out that steering compass—to take no chances of wandering a few miles out of our way. And it wasn't but a day or two more when they had the old man up in my room again, smiling and listening in to his nations in the air, cured of his worries, satisfied by the captain's own mouth, no doubt, that he would hit New York on time.

V

THEY brought him up then, those next ten days, and left him there with me as a kind of a day nurse, while the captain was leading Sophie around. For nothing would satisfy him but he must have her all day, teaching her navigation and steering and the use of the instruments; and meanwhile the old man smiled and listened in and talked to me about his battling nations in the air. And it wasn't too long before I began to see he was different since that attack, just a little touched in the head on that language question, though otherwise both his brain and body seemed to be pulling through all right.

We were clear by the end of Africa now, coming out into that open hole in the sea between there and South America, waddling gayly home all by our lonesome.

"The Atlantic! The open Atlantic!" he said, his eye lighting up. "We at length plunge freely into it. The sea where the great sea nations were born—the Anglo-Saxon especially."

He talked big, excited, on the loose, like a child, saying the things that came into his head as they struck him.

"Soon we shall hear the commerce of the world," he said, "on the North Atlantic."

And once—when the conditions got just right and the static lifted—we did get a touch of it, which, of course, I let him listen to.

"You hear it?" I asked.

"The commerce of the world, like distant bees," he said, nodding, all excited. "Upon the North Atlantic!"

And when the static shut down he talked all the morning in that kind of childlike way he had now, about the Atlantic, the cradle of the young sea nations and the vikings and the Spaniards and the Armada and the English ships of war, and now the wireless and the Anglo-Saxon.

The Anglo-Saxons were the boys, by land and sea and air! Still more so since this new thing—since the captain was dragging him and his bills of lading into New York on time.

"Your captain now," he told me—"there is an example of the Anglo-Saxon race; so just, so strong, with so much of honor. It is difficult for me to relate my thanks to him since that mistake of my little Sophie; the fear of the nonarrival of my needed papers in New York on time. Since then he works day and night for us. He speeds the ship, and now he shows—yes, demonstrates to me—that without doubt we shall reach New York in ample time."

"How? How does he prove it to you?" I asked, interested to see. For I didn't see so much of the captain as I once did. He wasn't so very chummy now—nor I either. And I thought it might be a good thing for me to know just what he said—for reference. And then the old man told me just what he had told him.

"That proves it, I'll say—out of his own mouth!" I said. For that's just what it did.

"With no doubt possible," he said after me. "A noble man, a fine upstanding Anglo-Saxon," he said, talking free again. "And I will say to you in confidence that there are others who will see this also—my daughter, for example. Look!" he said. "There they come again together. I prophesy to you we shall hear now soon from that quarter!" he said, and tipped me a long, wise, crafty wink.

I looked at them coming, sorer and sorer every time I noticed them together, and me still the innocent bystander, doing nothing! But yet they didn't look to me overpleased with each other at that. She looked tireder than ever to me, and more changed, and the captain's face older and more set and more doctored up than ever.

I took a chance finally of butting in. It wasn't my business. She was distinctly out of my class. But it looked to me as if a little help might come in handy, and finally I got a word in with her at the other side of the room, while her father was busy listening to his nations.

"What made you do it?" I asked her.

"What?" she whispered back.

"That thing you've done," I said, and she looked at me, and she knew I knew!

"He is better, happier, no longer worried, is he not?" she asked back, looking at her father. "He will live. I have done what I could—to reparate. I should be glad of that, should I not?" she said with a smile—not that of a kid any longer, but a tired, regretful-looking woman.

"You can't do it!" I said. "You can't stand for that man!" And I broke loose and told her what I knew about that captain, how he had planned to marry her from the first, and what kind of a thing he was. We talked along low, but as near as possible in our natural voices, for her father paid no attention.

"He won't hear you," I said. "He's listening to his nations"; and she said no, he wouldn't.

"You should not have spoken to me about this," she said in a dull, level kind of voice when I was through. "But since now you have, I will say to you that it was our difference between us when you saw us to-day—that I asked of him that perhaps, for reasons, he would give me back my word, or I so suggested."

"Why?" I asked her.

"Oh, not much. His manner—in a way, I should say—to me."

"And what did he say?"

"He did not wish to give it back—release me. He said it would be foolish. I was too young—impulsive. It would be not wise for either of us, nor also for my father. For he could not so press his ship—take the chances of lasting damage to her—if he should lose his hope of then having me, which so drove him day and night."

"Having you?" I said, thinking murder.

"Of our marriage—if we arrive in New York in time—for so I still promise him."

"Sophie—Miss Sophie," I said, getting hoarse, "you don't know what you're doing! You're nothing but a kid!"

"I'm eighteen," she said, drawing herself up. "Nearly nineteen, and now I feel sometimes that I am a hundred."

"You can't! It can't be done!" I said.

"What would you not do first," she asked me in that foreign talk she had when she was excited, "rather than to become the mur-der-ess of your father?" she asked me.

"Besides, he's fooling you—playing with you. The crook!" I kept on. "He can get you there on time easy. He can't help it now—everybody on board knows that."

"That I do not believe," she said flat.

"So then you think you'll go on with this?"

"What otherwise can I do?"

"Well, anyhow," I said, "when you get on shore, and you find he's been tricking you, you can always throw him—refuse to marry him."

"And break my given word? The word of a Van Cuyp? Never!"

And I swore under my breath, knowing full well by this time that she meant it.

"Besides," she said, "you are wrong. You should not say these things. Captain Strong in age is not exactly suitable to me. Yet he is an honorable man, an American."

"He's no American!" I said.

"Or an Englishman, rather."

"He's neither the one nor the other!" I said, getting more and more excited. "He's a red-letter man who ducked out of the English service to take a ship in the American service when England went to war."

"That I do not believe either," she said, flushing up. "Nor does my father. My father is well pleased with him, and he knows. And from now on I shall ask you not again to speak to me of this."

"All right," I said. "It's none of my business, I know, so I won't say any more. But remember this always: If you want any help at any time you'll find me here most of my waking hours." And then she went away with her father.

"An American, huh! A regular Anglo-Saxon!" I said to myself.

That made me sorer than anything else almost, especially after the way I had been boosting the Americans from time to time myself.

"Well, here's another one! And before he pulls off this thing on those two innocent foreigners, this little girl, I'll plug him myself!"

I sat there for several days then listening to the old man go on about the Anglo-Saxons and this one that was saving him so fine and free, getting sorer and sorer. It would have been a scream if it wasn't so serious.

"We'll have to prove there's one honest one," I said to myself, "if I have to go to jail to do it."

And that very evening I ran across Sophie in the passageway before the wireless, looking white as a sheet, and beyond her the captain, who must have been just leaving her, disappearing into the chart room. And then she saw me.

"I must—I must speak with you!" she said, breathing hard, catching my arm. "You alone I can trust!"

She was about all in.

"Come in here," I said, "into the wireless room. He won't be in here. He keeps clear of me now as much as he can." And she sat down by my table.

"I can't! I can't!" she said, throwing her head down on her arms, then finally raising it again. "But I must!" she said.

"Must what?" I asked her.

"Must marry him! He has me—in this vise!"

"But you knew that," I said. "You knew that you must marry him."

"But not—at once," she said. "I did not think of it except as something far, far off. But not as now! Right away now—before we reach New York!"

"Before you reach New York?" I said after her. "How can you before that?"

"There is some island of which he speaks—I do not know; I did not even listen to the name. There we can stop, but a few hours only."

"But why?"

"He will not wait. He says he cannot for—for love of me. Though I know now otherwise."

"What do you mean?"

"He has admitted otherwise, practically, when he became angry, when he threatened."

"Admitted?"

"That he wished it—must have it—our marriage, so there would be no doubt."

"No doubt of what?"

"That I should marry him; that I should keep my word with him after the ship has once arrived in New York."

"Ah-hah!" I said. "Well, he would doubt it naturally, when he knew the whole

(Continued on Page 51)

The Perfect Roof Combines Durability With Beauty

There's very little danger of roof trouble while the snow *stays* snow. But when it begins to melt and seeks to enter every little crevice—then the roof must be staunch indeed if it is to do its duty. And no roofs are more surely staunch—more surely durable under any and all conditions of weather—than those built of artistic, colorful Everlastic Shingles.

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Besides two forms of shingles, Everlastic Roofings are made in a red or green Mineral Surfaced Roll Roofing and a plain-surfaced "Rubber" Roll Roofing. Among these four styles, you will find a dependable, economical roofing exactly suited to any type of steep-roofed building—for your home, for schools, churches, factories and farm buildings.

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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS

(Continued from Page 48)

thing was a trick on you which you might find out any time."

"I might, yes," she said. "Really he admitted that he could do as he wished in this—when he began to threaten me."

"Threaten!" I said to her. "How did he threaten you?"

"He became very angry when I would not consent; more and more so," she said.

And I nodded, for I had seen him more than once myself let go of himself.

"He has said—he has threatened practically at last—that otherwise, if I did not marry him, my father might easily be told all by him. That even, he said at last, the ship might not reach New York on time. That we might be losing all this money—my father dead—except for him, what he would or would not do. And I myself become a murderess," she said, breaking down again, "of my father!"

"Don't! Don't, Miss Sophie!" I said to her. "He's bluffing you! He wouldn't dare!"

"I have so much fear—so much fear of him always!" she cried, shuddering. "From the first! He could do anything! This alone is not all—the worst! Always, when we are alone, I fear him. He is so—so insulting! I cannot bear even to have him touch me, and yet—yet I must marry him."

And I looked at her, and just as I did that idea came to me.

"No," I said, "you won't have to marry him."

"Why not? I must! I must not be a murderess—of *my* father!"

"You won't be," I said. "Don't fret. I'll see you don't."

And I made her tell me all the details, the threats he had made when he tried forcing her to marry him, working on her, scaring her about her father, after she had gone to him that first time like a frightened child and promised she would marry him—and then tried to get away.

"That will be enough to hold him," I said finally "what he told you, with what I know."

"But what is it," she asked, "that you are going to do?"

"Never mind," I said—"not yet! You won't marry him, and he won't force you to. Not till after I've shot him, anyhow."

"Shot him!" she said, getting excited right away.

"And that won't be necessary, I don't believe. In fact, I can about promise you it won't. But I won't give you the exact idea until later," I said. "I don't want you to be mixed up in it—not now."

And she left finally without knowing, after my promising I wasn't going to hurt him.

"Well," I said to myself, "here's where you go to jail probably. But it will be worth it."

And I went back to the receiver, listening for what I could pick up.

VI

I LISTENED day by day as we came crawling up the map out of that blind, empty hole in the South Atlantic, not expecting yet, of course, to get what I was listening for. The talk came in gradually more from the ships and coasts around South America, Spanish and Portuguese, and every now and then an English or American liner. And up to the north, whenever that rotten static under the equator lifted up a bit, you'd hear more and more the old man's commerce of the North Atlantic buzz like very distant bees—the old man's Anglo-Saxons—always honest, always on the job, giving the world a square deal like this one; this fine example that was helping us home on his own peculiar terms.

It got to me, waiting, listening always for my ship, to hear the old man continually at it, harping on that one string, the Anglo-Saxons, and this game all the time being played on him and his daughter.

"Well, I'll say this," I said to myself: "You don't find so many of them like this crook. And when it comes down to that there's another Anglo-Saxon—if I do say so—that may fool him yet."

And I'd stop and listen again for what I'd got to get—a faster ship coming up behind us, passing us, bound for New York. We were working more now into where there was a chance, in toward the regular South American route. We sighted more ships. My idea seemed more probable, and then finally I got the one I was after, one I could talk to—an American liner, one of the new ones, coming up behind us, going two knots to our one.

"Well, I won't have to shoot him now, anyhow," I said to myself. I was pleased, naturally, that it was breaking right.

"Where are you bound?" I asked the operator on board her.

"To New York."

"When are you due?"

"The twenty-first."

She was only two days behind us, coming running. I got everything ready for her. And the second night when she was only about fifteen miles away I called in Sophie and told her the scheme in general.

"But—but you said once," she told me, "that that was always against the law!"

"It is," I said, grinning. "But what's law in this business? We're past the law now."

"But—but they will put you in prison, for—for us; for me. I won't ——"

"Forget it!" I said to her. "If they do, you and your father can come around and call on me—at my residence."

"But you can't do it! I won't let you!" she said, her eyes shining.

"Listen!" I said. "Don't be foolish! I'd do a lot more than that for you, Sophie—Miss Sophie. And anyhow, you can't help yourself."

And I sent out the S O S.

"What is that?" she wanted to know. "Did you send it out then?"

"Wait," I said, for I knew he would be answering me right away, getting my position.

He did, and I gave it to him as close as I knew how.

We figured back and forth that we were about fifteen miles apart, just as I had thought. And he asked me what was the matter, and I told him the steering gear was on the bum, practically gone.

"Sophie!" I called to her between messages.

"Yes."

"Run out and call him in here," I said—"the captain!"

"Yes, dear," said Sophie, forgetting herself in the excitement. It gave me a jump when I heard it, but she ran on out, not knowing she ever said it. She'll tell you now she never did. And I looked out after her then, and saw for the first time what I'd sent her out into.

We were up off the Caribbean somewhere, in that tropical-rain belt. Oh, how it came down every afternoon and evening, beginning all of a sudden! It had started since she came in, and I'd sent her out into it. I sat there myself and held the liner and kept her coming, and in a minute or two they both blew in out of the rain.

"What now? What's this?" the captain asked me.

And I told him in a few well-chosen words.

"There's a ship coming just behind us, an American liner. She's due in New York on the twenty-first."

"Well?" he said, giving me the stony eye.

"I've given her the S O S."

"The S O S!" he said, his mouth coming open.

"Yes," I said. "And when she comes we're going to send on those papers you've been playing your cross between barratry and piracy and blackmail with—your safe crooked little game you've been playing with this little girl here. We're going to send them on ahead, with or without your say-so."

And he recovered enough now to begin to swear, and Sophie crept over beside me, and he watched us, getting red.

"Now I've told them," I said, putting my arm around her, and with my eyes still on his, "that our steering gear is on the bum, so you're going to stop this ship for us and let them on—and tell them the same."

And all at once he let out a great horse-laugh, his face still red as fire.

"Haw!" he said, looking at me and then at Sophie, where she stood beside me, dripping wet. "So that's it! So that's the pretty game—with the wireless operator!" he added on for her benefit.

"Yes," I said. "And you're coming through like a little man!" And he laughed again.

"Do you think so? How? How'll you get them aboard—if I say not? I'm master here!"

"Oh, that'll be all right," I said to him. "They'll be coming now in all directions, and they'll want to know all the details. And you've got to remember, if you are master here—I'm the only wireless operator here also! You have your say-so here on board. But what I say goes—with the outside world, anyhow! I can tell them what I want to about this thing; and what I'll tell them about this ship will make their teeth chatter—and about you, for that matter. I've got it all fixed up now—the story," I said, putting it strong and steady. "They won't rest till they get aboard to investigate. You nor anybody else won't keep them."

"And then what?" he said, giving me the scornful stare.

"And when they're once on here there won't be any trouble," I told him. "You can do one of two things: You can bear me out on that steering-gear thing somehow—if you have to go down yourself and smash something. Or you can let us tell them the real story; how you've been scaring this poor kid here, forcing her to marry you; scaring her to death to make her marry you, with your lies and hints and threats, with the idea that otherwise she'd kill her father. You old painted, pickled wreck!"

And that seemed to get to him—that and the other compliments I passed him.

"So that's it!" he said, looking first at her face and then at mine, and back to hers again, getting redder all the time.

"What's it?" I said.

"So you've got it all nicely fixed up between you, you and your wireless boy," he said, staring at her now exclusively, losing his head altogether, seeing her there beside me, hit no doubt in the one place he couldn't stand, his self-approval. "But suppose I admit it," he said to Sophie. "Suppose you take your poor rotter of a telegrapher, since you like that kind, and we'll go back on a strictly business basis. Suppose I tell you flat that I never saw anything much in you but what came with you, and suppose we let it go that way; that we'll have a settlement in dollars and cents, or you and your poor crazy father and your papers never will reach New York on time!"

"Rave on!" I said to myself, letting him go the limit. "Rave on! If we didn't have it on you before, we're getting enough now to hang you, out of your own mouth."

"Suppose," he said, staring at me now, getting redder and redder, "that I shut you off now—from this thing—and keep going right on in a new course. How would they find us in this weather? What could you do? What will you do," he said, his face burning up apparently, "when I tell you you'll not send another word by that thing—as I do now? I'm master here," he said, "aboard this ship, and what I say is pretty apt to be done. And I say ——" he yelled, starting toward me.

"Wait a minute!" I said, holding him back, beginning to see something redder than his face before me. "Before you start anything, remember this: There's always this to be thought of. We've got more than enough time to get this ship into New York. You've just admitted it yourself," I said, beginning to see red streamers where his face was, now I let myself loose and talked about the thing. "And the mate is an honest man—not a crook. Now I'll tell you something: I'm going to be a prophet," I said, standing still, but the bright red streamers fluttering more and more. "This ship is going to be in New York on or before the thirtieth of this month—that's settled now already. But it's right up to you now whether you will be or not!"

"Me!" he said, choking up, but still standing there, not moving any.

"Yes," I said, keeping my voice down, but with the bright cherry streamers before my eyes, fluttering faster than ever. "If I get those extra papers on the other ship, and you let me, you'll come in fine and healthy with all the rest. If I don't, and you start mixing it up now, and getting in my way in this, the ship will get in all right—only you won't be on it! You'll be still at sea," I said, pointing down. "The first mate will bring her in, and we'll tell the story at the trial," I said, bringing out finally what I'd had pointed at him from my pocket.

"What is this—mutiny?" he said, edging around sidewise.

"Maybe," I told him, the scarlet streamers starting up once more. "But you stay where you are for now, or one of my favorite dreams is just about going to come true!"

And all at once Sophie jumped out from under my arm, holding us back.

"Wait!" she called. "Wait!"

(Continued on Page 53)

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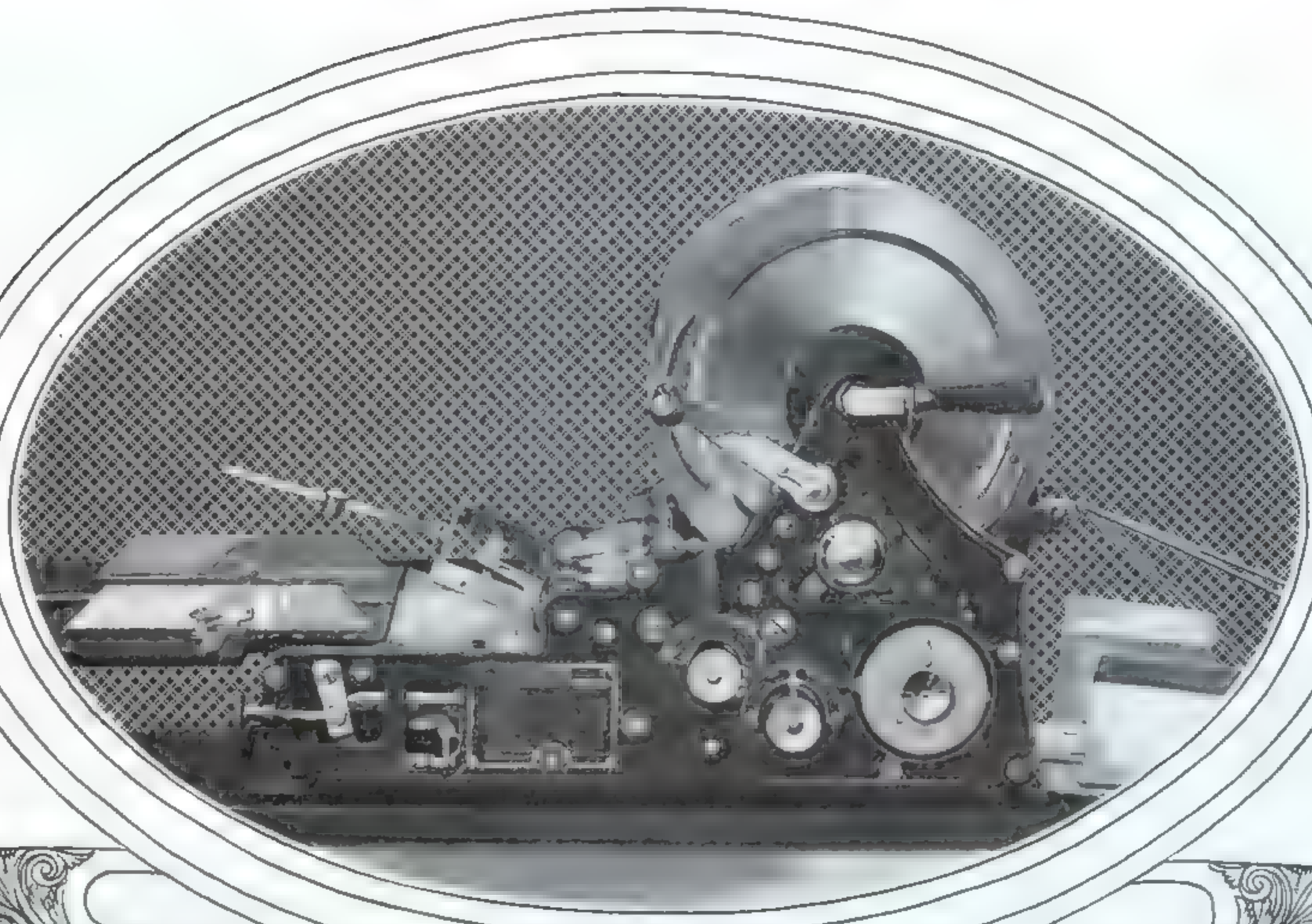

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MIMEOGRAPH
EDISON-DICK

(Continued from Page 51)

"He'll wait," I said. "Don't fret! Just where he is—till I tell him to move on."

And she looked at us, and saw it was true, and darted out again into the storm that quick way she had.

"Don't move! Don't shoot," she called, "until I get back!"

The wheelhouse was just across from us, to the front. She wasn't gone more than half a minute when we heard it through the drumming rain—the sound of glass and a man swearing. And not more than half a minute later we heard the noise of scurrying feet on the sloppy deck, and Sophie came racing back, wetter than ever, her red-butterfly kind of clothes streaming red puddles on the floor as she ran and stood by me, and I put my extra arm around her.

"Do—do you know"—said the first mate, coming clumping in after her. He was a strange-looking thing, with a wild mustache. He looked like a deep-sea fish in oilskins. "Do you know what she's done? The compass!" he said. "She's smashed it to bits, with the ship's glasses!"

And he stared at the captain and then at me. And I laughed and put down the gun which he'd been too excited even to see up to then.

"You laugh, you fool!" he said, after staring a minute. "What is there to laugh at? You can't see the length of your eyelashes in this gray smother, and night's coming on. You can't keep her on her course five minutes. That was the last compass on board!"

"That's easy," I said, smiling. "That's nothing—not half. There's a ship charging in now, trying to hit us, that must be about due. Yes, a flock of ships by this time, if you want to know it, starting in here now as fast as they can churn. One may poke through us any time."

"Ships coming!" he said, his eyes standing out like door knobs. "How?"

"The S O S!" I said. "I just sent it out."

"Sent it out!" he said. "In advance!" I had to laugh. He thought I was crazy.

"Ask the captain," I told him, "if you don't believe me."

But the captain didn't answer him direct. He stood staring.

"Slow down the engines!" he said then. "Start the whistle!"

"And I'll get the liner again," I told him.

I could hear them chattering from all parts of the compass, wondering why I didn't answer them, thinking the worst.

"The Anglo-Saxons are coming," I said to the captain. "Not the yellow ones; the white ones."

And I turned to my instrument, and told them all not to get excited; that what we needed was just a compass. We needed it in our business, right away, having broken our last one; but otherwise we were all right. And this liner that was nearest to us agreed naturally to let us have one, after chattering a while about how we happened to be shy. And I thanked them and told them just to come along and drop it when they went by. And I turned and looked at Sophie, and grinned at her—at the way she looked at me; that first shy way again, like a kid.

"Hurry up!" I said. "Get your letters ready! The mail man will be here in just a few minutes now for the U. S. A.!"

And then I got the wireless man on the liner and told him what I wanted him to arrange for on the side, personally, when they came alongside us, and how much there would be in it for him when he handed those letters in at the bank.

The captain had gone out in the meanwhile. By the time she came back with the things we were there alone.

"Just listen!" I said, taking off the receiver, after we'd said one or two things to each other, the best we could under the circumstances. "I'm not going to answer them any more. Just listen to what I've stirred up—all the Anglo-Saxons! The air is full of them, American and English both."

"Like bees," she said, repeating her father. "Far away!"

"Or hornets, maybe!" I said, feeling pleased with myself, slopping over a little again about the U. S. A.—glad to be getting home. "There's one thing about them," I told her: "There are crooks among them, I suppose, just like all the other races. Occasionally one or two may be yellow. But when you want them they're mostly there."

"I'll say so!" said Sophie.

You'd be surprised how fast she picked up American talk.

"I hope they always will be!" I told her.

"And pretty soon, if they keep on," I said, grinning, "you'll hear nothing but the Anglo-Saxons talking across the world, like your father says. One world language!"

"That'll suit me fine!" said Sophie.

And then I noticed for the first time how wet she was.

"We're crazy," I said. "Go down and change your wet clothes now, and leave those papers here with me. I'll see they go when the ship gets here."

So finally she went along, pouting.

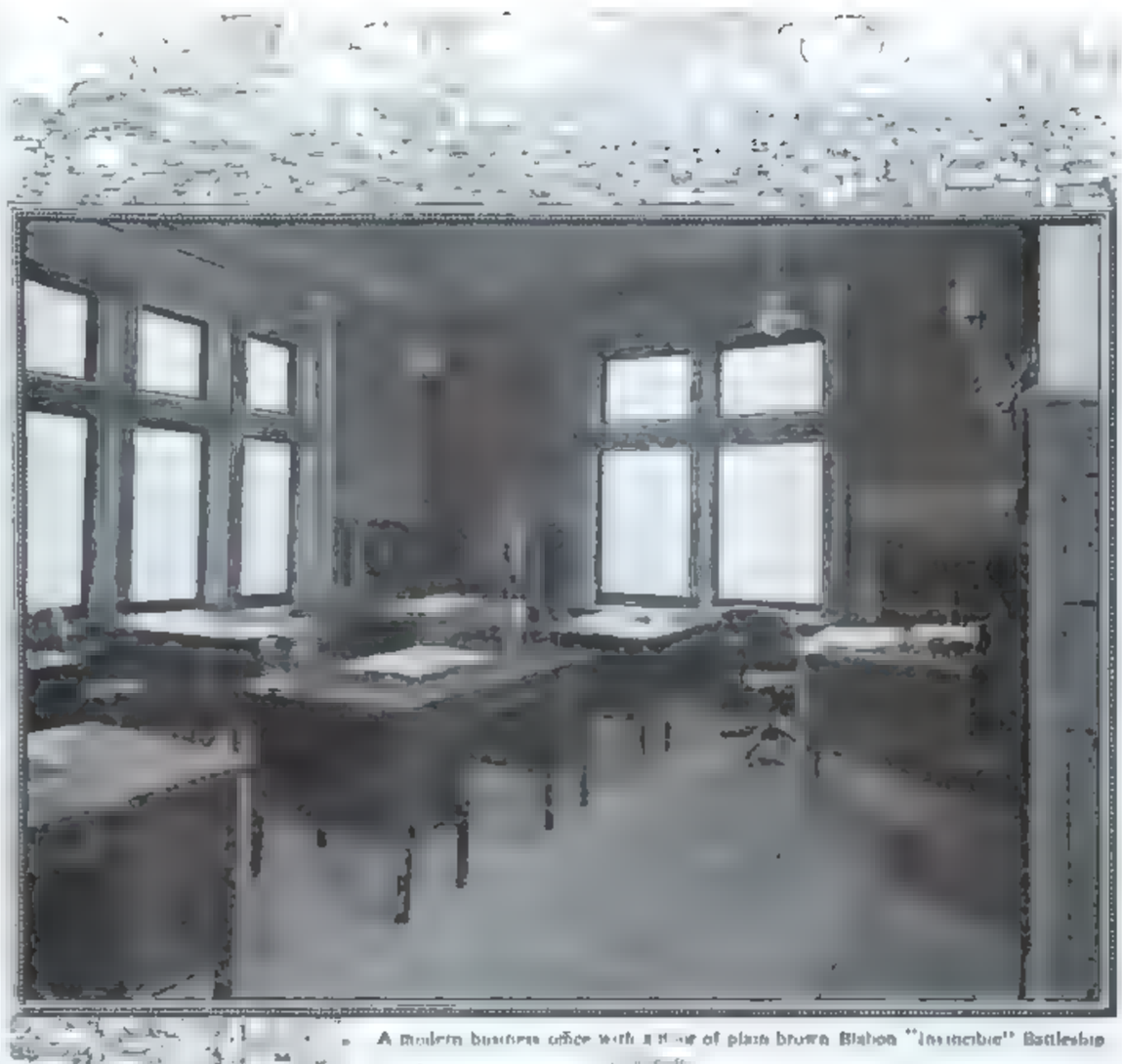
"That's the trouble with you," she said, "you Americans, you Anglo-Saxons!"

"What is?"

"You're so domineering, so strong-handed, so—so bosslike, so bossy!" she said, getting it finally.

"We have to be with you foreigners!" I said, kissing her the last time and making her go.

Yosemite Valley—Yosemite National Park



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God Bless the Atlantic Ocean!

By BARON ROSEN

IN THE Atlantic Monthly some time ago, there appeared an article by one of the foremost English thinkers under the heading, S O S—Europe to America. The title chosen for his article by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson speaks for itself. It is, indeed, an appeal for America's aid in salvaging Europe. Its importance lies in the fact that it voices the feelings of disappointment prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic—a disappointment due apparently to a misapprehension of the true meaning of the momentous verdict rendered by the American people, with an unexampled majority of votes, in the last presidential election. Such a misapprehension is the more easily explainable, as in this country itself the press has been far from unanimous in its interpretation of that verdict.

That any such conditions of acute and universal distress as prevail in Europe could have been regarded with callous indifference by a people whose unbounded generosity has been feeding fifteen million of Europe's starving children, the most tragic victims of the World War, would have been a proposition so preposterous as not to stand in any need of being controverted. The proposition confronting the American people could only have been what kind of aid the salvation of Europe would require and what could give Europe the right to expect that America should have undertaken her salvation, for which European statesmanship had shown itself incompetent to provide.

The first of these questions the American people have answered spontaneously, with convincing force and in a true spirit of Christian charity by noble deeds never to be forgotten by the stricken millions of Europe. An indirect answer to the second question may be read in the underlying meaning of the vote registered by an overwhelming majority of the American people on the second of November, 1920.

It stands to reason, however, that this answer was not, nor could it have been, of a nature to come up to the unavowed expectations and hopes of either side to the great world contest. It would therefore hardly come amiss to attempt to analyze the considerations on which such expectations and hopes were apparently based. An illuminating light is thrown on this side of the question by what Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson has to say on the subject in his above-mentioned article.

What America Was Doing

AFTER having given a summary account of the prodigious charitable activity in feeding starving childhood, developed by the American Society of Friends, and after having expressed his opinion that in Germany, as in Austria, in Poland and elsewhere in ruined Europe, Americans and a few British Friends are the only pioneers of hope, perhaps the only saviors of civilization, Mr. Dickinson continues:

> The more perplexing is it that America, as a nation, in her public policy should have turned altogether away from Europe during these last terrible years, and let the continent she came into the war (as she said) to save, perish. For, let there be no mistake, Europe has been and is perishing. What may happen in the near and far future is matter for prophecy. What has already happened is done and cannot be undone: the unnecessary deaths, the disease, the weakened constitutions, the long intolerable pangs of hunger and cold and the bitterness and despair of mind and soul—all this has happened, whether or no it is going to continue. And all the signs are for its continuance and worsening.
>
> What was America doing all the time—official America and America as a people? Americans can answer better than I. I only know that they were not with us to help us. Yet America is largely responsible for our condition. The root of the suffering and ruin of Europe is, of course, the war. In the outbreak of that, it is true, America played no part. But she played a part and an important one, in its continuance. When she entered the war in 1917, the idea of peace without victory was definitely abandoned, and the war, which would have ended that year, was prolonged until the eventual complete overthrow of the German power by the Allies.

Inasmuch as these views seem to reflect, however impliedly, on the attitude adopted by official America, as well as by the American people, in respect to the World War and its sequel, it may be permitted to an exile from the country which has been the chief victim of the prolongation of the war to take up the cudgels on behalf of the country where he has found a haven of refuge from the destruction that has overtaken his native land.

As a fit answer to the question, What was America as a people doing all this time? it will be sufficient to recall the great name whose luster has relieved the sinister shadows of one of the darkest epochs in the world's history, the name of a man who constantly has reminded his hearers of the millions of starving little ones in many stricken lands of Europe who all this time, every day at noon, gathering under the shelter of the glorious flag of this happy country, have been saying the Lord's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." That is what America as a people has been doing all this time, and that is why the grateful peoples of Europe will ever bless the name of America as the savior of their children!

And has the world ever heard of such an act of charity as that dinner of relief rations at one thousand dollars a plate, organized by Mr. Hoover and General Pershing as hosts, at which the invisible guests, the hungry children of Europe, were represented by a lighted candle on a child's high chair placed on the speakers' dais, and which netted more than two million dollars contributed by the visible guests at this unique repast—a sum sufficient to feed two hundred fifty thousand starving little ones until the next harvest? No, it was not, it could never have been the American people that disappointed the ardent hopes of the peoples of Europe. Was it, then, official America?

Before attempting to answer this question it will be necessary to examine the grounds upon which the disappointment unquestionably felt by all the peoples of Europe—I mean by the "peoples" and not by the ruling classes, which in the belligerent countries were swayed by other emotions—the disappointment at the vanishing of their ardent hopes for an early peace, could have caused them to hold America in great part responsible for the prolongation of Europe's agony. When it is said that when America entered the war, in 1917, the idea of peace without victory was definitely abandoned and that but for her entry into it the war might have been ended in that year—we have a statement which would be conclusive if it could be proved irrefutably that at any time the ruling powers on either side had shown a real readiness to renounce the hope of a victorious peace.

But what are the facts? It is true that in December, 1916, the German Government announced its willingness to enter into negotiations for the conclusion of peace. This offer, however, was not taken up, and by the press in Allied countries, including Imperial Russia, was declared to have been nothing but a trap laid for the purpose and in the hope of inveigling the Allies into the conclusion of a "premature," or "patched up," or "German" peace.

The real intentions of the German Government in making that declaration were, it would have seemed, sufficiently apparent. They evidently wished to satisfy the clamor of a hungry and sorely tried people for a speedy conclusion of peace, and, bent themselves upon the continuation of the war at any cost to a victorious end, they presumably expected to be enabled to oppose to this clamor a convincing proof of the impossibility of initiating peace negotiations, owing to the stand which the Allies would be likely to take in regard to their offer—a stand they could easily represent to their people as a set determination on the part of the Allies to inflict on them a crushing defeat, thereby reviving the nation's fighting spirit, whose ominous collapse had already set in. In this expectation they were not deceived.

Thwarted Peace Feelers

WHAT, then, was the attitude adopted by official America in the presence of the ever more threateningly disastrous state of affairs in Europe consequent upon the indefinite duration of the war, the termination of which it was impossible to foresee? Was it inspired by callous indifference to the fate of Europe, helplessly struggling in a contest from which her own statesmanship was incompetent to extricate her? Was it inspired by selfish preoccupation solely with American interests? A document which in history will ever redound to the credit and honor of American statesmanship will best supply an answer to these questions.

On December 18, 1916, the Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, addressed to the American ambassadors at the capitals of the belligerent powers a circular dispatch in which occurred the following passages:

> The President suggests that an early occasion be sought to call out from all the nations now at war such an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded and the arrangements which would be deemed satisfactory as a guaranty against its renewal or the kindling of any similar conflict in the future as would make it possible frankly to compare them . . .
>
> He takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own peoples and to the world. . . .
>
> In the measures to be taken to secure the future peace of the world the people and Government of the United States are as vitally and as directly interested as the governments now at war . . . But the war must first be concluded . . .
>
> The President therefore feels altogether justified in suggesting an immediate opportunity for a comparison of views as to the terms which must precede those ultimate arrangements for the peace of the world which all desire and in which the neutral nations as well as those at war are ready to play their full responsible part. If the contest must continue to proceed toward undefined ends by slow attrition until the one group of belligerents or the other is exhausted; if million after million of human lives must continue to be offered up until on the one side or the other there are no more to offer; if resentments must be kindled that can never cool and despairs engendered from which there can be no recovery, hopes of peace and of the willing concert of free peoples will be rendered vain and idle
>
> The life of the entire world has been profoundly affected. Every part of the great family of mankind has felt the burden and terror of this unprecedented contest of arms. No nation in the civilized world can be said in truth to stand outside its influence or to be safe against its disturbing effects. And yet the concrete objects for which it is being waged have never been definitely stated.
>
> The leaders of the several belligerents have, as has been said, stated those objects in general terms. But, stated in general terms, they seem the same on both sides. Never yet have the authoritative spokesmen of either side avowed the precise objects which would, if attained, satisfy them and their people that the war had been fought out. The world has been left to conjecture what definitive results, what actual exchange of guaranties, what political or territorial changes or readjustments, what stage of military success, even, would bring the war to an end.

The President's profoundly impressive appeal to the belligerents requesting them to disclose the real objects for which they waged the war—those openly proclaimed by both sides in general terms seeming to be the same—fell on deaf ears, and by the press on both sides was greeted with a unanimous chorus of indignation. Nor could it have been otherwise. The real objects pursued in the war, apart from political and military supremacy, included conquests, dismemberments and partition of dominions. In Europe they were known to the initiated, and suspected or taken for granted by the rest.

The Psychology of Belligerents

WHEN the German Government's insane declaration of ruthless submarine warfare had forced the United States into the war, the American people, the most idealistic people in the world, went into the war with the enthusiastic spirit of crusaders to fight for the liberty of the world, for the triumph of right over might and to end war forever. That their entry into the war rendered its continuance possible, both sides to the contest having nearly reached the limit of their endurance and financial exhaustion, cannot be gainsaid. But to hold the American people responsible for the resultant prolongation of the war—when nothing but an absurdly so-called premature peace could have preserved Europe from the fate that has overtaken her—would be manifestly unjust, considering that the prosecution of the war to the end—that is to say, to complete victory—had been announced to their peoples as their policy by the ruling powers on both sides.

It should never be forgotten that a solemn and authoritative voice of warning had been raised long before America's entry into the war. It was the voice of the Chief Magistrate of this great nation when he warned the world that the only safe way to end the World War would be by a peace without victory. It echoed the innermost consciousness of the American people. But it remained the voice of a clamant in the desert. It was drowned in the gigantic chorus of largely self-imposed madness that filled the universe with its martial din. And yet it was the voice of profound wisdom, of farseeing statesmanship and of eternal truth.

It is impossible to look back upon the terrible events of these seven years and to contemplate the actual condition of the world without being tempted to ask oneself the question whether it may be taken for granted that the war psychosis, which has been holding in its grip the leading nations of Europe and from which recovery is not yet in sight, has been a dispensation of Providence—recalling the ancient saying, "Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first deprive of reason"—or whether one had better try to discover what elements in the development of modern civilization could, by reacting on the psychology of nations, have gradually evolved a mental attitude in regard to questions of peace or war which tends to subordinate their solution rather to the influence of passion than to the dictates of reason and statesmanship.

Before, however, approaching the discussion of this subject it would seem desirable to attempt to throw some light on the nature of the peculiar psychology which caused the mere suggestion of the advisability of the conclusion of a peace without victory to be met by the ruling powers in belligerent countries with an outburst of indignant condemnation. No attentive observer of the currents of opinion prevailing among these ruling powers could have failed to be aware of the existence among them of two conflicting tendencies, corresponding to two essentially different mentalities, which might be roughly described as the civil mentality on the one hand and the

(Continued on Page 59)

She Knows What's Good

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Continental Motors

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military mentality on the other. The former, accustomed to think on lines of statesmanship and preoccupied primarily not so much with the pursuit of military achievements for the sake of the glory of victory as with the solicitous care of the permanent interests of the state, would be inclined to look upon war as a sometimes unavoidable calamity, to be liquidated as soon as feasible and compatible with these interests, for the defense or promotion of which war had been waged. The latter would be prone to regard war from the viewpoint of what Lord Haldane in his interesting book Before the War so aptly terms the "General Staff mind," using this term in a not at all disparaging sense in relating his dealings with Admiral Tirpitz, the former head of the German naval department, in whom he recognized the possessor of such a highly developed mind. From such a, so to speak, professional point of view, war is apt to be looked upon not solely as a means of attaining certain political ends, the attainment or the possibility of the attainment of which by negotiation puts an end to the necessity of its further prosecution, but rather as an aim in itself—a game to be won only by a checkmate, a prize fight to be terminated only by a knockout blow.

Foch Shows Napoleon's Error

It is easy to see how, once the dogs of war had been unleashed and the unthinking passions of international hatred had been thoroughly aroused, the military mentality could assume complete control of affairs, brushing aside all other considerations, however weighty and dictated by purest patriotism and sound and farseeing statesmanship, which would be branded with the opprobrious term of "pacifism" or "defeatism." History is there to show what havoc this kind of mentality has more than once played with the affairs of Europe. It was this mentality that tempted the great Napoleon to plan the conquest of Europe, that sent his victorious eagles into every capital on the Continent, save alone St. Petersburg, until they were halted and broken at Moscow; that caused him to defy the world united in an effort, at last successful, to destroy utterly his power and to crush the nation the lives of hundreds of thousands of whose sons he had sacrificed to his ruthless ambition.

In this connection might be quoted the eloquent words in which that great soldier, Marshal Foch, gave utterance to the elevated thoughts of a truly superior mind, in the course of a speech delivered at the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Napoleon, as reported by cable to the New York Times and printed in its issue of the fifth of May:

> He raised the art of war beyond all known heights, but this art itself carried him to dizziness. Identifying the grandeur of his country with his own, it was by arms that he wished to settle the fate of peoples, as if one can bring happiness to a nation from a succession of victories dearly bought; as if a people can live on glory and not by work; as if defeated nations, their independence crippled, should not raise themselves up one day to reconquer it and bring forth armies strong in numbers and in faith in their cause; as if in the civilized world right should not prevail over power based solely on force.

The illustrious marshal's words related of course merely to Napoleon's phenomenal career, and it was therefore only to the causes of its disastrous ending that could refer his evident dissent from the great emperor's faith in the possibility of settling by arms the fate of peoples "as if defeated nations, their independence crippled, should not raise themselves up one day to reconquer it."

Nevertheless, the warning his weighty words imply is fully applicable to the present situation. A similar warning was expressed, when it was yet time to heed it, by President Wilson in his address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, in support of his declaration that the peace to come should be a peace without victory:

> Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest not permanently but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last; only a peace the very principle of which is equality and a common participation in a common benefit. The right state of mind, the right feeling between nations, is as necessary for a lasting peace as is the just settlement of vexed questions of territory or of racial and national allegiance.

It would seem incredible that words replete with such profound wisdom of farseeing statesmanship should have fallen entirely on deaf ears. Indeed they did not. But those to whose ears they brought a message of hope were not the high and mighty rulers of the destinies of peoples; it was the humble and lowly, the bleeding and suffering millions, whose hearts were gladdened as by a ray of light in the surrounding darkness of despair; the same who in the following year were to hail with almost religious fervor the arrival in Europe of President Wilson as the coming of the messiah of peace.

In attempting to analyze the attitude of the bourgeois classes, maintained even in the presence of conditions brought about by the war, which were obviously threatening financial and economic ruin to all belligerent countries, and which therefore rendered the earliest possible conclusion of peace a matter of the utmost importance from every viewpoint of reason and statesmanship, it will be necessary to take into account the general conditions of political life as they have been evolved from the historical development of modern civilization.

In following up this line of thought we have to consider first of all the powerful and ever-growing influence of democracy as a determining factor in the political life of all civilized countries. On the field of international politics the advent of democracy marked the end of the epoch when foreign relations constituted the exclusive domain of courts and narrow circles of the nobility or of the uppermost layer of the bureaucracy. Foreign policies could no longer be determined, questions of peace or war could no longer be decided in the privacy of royal closets or cabinet councils, without regard to the currents of so-called public opinion—that is to say, the opinions and prejudices, likes or dislikes, passing impulses or deep-rooted feelings of an ever-widening circle of the educated or so-called bourgeois classes, which have come to be regarded as what, by a curious misnomer, is called the democracy; the real "demos," the so-called lower classes, constituting merely a huge, usually—unless deeply stirred—stolid and inarticulate mass of human beings absorbed in the everlasting toil of earning their daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

A Fearsome Ghost

As Mr. Elihu Root in a recent speech very tersely expressed it: "The exit of autocracies leaves the direction of foreign relations under the ultimate control of multitudinous, ill-informed and untrained democracies. In place of dynastic ambitions the danger of war is now to be found in popular misunderstandings and resentments."

It is the fluctuating opinions and passions of the bourgeois classes and their political parties, on whose support governments have to rely, that sway and in the last resort determine the policies of governments. But when in the pursuit of their policies the fatal decision of a resort to arms has been taken, then, under modern conditions of warfare, when no longer professional armies of limited size are put in the field, but whole nations in arms have to fight the battles of their rulers; governments as well as their supporters, the bourgeois parties, are compelled thoroughly to arouse the popular masses by using every means in their power for stirring in their breasts the elemental passions of hatred and fear and revenge, ever dormant in the human soul, thereby raising a formidable ghost they will no longer be able to lay and whose slaves they ultimately become. That was the ghost standing in the way of all attempts to bring about a peace without victory. It was only a ghost, but a ghost no one had the courage to challenge. Its power was absolute as long as the popular masses believed in its reality.

But their awakening from the hideous nightmare was bound to come, and when it came the ghost would vanish, and with it those who had evoked it and had proved unable to lay it before it was too late. To the side whose popular masses would first experience such an awakening, it would mean first of all military collapse—for the spirit would be dead which had enabled the fighting millions to bear the hardships and to face the horrors of the indefinitely prolonged butchery. It would also mean revolution, overthrow of the principles of authority by which nations had lived for centuries, abject surrender, utter abasement, ruin and chaos.

The first of the belligerent peoples to whom such an awakening had come was the Russian people—I mean the real people, the bulk of the nation, the peasantry, whose sons had for more than two years been shedding their blood at the front. This was but natural, considering that, unlike the other peoples engaged in the war, they could never have felt this war to be their war, as war propaganda would have it. They had been fighting because they had been ordered to fight by the Czar. They had seen victorious advances, they had seen disastrous retreats, and their losses in dead, wounded and maimed far exceeded those suffered by any one of the other peoples engaged in the war—a war waged for a cause and for objects they could neither understand nor have any sympathy with.

They could see no end to the war and they attributed its indefinite prolongation to the ruling bourgeois classes—the blood suckers—whom they refused to serve any longer as cannon fodder. And that was the source of the fierce class hatred which found vent in murders of officers, generals, landowners and other representatives of the hated bourgeoisie, long before the advent to power of the Bolsheviks and the introduction by them of mass terror and wholesale massacres as a system of communistic government.

The Russian People's Choice

On the other hand, the ruling bourgeois classes, under the imperial as well as under the provisional government, clinging obstinately to their slogan, "No peace without victory," and to their policy of war to the bitter end, failed to realize that the Russian people, having manifested their real feelings in a way only purblind obstinacy could pretend to misunderstand, the choice before them lay between loyalty to the policies of the Allies at the cost of the destruction of the monarchy and the shattering of the nation—as a world-renowned English publicist has it—and the ultimate dismemberment and ruin of Russia, or else loyalty to their own country and to their own people by taking in hand themselves the necessary steps for bringing about a general peace by means of which alone Russia's salvation could have been effected; as well, by the way, as that of Europe, from the chaotic conditions prevailing at present.

They chose the former, and they have paid for their folly—along with hundreds of thousands of unfortunates utterly innocent of having shared it—partly with bodily extirpation, partly with exile in foreign lands as destitute and unwelcome refugees, and partly with abject slavery to Bolshevist masters for the sake of saving themselves and those near and dear to them from starvation or a worse fate.

But, most fatal consequence of all, by the elimination of the educated classes, the natural leaders of the nation, the Russian people are left a leaderless, helpless herd, abandoned to the tender mercies of the murderous bandits and demented fanatics who tyrannize them by a system of terrorism far surpassing the worst features of the Reign of Terror during the French Revolution.

However, the events which had taken place in Russia had disclosed the fatal division of the nation into two hostile camps: The upper crust, the ruling bourgeois educated classes, wedded to the policy of war at any cost, a small but theretofore all-powerful minority on the one hand; and on the other the bulk of the nation, an overwhelming majority, desperately yearning for peace. They had also demonstrated the facility with which a government of outwardly imposing strength and supported by the bourgeois classes could be reduced to impotence and ousted from power, and how easily that power could be seized by the proletariat, or by self-appointed adventurers claiming to act in its name.

The lesson carried by these events was not lost on the popular masses in other countries similarly affected by the misery and despair following in the train of the indefinitely protracted war. If in the Central Empires the total collapse and

(Continued on Page 61)

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DODGE

PULLEYS

(Continued from Page 59)

immediate self-effacement of the traditional authority which had held them together for centuries was not followed, as in Russia, by the advent to power of a Bolshevist proletariat, it was due not so much to the greater force of resistance and the firmer will to defend themselves of the bourgeois classes as to the fact that the socialist parties, which on the crest of the wave of the revolution had been borne to the seat of power, being largely composed of elements drawn themselves from the lower stratum of the bourgeoisie, were possessed of sound sense enough not to attempt at once the destruction of the time-honored social order, or to demolish the machinery of government and the armature on which rested the edifice of the state.

That the pernicious example set by events in Russia as well as in the Central Empires should have left seemingly unaffected the popular masses in the victorious countries is not to be wondered at. The elation of victory is bound to have a bracing and steadying effect on the morale of a people. Besides, they had never known the depressing effects of general undernourishment nor the pangs of actual hunger.

They had been fighting with the consciousness of having at their command material resources immeasurably superior to those of the enemy and guaranteeing the certainty of ultimate victory. And yet, when reading with the profound attention they deserve such wonderful books as Now It Can Be Told and Le Feu, in which Sir Philip Gibbs and Henri Barbusse have had the courage to give to the world the real truth, one cannot help realizing that in the minds of millions of young men in the trenches ideas in regard to war were germinating which indicated that they were beginning to be conscious of being—as Sir Philip Gibbs puts it—"but the pawns of the game which is being played behind closed doors by the great gamblers in the courts and foreign offices, and committee rooms, and counting houses of the political casinos of Europe."

Nor can one help being profoundly impressed when he says that, as far as he had been able to ascertain, "the German people revolted in spirit against the monstrous futility and idiocy of the war, and were convinced in their souls that its origin lay in the greed and pride of the governing classes of all nations who had used men's bodies as counters in a devil's game."

Purblind Statesmanship

It was the World War that had furnished Bolshevism the opportunity to raise its sinister head; it was in the misery and despair which it brought in its train and the feelings which their sufferings excited in the minds of the popular masses that Bolshevist propaganda was thriving. The lamentable purblindness of European statesmanship failed to realize the gravity of the danger with which modern bourgeois civilization was threatened and to understand that there was only one way to avert it, and that was to terminate at once the fatal, the suicidal internecine war between the nations guided by the bourgeois classes, and to unite unreservedly in a joint effort to put down and destroy the hydra of Bolshevism at its headquarters before it could have gathered the strength it afterward acquired.

And when the war was nominally ended it was the same purblindness of European statesmanship, forgetful of the elementary truth so tersely expressed by Marshal Foch in the speech I have quoted above, that dictated to the vanquished treaties whose terms, in the words of Sir Philip Gibbs, "with their disregard of racial boundaries, their creation of new hatreds and vendettas, will lead, as sure as the sun will rise, to new warfare."

The two original feuds which divide the nations of Europe—the ancient feud between French and German and the more recent one between German and Slav—have not only not been settled but have been greatly aggravated by these treaties; and the economic recovery of Europe at a time when the establishment of the economic unity of the civilized world would have been the prime condition of such recovery has been gravely complicated and impeded by the creation of a number of new politically insecure, economically weak and financially insolvent independent states, each with its own tariff, customs barriers and obstructions of communication and trade.

One need not be a confirmed pessimist to look with the gravest concern upon the present conditions and future prospects of unhappy Europe, and to realize that her salvation can never be achieved by any kind of political or financial assistance from the outside. It can be brought about solely by the slow growth among the peoples of Europe of a new international psychology.

When I remember a witty cartoon which appeared some time ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST representing Europe in the guise of a motherly woman spanking her bad boy Germany, the while her other naughty progeny were fighting among themselves like Kilkenny cats, Uncle Sam looking on from across the street, saying, "To think that I came near marrying her!"—I cannot help feeling that he might have added the thankful prayer, "God bless the Atlantic Ocean!"

LOST MINES AND THE HIGH PRIESTS OF GLAMOUR

(Continued from Page 14)

It seems that Smith never dreamed that the metal might be valuable until the gold excitement started and the rush to California. Then it burst upon his apprehension that he had the world by the tail and hadn't known it. So he scoured up his wooden leg and lit out for the middle of the desert again, looking for his hill of gold. He made several expeditions, but the best he ever got out of it was a draw. In the end he gave it up, glad to get away with his leg. He disappears from history at this point; but sometime during the Civil War another man came over the same approximate route, striking Los Angeles with seven thousand dollars in nuggets and the story of the three hills. However, he promptly died—which is the correct thing to do in every well-regulated lost-mines story.

Does the Pegleg really exist? Many men think so. Here and there an occasional enthusiast slips away into the desert to look for it. Now and then one never returns. Only one sure thing remains—the glamour is still there, haloed about the picture of three hills in the desert and a wooden-legged man stumping bravely across the barren sands. It is hard to forget that picture and it will keep the Lost Pegleg alive for many generations. Mr. Boffin felt the same keen interest in wooden legs. How Mr. Boffin would have appreciated Pegleg Smith! And how vividly Mr. Boffin's character reflected that simple little weakness of mankind! Smith's poor old body lies a-moldering in the tomb—but his leg goes marching on.

The Silver Gunsight

Closely akin to the Lost Pegleg is the Lost Breyfogle. It is set down that in the early '50's an emigrant train took the Southern Utah route from Salt Lake to California. Their course took them across the Mojave Desert; and as they were passing Death Valley one of the party, named Breyfogle, left the train to hunt. Some miles away he found a ledge of decomposed quartz filled with coarse gold. He gouged out a number of the largest chunks and hurried back to the wagon train to report. However, the captain of the expedition was more concerned about the lives of his people than he was about gold finds, and so he refused to halt. But when the train reached California Breyfogle went back. They always went back—but they never found their lost mine the second time. And that's what happened to Breyfogle.

There are certain humorous elements attending the study of lost mines, and some of them doubtless attach to the history of the Breyfogle; but it must not be forgotten that to some people it was a serious matter. It is a thing of record that at least sixty men died hunting for the Lost Breyfogle. High priests of glamour! They served their altars well and to them the Lost Breyfogle was no joke.

Death Valley, it would seem, is popular with lost mines. The famous Gunsight was found and lost along the same old emigrant trail. In 1850 a party broke up near Death Valley at a place which since has gone by the name of Lost Wagons. It was here that they abandoned their outfit and started on toward California, some on foot and some riding the oxen. And in this connection it might be interesting to note that riding an ox with the thermometer sometimes at 130 is not a joke either. Several members wandered away from the train, scattering finally. One of these stragglers eventually reached Los Angeles with some chunks of metal which he had found during his wanderings. He went to a gunsmith to have a new sight put on his rifle and asked the smith to use a bit of the stuff he had found on the desert. The gun man discovered that the metal was silver. And thus was the legend of the Lost Gunsight formed.

Another of the stragglers managed to get through alive, and he had a pocketful of raw gold as well as a tale which was a thing of beauty and richness. He had stopped to drink at a stream, the bed of which was lined with gold. He brought away all he could carry and then went back to look for the place again. He never found it. They never do.

Did he really see it? Nobody knows. But he dedicated his life to the search and died in the desert. He left some old blacksmithing tools in a certain place which is now known as Anvil Cañon. His name was Bennett. Near Anvil Cañon are some springs that are called Bennett's Wells.

After all, doesn't that pay him for all he suffered? His name is perpetuated as long as those springs do not go dry. Bennett's Wells! Other men work nearly as hard, suffer nearly as much, reap a lifetime of disappointments, and when they die the best they get is a slab of granite on which is nothing but a skinny angel and a wreath which looks like a five-cent bunch of soup vegetables.

Another story of a gold-lined creek bed came from the same general direction. A small party of men were trying to make a short cut from Salt Lake to California, when something happened to them. There was a vague rumor that all but two killed themselves by drinking too much water. Maybe it really was water; we shall give them the benefit of the doubt. Anyway, the two survivors scooped up as much gold as they could carry and started on. After a while one of them became delirious from thirst and ran away into the night. The other reached Los Angeles with a small remnant of his gold, but died two weeks later. Perhaps he drank too much also; but since Los Angeles is now chastely dry it would be unkind to press the matter to a more definite conclusion.

The Illustrious Blue Bucket

And now the Blue Bucket Mine. Strangely enough, mention of this illustrious lost mine is seldom encountered in the printed histories of its colleagues, though among the high priests of glamour who gather about the camp fires in the far places the Blue Bucket holds precedence above them all; yes, even above the Pegleg.

Unfortunately the legend of the Blue Bucket, as it has come to me, carries no dates, though heaven knows it has localities enough and to spare. Briefly, the story concerns a lady emigrant who had stopped to camp by a little stream and while she made camp her two children played by the brook with a blue tin bucket. When they came into camp they carried the blue bucket brimful of gold nuggets.

Thus far the high priests are unanimous and of one accord—the blue bucket and the nuggets. Beyond that point the story flies apart and at every new recital one hears improvisations, weird sometimes, convincing at others, but always carrying the same motif of the blue bucket and the brimming nuggets.

Only last summer I had three different interpretations of the Blue Bucket yarn. An aged prospector wandered past my place in the cañon and I gave him a job

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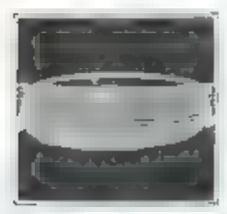

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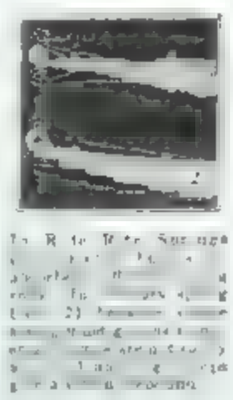

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chopping wood. He was a high priest of the first water. His name was Bill and the world had treated him rough. As we sat at the fire that first evening it developed that as soon as he made a stake Bill meant to go and find the Blue Bucket.

"Do you know where it is located?" I asked him, and he said he did. It was up in Oregon somewhere, in the Cow Creek country, beyond Grants Pass. A lady emigrant had stopped to camp overnight and after a while her two children came in, carrying a blue bucket full of nuggets.

I mentioned Bill's ambition to a friend of mine who was doing some logging just across the Trinity.

"Blue Bucket?" he said. "Why, sure—I know all about it. Heard the tale when I was teaming from the Sacramento Valley up into the Sierras. It was this way: The lady was a member of the Donner party and one evening she camped by a little stream and pretty soon her two children came in with a blue bucket ——"

And as a remarkable coincidence, as I left the mountains this last autumn I happened to share my seat with a prospector who was going over to work a placer proposition on Beegum Creek. I mentioned Bill and the Blue Bucket. My new prospector friend, however, took the matter quite seriously.

"Say," he said, "I know all about the Blue Bucket. I've talked with the lady herself. I know her two sons. Grown to manhood now, of course. The boys and I tried to get her to tell us the place, but she has forgotten. The poor old lady is crazy."

"Where is the Blue Bucket supposed to be located?" I asked this new high priest, and he told me without hesitation.

"Up in Idaho," he said confidently. "And as soon as I make a thousand dollars on Beegum Creek I'm going to Idaho and find that Blue Bucket Mine."

I consider it remarkable that in the space of a month I happened to meet three individuals who knew the approximate location of the Lost Blue Bucket. But though they were unanimous about the blueness of the bucket and the yellowness of the gold, by no means could I bring their stories into harmony as regarded location of this remarkable treasure. And so I am left in the same state of mind that would belong to a man who was told that a fortune lay buried beside a cottonwood tree somewhere in the vicinity of Chicago; or if not in Chicago, then perhaps in Kansas City or maybe Memphis, Tennessee. And considering this, do you blame me for being discouraged and for arriving at last at the conclusion that hunting lost mines is not a vocation adapted to my peculiar type of mentality? I am not vaunting myself. I realize that as a lost-mine hunter I am a fine botanist and I let it go at that.

Old Bill's Unshaken Faith

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about lost mines is the vigor with which the high priests defend their own credulity. They want to believe. They refuse to doubt. They will believe, even though it costs them a lifetime of hardships and disappointments and a grave in the potter's field at the end of the trail.

"But, Bill," I objected to my beglamoured old woodcutter, "why didn't this Blue Bucket lady stay and file a claim? What made her take that bucketful of nuggets and leave the place? It doesn't hang together, Bill, that yarn. Not to me, it doesn't!"

"Oh," Bill hastened to explain, "they didn't know gold in them days. And after she went away the wind blowed the sand over the crick and covered it up!"

Poor old Bill! He was getting mad and so I very discreetly sheered off and did not mention Blue Bucket again. You see, he wanted to believe. The desire to believe was so dominant in his heart that he refused to tolerate a single objection that might in any way injure the beautiful fabric of his obsession. His explanation was puerile and absurd in the extreme, but it was the best that offered to his mind. Next day I paid him off and he shouldered his blanket roll and set his dimming eyes and plodding feet toward the north.

Now it must not be forgotten that the lost mine may be a fact, after all. It is this possibility that keeps even the most unlikely legend alive, even in the face of skepticism and ridicule. The West is a vast place, rugged, and here and there most inhospitable—the West of the lost mines. In the old days the difficulty of returning to any particular spot was increased a hundred times by the lack of trails and surveys and a number of other things which to-day are considered vital in successfully traveling through the wilderness. In the high hills the character of the country may be changed in a day by forest fires or cloudbursts; in the desert by shifting sands. No doubt Bill had this latter possibility in mind when he explained the disappearance of the Blue Bucket Creek, but evidently Bill forgot that the Cow Creek country is by no means a desert. Still, what is a trifling inconsistency like that among friends?

Further bearing out the possibility of the lost mine being a fact is the gold itself which the reputed finders of the mines brought in. How shall we get round that substantial witness? Of course there have been a thousand other excitements, started by rumors of gold. As for instance in 1856, about the time of the Fraser River excitement, when stampede germs were in the air, someone in Sacramento started a story about a lake of gold that had been discovered up in the vicinity of Truckee. Nobody knew how it started—and nobody cared. There was no gold to show and nobody to say just who had seen this lake of gold, but no matter, the people fell for it. Little flurries like that Sacramento fever usually die and are forgotten. But Pegleg Smith and the rest of them brought out samples. Moreover, they attested their sincerity by going back and giving their lives in support of their claims. How are you going to account for it? That's what the old high priest wants to know, shooting a hard glance across the camp fire and waiting for you to say something. If you are wise you don't say it.

The Corkscrew's Strike

I never do; for I have learned that glamour comes in many different guises. The glamour that blinds one person slips off the credulity of another. But there are glamours to fit all minds. This was a very expensive truth; but once paid for, I found it extremely valuable.

For instance: At one time I lived in a peaceful little valley surrounded by excellent friends, all of whom were eminently well acquainted with the world and the vanities thereof. The delusions of speculation, gambling and wildcat exploitation were things so far beneath our credulity that we did not even notice them. Nor was there one of us who would have fallen for mining stocks, oil stocks or any of the many lures spread before the world by the smoothest confidence man. We were safe from the gambling fever. But we did not know about the glamour of raw gold.

Now in our village lived an individual whom we avoided, watching him askance as the one black sheep in our otherwise spotless fold. He was a wildcatter by nature, a promoter of shady enterprises in general, and withal a man of very doubtful origin. Unanimously the valley elected him to the penitentiary, though some way or another he never got there. He was so devious in his ways that we called him The Corkscrew. He lived as became a predacious creature, selling 'dobe lands to the poor tenderfeet who did not know that citrus fruits thrive best up along the edge of the foothills where the soil is porous and full of rocks, and that the brawling streams of early May run dry in midsummer when you really need their water for irrigation purposes. But we of the valley never bit when The Corkscrew cast his bait. We knew him.

One beautiful evening The Corkscrew came down from the foothills in apparent excitement, executing also a palpable attempt at secrecy. I do not know how it happened, but the great news leaked out. The Corkscrew had made a strike!

Here let it be imparted that in the West the word "strike" is a potential thing. Never utter the fatal word unless you are sitting high up on the fence somewhere, out of the way when the stampede starts. Otherwise you are likely to be run over. A digression, perhaps, but it explains certain other events that followed.

I managed to see The Corkscrew's gold; I do not at this late day recall just how I did it. He had it in a little bottle. Incredibly soon the whole valley saw—and believed! It is a fact. We who would not have believed The Corkscrew had he told us that black was black—we believed everything he said when he showed us that little bottle of gold and told us he had found it in the hills above the edge of the valley!

I think I shall not dwell longer on this, for even after the lapse of a quarter of a century my face burns when memory leans out of a dim back window of the past and snickers at me. It is sufficient that when the epidemic rolled by, the whole valley owned mining claims and quarrels and poison-oak blisters and sore shins—and I, the worldly-wise one who knew a thing or two about glamour—I had a string of claims that reached from the west edge of the valley halfway to the Pacific Ocean. Gold? Of course not! The Corkscrew had played a sour joke on the valley.

Why did he do it? I don't know. Sometimes I suspect that the man was a grim, selfish humorist and that, hidden behind his furtive mask, The Corkscrew was laughing himself sick to see how he had hooked the whole valley with his most ridiculous lure. And since that experience I can readily apprehend that sometimes a fish will reject all legitimate baits and at last bite at a piece of the camp dishrag.

Perhaps some of the discoverers of lost mines were like The Corkscrew—telling a monumental lie just for the pleasure of seeing the world go crazy over it. Pretty grim joke, when, as in the case of the Breyfogle and a number of others, it cost from a dozen to fifty or perhaps a hundred lives.

And yet, if it was a joke, where did the gold come from that they showed as proof? You see it all comes back to the contention of the high priest of glamour who demands that he be shown before he will abandon his gods.

It will be observed that nearly all the lost mines bear romantic titles. Pegleg, Blue Bucket, Gunsight—clear down the list the names bring before the mental vision pictures that appeal to the dramatic sense that is in all of us. Every writer of fiction knows how vital to the text is the appeal of the title. Unconsciously the lost-mine hunter is affected by this, though doubtless he does not understand the fact. Lost Cabin, for example—does it not suggest romance the moment it meets the eye? Can you not imagine the starving, exhausted hero staggering up to the lost cabin near the end of Reel Five, waving his ragged arms and falling unconscious beside a nugget as big as a washtub just as the heroine dashes recklessly down the rocky trail, flings herself from her spotted pony and bestows upon the poor dying fellow a ham sandwich and a suspicious bottle? I can.

And then the dreamy fadeaway, showing the lovers sitting upon some far height while the sun sets beyond the blue ranges and there come across the screen these heartbreaking words:

"And so through the golden haze of bright years, far from the dear Lost Cabin ——" Or: "And so when the jeweled stars flung sweet rain upon the far-away wilderness ——"

Lost Cabin Found

Dashing the warm tears from our eyes, we come back to history. The Lost Cabin Mine is popularly supposed to be out in the Bad Lands, somewhere near the headwaters of the Big Horn. In the early '70's a party of prospectors went out from old Fort Washakie and only one of them ever came back. This lone survivor was crazy as a fiddler crab. He carried a bunch of free gold that made the oldest inhabitant's eyes bug out a foot; but when asked where it came from the returned pilgrim merely said, "Lost cabin." To every question he returned the same answer—"Lost cabin."

It was not much to go on, one would think, but the high priests of glamour considered it ample. They figured that the nut had found a rich mine near a lost cabin. By which it will be perceived that human nature was the same in those days. "Lost cabin" appealed to their imagination. Upon those two words they built a sufficient edifice of hope and went into the hills with it. They found nothing.

In 1884 a cowboy came into Washakie and reported that he had found the Lost Cabin at last. He took a party into the wilderness and after a rough journey they reached a tumbledown log cabin in which were the skeletons of four men. There was a tunnel too; but on prospecting it they found nothing but plumbago.

Camera!

The Long Quest. The Lost Cabin at Last! A Close-up of a Heap of Bones!

THE END!

Which is not such a bad epitome, at that. The stories of thousands of lost-mine

(Continued on Page 65

McQUAY-NORRIS PISTON RINGS

You can't have full motor power with worn or leaky piston rings

Piston rings wear, just as tires do. They travel up and down the cylinder walls thousands of times at varying speeds. They contract and expand constantly under variations of temperature. Wear is inevitable.

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LEAK-PROOF—the greatest piston ring for power. They prevent loss of gas and compression by means of their exclusive two-piece design. This creates even outward expansion all around the ring, thus maintaining equal pressure against the cylinder wall at all times. The leading *power* ring for twelve years. Install in all except the top groove of each piston, which should always carry a Supercyl Ring. This combination increases motor power, saves gas and oil. Each LEAK-PROOF Ring is packed in a parchment container.

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Supercyl—to control oil. The only ring of its kind. It prevents oil and carbon troubles by keeping lubricating oil out of the combustion chamber. Its special reservoir collects excess oil from the cylinder wall on each down stroke of the piston and empties itself on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Install one in the top groove of each piston regardless of the compression rings you use. Each Supercyl Ring is packed in a parchment container.

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In Canada, $1.25

JIFFY-GRIP—for those who want lower-priced equipment—a one-piece ring that has proved its efficiency within the limits of the one-piece design. This is a quick-seating ring with an improved non-butting joint and a velvet finish that "seats in a jiffy." Always install in combination with one Supercyl Ring in the top groove of each piston. *JIFFY-GRIP* Rings are packed in individual glassine envelopes, twelve to a carton. This protects them from rust and prevents deterioration.

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Snap Rings—of the very highest grade—raised above the ordinary level of "bulk" rings by the care and uniform accuracy of McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. You can be certain of all the Snap Ring satisfaction that is possible at their price when you buy the McQuay-Norris brand. They are packed twelve rings to the carton, and are rolled in waxed paper, which preserves them from rust, breakage or any other impairment.

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A RING FOR EVERY PRICE AND PURPOSE
MADE OF ELECTRIC IRON

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PAR-KERRY

THE DESIGNING ROOMS AT FASHION PARK PRESENT PAR-KERRY STORM-PROOF WEAVES IN MID-SEASON WEIGHTS FOR BETWEEN SEASON WEAR.

THE COAT PICTURED FAVORS THE SLIP-ON TYPE OF ENGLISH GARMENT. IT IS NOTABLE FOR ITS COMFORT AND ITS GRACEFUL LINES.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 62)

hunters would outrival in dramatic interest any motion picture that ever was flashed upon the screen. But the high priests of glamour do not realize this. To them danger, starvation, freezing, the awful heat of the desert, disappointment and rheumatism are merely part of the day's work. They never mention these things at all. They do not see them, for they are too common. To them the real things are the ones about which they converse beside the camp fire.

"Now Doc Thorn saw that cañon of gold or he wouldn't have gone back to look for it. Ain't I right? Would he have spent his life lookin' for it if he didn't believe he saw it? Well, then, if he saw it and didn't find it, why, it's still there, ain't it? Shorely! Now I figure that if a man took a couple of jackasses and a year's grub and went in there ——"

As a matter of fact Doc Thorn and his story are things of record too. The old chronicles state that near the close of the Civil War a young army surgeon, Thorn, was stationed at an Arizona post, and one day a couple of Apaches came in, suffering from sore eyes. The doctor cured them and they were very grateful. They begged him to go home with them, promising him all the gold he could carry back. The young man demurred at first, for he did not exactly relish the idea of trusting himself alone with his red brothers. True, they were very grateful; but he was young and the hair on top of his head was long and attractive. He had heard that the Apaches were enthusiastic hairdressers, ardent collectors of human bric-a-brac, and not particularly attentive to the amenities when beset by the temptations that even a modern collector will readily understand. He wanted to keep his scalp, and no fair-minded person can blame him for this very natural ambition.

Doctor Thorn's Strategy

But by and by the offers of gold overrode his discretion and he went along with the Apaches. They blindfolded him, however, until they reached their village. Here the doctor went about doing good for several days, curing the sick and making a great hit. At last they blindfolded him again and took him to a far place. When they finally removed the blinders the young man found himself in the bottom of a deep cañon and all about him were Indians, busily engaged in picking up nuggets. They pressed these nuggets upon the visitor, but a clever idea had come to the doctor. He looked at the offerings, affected great disdain and told them if that was all they had to offer they might keep it, as it was worthless. After which bright bit of work he tossed the proffered gold away, yawned, sneered and asked them how they got that way.

You see? Doc figured that the Indians would see it this way: Since he did not consider the proposition worth looking at, why, there would be no necessity for blindfolding him on the return trip. Then doc could locate the place, come back later and glom the whole smear for himself! Clever dog, doc.

But if the maneuver got across with the Apaches they did not show it. They were much mortified at the action of their guest, for to their simple minds doc's conduct didn't seem to be good cricket. Nor did doc's ruse work as he expected, for they blindfolded him again, and all the way to the village they traveled him up and down and about and they walked him in circles until he didn't know whether he was going north or south. Still he was not wholly a loser, for while he had stood in the cañon he had noticed a mountain with its top bent over like a broken thumb.

That was enough for him. When he got back to the post he resigned from the service and started out to find that cañon of gold and take it away from the hospitable Apaches. But apparently a jinx went out with him, for it seemed that the country was full of broken-thumb mountains. He spent his life and ruined his health, and he never did find it.

And really one can't be very sorry for Doc Thorn. It was coming to him; for any man that has gold thrust upon him and hasn't sense enough to take it is unfit to ask sympathy of a cockroach.

But no man, no matter how skeptical, can wholly pass over the Doc Thorn mystery by saying it was a fake. You are bound to feel the force of the old jackass tramp's argument: Doc Thorn went back and spent his life looking for a cañon of gold close by a mountain which looked like a broken thumb. Evidently he believed he saw what he said he saw. One can very well imagine a man telling a huge lie for the fun of it, like my old valley friend The Corkscrew, but it would be difficult to picture him spending the rest of his life backing up his own lie. Inevitably one is led to the conclusion that the doctor believed he saw it.

What, then, is the answer? Was he hypnotized by his red brothers? Was it a case of autohypnosis? Was he crazy? Evidently the men who knew him did not think so, for the history states that for years afterward people believed that the Doc Thorn mine really existed. Well, once more, then, one is bound to give credence to the argument of the old lost-mine worshiper. If it was there, then it's there yet—and if a man took a couple of jackasses and a year's grub and went in there ——

Yes, there is a mysterious lure about it. I feel it myself—this minute, even as I write. It would be fun, wouldn't it, boys? Of course we would laugh at ourselves and say we were in it merely for the kick and the novelty of sleeping upon the ground under strange skies; but—we're all kids at heart and no man ever grows too old to enjoy Treasure Island.

But prepare for a wet blanket. I have had a few experiences myself and I know how blank is the wall that one encounters here and there while pursuing an almost sure-fire clew to lost mines. There's a lost mine somewhere in my back yard. It's a fact!

It was this way: In 1910 my partner and I penetrated the wilderness and located a hundred acres of placer land on the South Fork of the Trinity River. One day when we were over on Mad River, gran'pap came along. He had heard that we were located across the Trinity, opposite the old Cap Trueworthy chimney. Was that a fact? It was.

Gran'pap immediately became worried. Had we located a certain bit of land that he described? Yes, we had—and forthwith gran'pap was cast down beyond all hope. Finally he told us about it.

Seven years before, he had been camping in a bunch of sarvice bushes, and in the first little gulch north he had found a ledge from which he had taken a sample. He showed us the sample. It was fairly running over with gold.

"It didn't show at first," gran'pap explained; "but after I carried it in my pocket a while the gold wore yellow and I saw what it was. Every year I been intendin' to go over and locate it; but I been having the rheumatism worse every year and so I've put it off—and now you boys have got it!" Then his old face brightened. "But maybe you'll give me half?"

The Treasures of Dreamland

We would! Gran'pap gave us a map of the place. It tallied exactly with our knowledge of the locality. The sarvice clump where he had camped was now the middle of my garden. The first gulch north was a hundred yards beyond my house. From the sarvice clump one could look across at the rotting ruin of what in the old days had been Cap Trueworthy's shack, just as gran'pap said. There could be no mistake. Absolutely none. Gran'pap was a good man, a pioneer and our friend.

I know that the old man believed what he told us. But I should like to know from what stray corners of his memory of eighty years he had gathered the bits with which to build the perfect pattern of his lost-mine story! For there was no ledge in that little first gulch north.

So I think I have found the ultimate source of at least one of the minor lost-mine stories: found it springing from the mind of an old, old man who lived in the borderland between thinking and dreaming, and sometimes thinking his dreams were the waking thoughts: telling his dreams and thinking them real.

Anyway, gran'pap doesn't mind if I say he dreamed that mine. Gran'pap is prospecting the Everlasting Hills now, and I hope with all my heart that when he makes his strike over there he'll find all his dreams come true.

In all that I have written I have spoken of the lost-mine devotee as differentiated from the rest of us level-headed prospectors. But while we are in the business we might as well confess that no man is too level-headed to be entirely immune from the mysterious lure of raw gold; gold that is hidden away in the heart of the wilderness, wasted.

I know the lure of raw gold. Why, once, a long time ago, a friend of mine came in from a prospecting trip through the Southern California mountains and showed me a bit of fabulously rich quartz which he whispered came from a bowlder which had rolled down the slope of Frazier Mountain into Long Dave Cañon—that is, he said it was fabulously rich. It has been perhaps twenty years since then, but I can see that chunk of rock yet—bricky, honeycombed and carrying flecks of white quartz.

Glamour? That ugly bit of rubble threw off glamour enough to choke a cow. I know what it feels like, and I, too, have been numbered among the high priests. Dear old boys, I know what they felt, and on my soul I can't wholly pity them.

But to proceed: Ed told me that story about his ugly piece of honeycomb quartz eye to eye, seriously and with hearty earnestness. He was a good fellow and a warm friend. Was he lying? I don't know. He had no reason to lie to me and he never did it before. Anyway, that is a mere detail. The fact remains that, lying or not, he spread a glamour over me with his confounded fabulously rich piece of vitrified brick—a glamour that has lasted for twenty years. I don't believe the rock was rich. I don't believe any part of his story. Nevertheless, I've always had a secret hankering to go down to Long Dave Cañon and look about a bit. Maybe I shall, sometime when I've nothing better to do.

An Easy One to Try

Yes, there is a possibility that there really may be a Pegleg or a Breyfogle or a Lost Cabin or a Doc Thorn, but don't try to find any of these. These are too inaccessible, and most of them lie out in a country that is drier than the latest joke about the Volstead Law. If you must join the high priests and hunt a lost mine, pick out an easy one.

Wait! While I am about it I'll tell you of a peach. It is located under Emigrant Gap, on the Bear Valley side, and it is the one the story of which begins:

"And one day about the end of November this here lunger left the sheep camp and went down the side of the mountain with his gold pan. About suppertime he came in and handed a tobacco sack to the sheep herder ——"

As you ride along on the backbone of creation you glide suddenly out of the snowsheds and cross a wagon road that zigzags up from Bear Valley to Emigrant Gap. You can see it if you look out of the window. Brothers, that road leads down to the vicinity of the mine the lunger found the evening before the beginning of the big snow—the mine that never was found.

I had this story first-hand—that is, a sheep herder told the tale to my friend and my friend told me, enjoining me to secrecy. I can't keep it any longer. And when I tell a secret I tell it wide and lavishly. Two million people know it now, and I see the finish of at least one lost mine.

The lunger died, just as stated. This was established by my friend. The country is exactly as set down in the narrative. I do not know what became of the sheep herder. Maybe he died too. That, to me, is the only flaw in an otherwise perfect work. However, the story as it came to me seemed absolutely straightforward and honest in every detail. There didn't seem a possible chance for anything to be wrong. I felt that I could go straight to that Lost Lunger mine and stick my finger spang in its eye the darkest night you ever saw. I'll make another sheepish confession: I did go.

Yes, it was a good story. Very choice. But if ever I take up prospecting again I do not doubt that I shall be able to polish up that Lost Lunger yarn, disposing of the sheep herder satisfactorily, so that the history of that Emigrant Gap bonanza will bear upon its face the stamp of an innocence impossible to disbelieve.

But I shall not attempt this until the virus of the jackass tramp has bitten deeply into my bones, stimulating my imagination until I can no longer discern the line of demarcation between truth and fiction. In those days I shall be able to look a trustful babe straight in the eye and tell it this story—and believe it myself. Then I shall be a high priest of glamour indeed, following the tail of my lone jackass until I die.

Many men came and went in her life

SHE fascinated each one only for a little while. Nothing ever came of it.

Yet she was attractive—unusually so. She had beguiling ways. Beautiful hair, radiant skin, exquisite teeth and an intriguing smile. Still there was something about her that made men show only a transient interest.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

And the pathetic tragedy of it all was that she herself was utterly ignorant as to why. Those of her friends who *did* know the reason didn't have the heart to tell her.

* * *

People don't like to talk about halitosis (unpleasant breath). It isn't a pretty subject. Yet why in the world should this topic be taboo even among intimate friends when it may mean so much to the individual to know the facts and then correct the trouble?

Most forms of halitosis are only temporary. Unless halitosis is due to some deep-seated cause (which a physician should treat), the liquid antiseptic, Listerine, used regularly as a mouth wash and gargle, will quickly correct it. The well-known antiseptic properties of this effective deodorant arrest fermentation in the mouth and leave the breath clean, fresh and sweet. It is an ideal combatant of halitosis.

So why have the uncomfortable feeling of being uncertain about whether your breath is just right when the precaution is so simple and near at hand?

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2160 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

America's Summer Playground

There is probably not a person in the Pacific Northwest who would change for any other spot on earth.

It is the fairest and loveliest land, we who live here believe, ever bestowed on man.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson in a serious medical work terms it "The Charmed Land of the American Continent," and likens its climate to that of heaven.

Its air is a life-giving blend of the air of the mountains and the sea, filtered through great pine forests.

It is a land of sport and play—of golf every day of the year; of glorious mountains to climb, of shimmering mountain lakes and rushing streams and tumbling waterfalls; of superb scenic motor roads; of thousands of miles of placid inland seas, dotted with charming isles and islets; of hikes and trails; of boating, canoeing, swimming, and sea bathing; of sea fishing and stream fishing; of upland birds and marsh birds and big game; of camping and picnicking; of greenery and flowers and sheer beauty unparalleled.

Spend this year's vacation with us—no heat, cyclones, earthquakes, severe electrical storms or poisonous reptiles—nothing but a good time.

Write for "The Charmed Land" booklet.

Seattle Chamber of Commerce

910 Arctic Building, Seattle

THE MAGIC CIRCLE

Continued from Page 7

supplement can exist—tittered through a set of crooked teeth and lisped:

"Didn't I see you with the Egglesfords at the game?"

"Quite possibly," agreed Maggie, somewhat aloof.

Alastair Macnorman, celebrated for his wives and his gambling adventures with the Khedive of Egypt, proved to be rather a smallish man with a most unbecoming pug nose. He was mildly agreeable to talk to, although in appearance he reminded her of Huck Bascomb, who drove the stage for the Bascomb House back home. She tried to engage him on the subject of horses, a topic on which no Southerner can go far amiss. But Mr. Macnorman was evasive. His latest enthusiasm, it appeared, was goldfish, and he was attempting to breed a variety with an infinite number of tails. The trouble was, he added with a sigh, that they died so easily. This was the best news Mr. Macnorman conveyed.

Maggie's glances kept roving toward the handsome youth who had interpreted for General Ravenna. She saw him across the splendid room, example of a finer class. His air was princely, reserved and always a little humorous. She wondered if he were a foreigner of rank. He spoke good English, as she remembered, with a decided Yankee accent. But whoever he was, he was somebody.

Aside from him the guests at Mrs. Van Reek's reception were a disappointment to the Hannisville idea. Even their clothes were far below Maggie's conception of New York's social regalia. Many of the men hadn't even dressed for the afternoon, but came in tweeds of so modest a cut and pattern as to suggest the visiting Quaker. There was a sprinkling of young girls, less modish than herself in Maggie's estimation. Many of the dowagers—she guessed that they were dowagers—were dowdy in the style of the last generation. An occasional old gentleman with violet nose and tightly waxed mustache would go by, thrilling the young girl with suggestions of the courtly life of which she had dreamed.

But save for the pomposity of the Van Reek home what was there about this gathering that marked it as different from the wide, wide world outside the circle? Where were the jewels? Where the howling swells and raging beauties? Where the champagne fountains, pet anacondas, loose-lipped duchesses with sapphire cigarette holders and a romantic air of scandal?

Just as she had entered the dining room for tea Maggie looked around and saw two girls of about her own age crowded against the sideboard.

"Let's smoke," whispered one.

"In this house?" asked her companion in a shocked tone. "Just try it. Aunt Tabby would burn you alive."

The men, however, were smoking industriously. A few minutes later Maggie saw one of the young insurgents smuggle a cigarette hastily from a masculine hand, puff guiltily and hide the brand behind her back. Aunt Tabby, she gathered, was the local name for Mrs. Van Reek, and it was plain that the neighborhood feared her.

The beautiful youth with the gun-metal eyes was visible now and then. To Maggie the afternoon was his. Occasionally he would speak to General Ravenna, more often to Mrs. Van Reek. It was plain to see that he occupied a position of importance in the family. Possibly he was a nephew or a grandson of the great lady. Maggie would have given the Hannisville City Hall for another word with him. It was not long before she had gained her wish, and at a bargain.

"Taking it dry?" asked a pleasant voice at her shoulder.

She looked around and had an impression of gun-metal eyes, vigorous black hair and a skillfully molded chin with a deep dimple in its center.

"Oh," she replied after catching her breath. "Is there really something ——"

"If you call tea something," he informed her with a laugh. Then he looked furtively around before lowering his voice to the information, "Aunt Tabby's taking advantage of the Volstead Act. Her home has become an example of piety. It's a wonderful example, and tremendously economical. Shall I get you some tea?"

"Thank you," said she, and was so a-flutter that the saucer all but fell from her hand when he brought it.

"Tell me more about Aunt Tabby," she begged, as much to hold his attention as for any other reason.

"Are you spoofing me?" he asked. "What do I know that you don't? You must have grown up right under her nose."

"Her nose was a thousand miles away from where I was raised," she admitted. Then, fearful that she had opened the cat's bag an inch too wide, she hastened to add, "I'm one of the Southern Spears, you know."

Was there satire in those clear, clever eyes? The look he gave her filled her again with the self-consciousness of a thief walking disguised in the midst of honest folk.

"I'm of a Southern branch myself," he explained, and she knew then that somewhere in his complicated soul he was laughing at her.

She was about to ask him if he happened to come from Virginia when an influx of tea drinkers around the big table jogged her elbow, causing the liquid in her cup to rage like a little stormy sea. "Let's get out of the scrimmage," he suggested. "I always hate a tea fight when it gets rough."

They moved across the room next to a pair of windows which reached majestically to the floor. He had set her cup on a side table and she was about to take up the subject of his Southern origin when his eyes flashed whimsically toward the window and his face broke into a smile.

"The Vandals have got over the wall," said he, parting the curtains.

She followed his gaze to the circular driveway leading through the porte-cochère. A dozen photographers, short, tall, shabby, sleek, stood in an irregular line, setting up their cameras with the furtive air of machine gunners about to repel a charge. One of them, a gaunt fellow with a shaggy cigar and a golf cap turned wrong way to, caught sight of the spies at the window. His look became nervous and he turned sheepishly to his fellow conspirators.

"Naughty boys!" chuckled the young patrician. "They're a dreadful nuisance and they know it"

"I suppose Mrs. Van Reek will be angry," said the girl.

"Just too angry for words," he agreed dryly. "Sly little devils. They waited till the party was well under way before they came in. They've got a position to snap the whole show when Mrs. Van Reek takes the general out to see the grounds."

Under the handsome stranger's kindly spell she felt a thrill of sympathy for the camera men.

"They've got to live, I suppose," she volunteered.

"That's it. Live and let live, I say. It doesn't do anybody the remotest harm, and it's a positive public service to show Aunt Tabby hobbling along on the arm of an Italian general—hello!"

A gesture across the tea table had caught his eye. Mrs. Van Reek, standing beside the great Ravenna, was beckoning with a skinny finger.

"Just stay here and watch the fun," whispered her companion, and took his graceful way toward his summons.

Maggie could see him leaning with a sort of courtly deference toward the withered lips which were addressing his ear again in confidence. Once Mrs. Van Reek's voice grew shrill and the girl thought she could hear the phrase "Horrid photographers!" hurled vigorously above the tea. At that instant the old lady was not good to look upon. Maggie conceived a dread of her under whose auspices she had come, an impostor in the magic circle.

But the young man smiled with all the familiarity of a confidant and a friend. His hands in his pockets, he swaggered away toward the long double windows. As he passed the girl in the corner he turned a look that was something like a wink. Then he went out on the veranda.

Here then was the tableau. Consternation fell upon the ranks of the photographers at the sight of him. Among them all was that air of deference which everybody seemed to yield him. He made no effort to give himself superior airs; his manner was good-natured, yet not lacking in authority as he spoke a few low-pitched words. In an instant the photographers had melted away like April snows.

When he came in he went directly to Maggie's corner and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"What did you say to them?" she asked.

She wished at that instant that she knew his name, but somehow she couldn't ask him. She had grown so well acquainted with him, and she was trying so hard not to violate the usages of Mrs. Van Reek's elaborate palace.

"Oh, I just bade them be gone," he informed her, his mouth twitching with some secret emotion. It might have been grief. He waited to light a cigarette, then whispered cautiously, "After a while peek out and see."

After a discreet pause she allowed herself a swift glance through the curtains. Behind a heavy pillar at the farther end of the porte-cochere a half dozen cameras projected their glassy snouts after the manner of rabbits which, having popped down one hole, pop up through another.

"They didn't go at all," she whispered.

"I'm amazed!" he told her, and looked the other way.

An instant later a general movement toward the drawing-room indicated that Mrs. Van Reek, the general, his staff and certain distinguished New Yorkers were about to take their promised stroll through the grounds.

"You'll stick around, won't you?" begged her admirer.

"Oh, yes, I'll be here," she faltered, and her adoring eyes lit upon the ribbon of a foreign decoration run through the buttonhole of his morning coat.

Strange how they had come together, as by prearrangement, out of two worlds. Enviously and with a certain sickening of the heart she watched him disappear, an honored figure among the élite. What would he say when he knew about her—if he ever stooped from his height to find out? How could she tell him the circumstances that had brought her, a penniless musical student of no family, to impose her name upon the exalted of Long Island?

The crowd in the dining room was thinning out and Maggie stood in her corner, more lonesome than ever since her arrival in this unfriendly civilization. The stiff formal lady, Queen Alexandra's double, had taken her place behind the tea service, and various matrons of a more or less drab aspect were gossiping in a language hopelessly foreign to the girl from Hannisville. She passed among objects of gaudy bric-a-brac, of which Mrs. Van Reek was obviously a collector, and in the blank tour her self-consciousness increased.

She planned immediate escape. Spying eyes, she felt, were boring into her back. The atmosphere was growing hostile. Some dreadful crisis was impending, brooding like a storm.

Somebody was calling her name, a tinkle of ice, from the tea table. She jerked nervously around and saw Queen Alexandra's frosty smile.

"Have you had tea, Miss Spear?"

"Oh, yes, thank you."

Maggie could have taken to her heels, but, after the manner of the beginner on roller skates, the harder she tried to avoid collision the closer she came to it. A dozen pairs of unfriendly eyes were centered on her, so many burning glasses.

Fortified behind the tea urn her polite tormentor went on: "You haven't been long in New York, Miss Spear?"

"Just a few days. I ——"

"I passed last winter in Charleston," persisted the voice, colder than any winter. "Isn't it delightful? Do you know the Granvilles?"

"I reckon not," drawled Maggie, steeled with the knowledge that both judge and jury were against her. She prayed for the protection of her champion, somewhere out on the lawn, but she held her impertinent tone with the admission, "I don't know much about Charleston. I've never been there."

The inquisitors around the table stared without a change of expression.

"How stupid of me!" said Queen Alexandra. "I was under the impression that you were of the Southern branch."

"I am. We're the Spears of Hannisville."

Maggie was returning smile for smile, but her back was, figuratively, to the wall. A slender lady with an ashen complexion and eyes set close together behind sparkling glasses gave her the bright look of a beetle. She hardly moved her thin lips, but the words came piercingly.

(Continued on Page 68)

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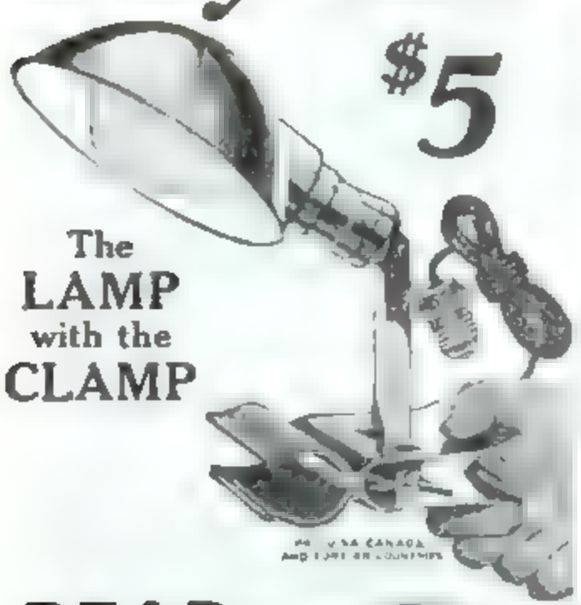

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TRADE FARBERWARE MARK

(Continued from Page 66)

"There are no Spears in Hannisville."

It might have been Cassandra crying "There are no swords in Troy!" for the fateful inflection she gave her words.

"Oh, aren't there?" drawled Maggie. "There were eleven Spears in my family when I left home."

"No Spears in Hannisville," insisted the ashen lady with a shake of her head.

"Have you met Miss Spear?" asked the dowager queen most sweetly. "Miss Claudia Spear?"

Darkness covered the earth. So here, outfacing her before the crowd, was Aunt Claudia, one of the ugly Spears of Southampton, of whose asthma Mrs. Van Reek had spoken so feelingly yesterday in church!

Maggie, her reason blasted, was striving idiotically with a how-do-you-do, but the lady's ashen disapproval scared the last poor thought out of her head. An instant later Aunt Claudia had arisen starkly and swept out of the room.

The culprit, condemned by her own words, struggled between laughter and tears. Then fear, the passion of mice, took possession of her. She wanted to run, but managed a dignified exit through the Tudor splendor which had brought her into the nightmare.

Halfway down the hall she was stopped by an unnerving tableau. Mrs. Van Reek, having returned from her tour of inspection, was leaning on the arm of General Ravenna. Her old face was vivacious, almost flirtatious as she gazed up into the eyes of the middle-aged hero. Then Aunt Claudia Spear, determination written in every line of her meager frame, stalked up to her hostess.

Her words, of course, were inaudible to the cringing girl, huddled against a Gobelin tapestry, but the pantomime was explanatory. Mrs. Van Reek released the olive-green sleeve upon which she had been leaning. Her wrinkled face, at first incredulous, tightened gradually into a hard knot. Finally, with the gesture of an offended witch, she dismissed the telltale Claudia and came stumping on her cane straight across the wide India rug which separated her from her prey.

"I—I ——" stammered Maggie in a frozen attempt to say something and be gone.

But the ancient tyrant's words were not for her. Beckoning a veiny forefinger she brought a liveried man to her side.

"Get Miss Spear's wraps," she creaked. "Get them at once!"

And she went stumping into the dining room.

A short motoring distance can become a weary pilgrimage to the pedestrian. Marguerite Spear had no idea of distance or of the movement of trains when she set out, red with shame, along the road between the tall hedges. She strode furiously toward freedom and the open road. She had been ordered out of the house; had she lingered Mrs. Van Reek might have beaten her with her heavy cane. It was crushing.

At any rate, thought Maggie as she rounded the hedge into a broader road and slackened her pace for lack of breath, she had lost all contact with Mrs. Van Reek's magic circle. She would never lay eyes on any of them again—couldn't if she tried. That was a world well lost. She had no more in common with them than a deep-sea fish with the mountains. Only one thing she regretted. After what happened she would never dare tell Hannisville of her adventures in the *haut monde*.

A flat-bodied young runabout of electric blue flashed by her at the curve, then began to slow up so rapidly that its brakes squealed with pain and it stopped with a skid halfway across the road. Its driver, a bearlike individual in shaggy brown coat and shaggy brown cap, got out and looked around him. Then he did a most undesirable thing. He pulled off his cap and came striding toward the spot where Maggie stood crowded against the hedge.

His head bare in the cool November breeze, he was now easily recognizable as the princely young man who had been so good to her at Mrs. Van Reek's party.

"Could I give you a lift, Miss Spear?" he asked, white teeth flashing under his somewhat dand ped mustache

"No, thanks," she said. "But it's very nice of you, Mr. ——"

"Just call me Coz," he suggested good-naturedly. "Everybody does. I was just starting and I thought that if you didn't mind killing a speed—up here and there ——"

"You're very nice," she allowed, and her look was party to her words, "but I wanted a walk. And it's only a step to the station."

"The train's gone," he announced cheerfully. "There'll be another one sometime before midnight though."

This put another face on the matter. Although Maggie had positively nothing to do until midnight she lost heart at the thought of the railroad station. It was getting colder; and across the spare seat of the little blue runabout she could see the sleeve of a raccoon coat.

"That was all tosh about my speeding," he informed her with the apologetic air of a big boy. "I never get above forty, except once or twice on the Speedway."

"I'm not afraid," she declared a little proudly.

"I wish I'd brought a closed car," he went on in the same humble vein. "It's turning cold."

"I don't mind that."

"Well, then, let's go!"

He had taken her arm in his eagerness to change her mind. She might have resented the touch, but instead she was heartened by the pressure of his strong hand. She was childishly grateful when he lifted the raccoon coat out of the extra seat and held it for her.

When she was seated beside him and the motor was purring contentedly down the turnpike she yielded to an obsessing curiosity and asked, "What did you say everybody calls you?"

"Coz," he responded briefly over his gear shifts.

"What does that stand for?"

"Cosimo."

Cosimo. What a regal name! She searched her memory for names of visiting noblemen, published respectfully in the society column. Cosimo de' Medici, perhaps.

"Well, Coz," she launched forth audaciously, reckless with the thought of her isolation from the life she had entered so unexpectedly and quit so abruptly, "I reckon you thought I was waiting by that hedge just for you to come along with your cute little car."

He turned upon her his gun-metal eyes, wide and innocent.

"Oh, no. But that's what I came for—to find you."

"Then you saw me go?" It was not the wind that caused her face to crimson.

"Lots of people were going," he replied indifferently. "You can't stand around all day looking at a general who doesn't speak your language. Ravenna doesn't say much, even in his own. He did his talking in the Trentino."

"You were in the Trentino?" she asked, eager to know something about this shining hero.

"Part of the time," he replied with all the evasiveness of the soldier who has seen the Inferno and has no ambitions to pose as Dante.

After a silent period of gear manipulation, involving four oil trucks and a railroad crossing, again he turned his candid eyes and asked, "What's your name—your real one?"

A chill struck down her spine. Then he had been witness to the scene with Mrs. Van Reek, and thought of her as an impostor!

"My real name is Spear," she replied, sitting haughtily erect.

"The Spear that knows no brother," he began; then checked himself to apologize: "I'm sorry—just can't help making puns sometimes. But haven't you got a short name like mine—Coz?"

"Oh." The answer came faintly because her heart, which had stopped, was beating again. "My short name, as you call it, is Maggie."

"I'll call you that."

"Will you?"

"With your permission."

Maggie laughed. He was such a mixture of boy and old man.

"After all," he urged, "we weren't regularly introduced. That ought to cut a lot of red tape."

"Yes. And we'll never see each other again."

"I'm sorry for that," said Cosimo moodily, and almost stalled his engine on a gentle hill. "I wish I could tell you something."

"Why not?" she laughed. "You haven't hesitated before."

"I'm tired to death of these doings." He released the wheel long enough to gesture toward Mrs. Van Reek's distant palace. "I seem always to be looking for something that isn't there. And when you came in this afternoon—remember how I translated General Ravenna's speech to you?"

"About my bringing springtime along with me?" she asked, well remembering, for no woman forgets such tributes.

"Something like that. Let me tell you. I made that speech up. It was what I wanted to say to you."

"Was that honest?"

"I'll say it was!" he cried, and it was like him to fluctuate between poetry and slang.

All this was going too far too fast. Even while this mysterious Cosimo charmed her he gave her the feeling of being played upon by a young gentleman of fashion who, realizing the social gulf between them, was making the best of an idle hour. During the rest of their ride into New York she chose to turn the conversation into commonplaces; deep waters run between quiet marges. She quizzed him patiently on the disarmament conference, questions drawn from her rather limited reading of the serious press. His answers were intelligent.

When they were crossing the fecund East Side she thought of an effective way to finish Cosimo. Where should he take her? The question had arisen naturally enough, and she had at first been tempted to resume the old pretense and name the Merlinbilt. Instead she gave her number in Lexington Avenue.

"I live in a boarding house," she announced cheerfully.

Even then she wasn't sure that Cosimo had heard, for his eyes were on the traffic, his gear shift working rapidly. Nevertheless he turned without further instructions at the proper corner and braked his car in front of a brownstone tomb with a row of ash cans beside the steps and between the dreary Nottingham curtains of a front window the sign, plain as death, "Table board by day or week."

"Thank you so much," said Maggie, shedding her borrowed furs and giving him a perfunctory hand. "It was so good of you to give me a lift."

IV

MARGUERITE SPEAR moved next morning. It was only to a shabbier boarding house around the corner; but that was far enough away for her to lose herself in the city of lost strangers. If she had found the first boarding house cold in temperament the second one was almost alarmingly the reverse. It was a haven for vaudeville artists, mostly unemployed; and although the women called her "dearie" and the men "kid," they proved to be harmless.

She was marking time. In a week her cousin would be in New York, and after that she would either return to Hannisville or consign herself respectably to a vocal instructor. As to Cosimo, he was forgotten—forgotten so completely that Maggie was always turning, in her saunters through Manhattan, expecting to see his beaming face on the shoulders of some tall stranger who approached her through the crowd.

After a few days of this she made a hurried visit to her original boarding house to ask for mail; she had withheld her new address. The buck-toothed maiden at the desk scowled and flapped an envelope on the counter. It was addressed to Miss Maggie Spear in a little pointed hand—a fine Italian hand. With guilty haste she tore away the flap, eager and yet afraid.

A stiff card fluttered to the floor. She peered inside the envelope, but nothing but the blank sides met her gaze. The card, when she picked it up, proved hardly more satisfying.

"Army and Navy Game." This announcement was handsomely printed on the long ticket, and beyond the perforations on the end the red-lettered identification: "Section 34, Seat 17." There was also the date, November 26. Maggie had but a short time to consider the ethics of the case, for it was at one o'clock on November twenty-sixth when this little adventure befell her. Who could have sent her the solitary ticket? Who but Cosimo?

Now tickets, like the animals in the Ark, are supposed to come in pairs. The football ticket, bereft of its mate, stared her out of countenance, a reminder of her solitude. Once she thought of tearing it up or of giving it to the colored housemaid who attended her room. She resented Cosimo's generosity—if it were Cosimo's—as an act of impertinence; and even as she resented she hurried to the street to find a Sixth Avenue Elevated train, which, she learned,

Continued on Page 71

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(Continued from Page 65

led to that gory field miscalled the Polo Grounds.

It began to rain, a mushy, muddy drizzle, and Maggie, without raincoat or umbrella, repented her impulse almost as soon as she stood jammed in a mass of enthusiasts rushing toward the Polo Grounds. At the Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street platform she found herself borne along by the crowd, skies weeping down her collar, intensely uncomfortable. The man at the gate informed her as he tore off her coupon that Seat 17, Section 34, was not under cover.

In an upper row of bleacher seats she stood under the leak of two umbrellas in such a position that she caught the drip of both. Through the moisty haze of the field below the West Point cadets were marching round, a perfect formation, straight as a tight-stretched ribbon that showed violet gray under leaden clouds. The solid blue formation of midshipmen in the bleachers bloomed into a garden of California poppies as a thousand yellow megaphones were lifted to greet the enemy from up the Hudson.

Noise, music, yells both concerted and disjointed. Three cheer leaders in front of the navy stand, golden stripes around their blue jerseys, worked like dervishes in a sort of madhouse unison. Whenever the Navy gave its famous siren yell the little cheer leader in the middle would turn a series of back handsprings. A marine band blared navy tunes on silver instruments. The army mule took up his place on the army side and wiggled his ears when the navy goat passed by.

All of which was picturesque. But the girl from Hannisville was cold, chilled to the bone. At that fateful instant when the teams had spread across the field and a navy toe had booted the ball into the arms of the brilliant French there was one sneeze at least to mingle with the cheer. Maggie was catching cold. Mildly enthusiastic at best in the matter of outdoor sports, her mind was now centered on her golden throat, which was growing a little rough.

The blue and gray were interlocked on a muddy spot in the center of the green field and Maggie, having but a faint interest in how they got there and what they were doing, heard a man cough hollowly at her shoulder and mention her name.

"Excuse me, is this Miss Spear?"

"Why, yes."

She all but fell from the slippery seat on which she had been standing, for the man who spoke to her wore a shabby overcoat and a soiled hat with water rilling down its brim. A second look assured her that he was young and shy and that his intentions were pacific.

"I was sent to bring you this way, Miss Spear," he explained. "There's a place out of the wet."

"Who sent you?" she was about to ask, but already her guide was mounting the reeking tiers which led toward the upper edge of the amphitheater. Finally he paused beside a curious structure. It was a little house built on the fence, perched there like a dovecot; and Maggie wasted a minute in the rain to study the architectural freak.

"That's the score box," grinned her voluntary guide. "You see in baseball games they use all them windows to stick the slides in with the numbers of the score. But it's a grand place to get out of the rain."

Maggie looked up and saw two rows of portholes once sacred to baseball-score numbers. But to-day the windows stared wide open and at every opening in the lower row peered a happy face, a face attached to some enterprising brain that had thought of this simple expedient to avoid pneumonia. Why everybody in the dripping bleachers had not tried to do the same thing is but another mystery connected with the psychology of crowds.

"There's a door on this end," explained her guide, and he obligingly lent his shoulder while she swung herself to the sill, some six feet above the bleachers.

The crowd inside was denser than she had foreseen. Disgruntled gentlemen who had boosted their sweethearts and wives to this refuge from the rain stood gloomily in the background, denying themselves the few inches of window space occupied by feminine headgear.

"No use, lady," snorted a fat gentleman who had given up and was going out again into the weather.

Maggie found small comfort, huddled in this crowded box like one of so many crated chickens. The air was heavy and there was nothing to see. Across her shoulder a steep flight of stairs ran up to some vague second story.

"Wouldn't it be less crowded up there?" she asked her guide, and turned around to find that he had disappeared.

"Oh, you can't get up there," objected the fat man. "We've all tried it. It's official."

"Not for you, Miss Spear," said a cheerful voice out of the upper air.

Legs followed the voice downstairs. They were interesting limbs, although masculine. When the entire figure had swung itself down to a level with the multitude the girl was aware of a leather coat; in the half darkness her eye was at first attracted by a characteristic gesture of the hand as he braced himself against the rough wall. Then she looked into the gray eyes which seemed to have darkened with the clouds. It was Cosimo.

"Ah, Miss Spear," he began, removing his cap in his casual way. She had a feeling that he might face a gun with the same affable manner.. "I've been sending scouts out for you. I hope you're not very wet."

His leather coat was perfectly dry, and she was tempted to ask why he hadn't faced the weather himself. Instead she said "Not so very," and gave a shake to her dripping skirt.

"I have a place reserved for you upstairs," he explained cheerfully.

"They told me it was official up there." She was impressed.

"It is," smiled Cosimo, and gave her his firm hand as an aid up the dizzy climb.

It was curious how people made way for him. Even in this restricted space they seemed to stand aside, instinctively respectful.

"That tall chap's the ——" She caught that fragment, impressively muttered behind her. She would have given anything to have heard the rest, to know why people murmured his fame wherever he went.

The long, narrow space above into which he carefully conducted her reminded Maggie of nothing so much as a well constructed chicken coop. But it offered three shining advantages: It was dry, it was comparatively vacant, its portholes offered a better view of the game than could be obtained from the President's box, swathed in flags directly across the field. At the farther end of the coop three photographers worked, the snouts of their cameras pointing downward through portholes.

At sight of her the camera men removed their caps—another gesture of obeisance to Cosimo's position in the world. He led her to a far corner, where he had caused a chair to be set and spread with his raccoon coat.

"The decorations aren't much," he grinned, opening a porthole and giving her a sight of the sloppy battle below, "but it's the best view of the field. Of course if you'd rather go over to the President's box ——"

"No, thank you," she smiled back. She knew that, had she asked it, the President's box would have been hers. "I don't see how anything could be better than this."

She looked up to find his curious eyes upon her. She glanced away toward the sport, which, after all, she was supposed to enjoy. Under the mushy mist the gladiators stood in rival knots while a man with a bucket and a towel galloped to the rescue. "Somebody's knocked out," explained Cosimo.

"How dreadful!" cried Maggie.

"Isn't it!" he agreed. "It slows up the game like anything."

"You cruel thing!" she exclaimed.

He laughed very close to her ear and said, "I love to hear you talk like that. That's what got me, the first minute you stepped into the picture."

"What did?" She shouldn't have asked it, but her cheeks were hot with the indiscretion as she looked up.

A spasm of cheering burst through the throng below and indicated that something unusual had happened to one side or the other.

But Cosimo's eyes never left hers as he leaned a little closer and said, "The way you approach everything—like Alice talking to the rabbit."

The allusion meant nothing to her, and she drew back, suspecting the blandishments of the young lord who flatters the ear of a country girl.

"Hello!" said Cosimo, peering through his porthole. "Army's trying for a placement goal. Fool try at that distance—must be nearly forty yards, ball slippery as an eel's back."

The leather ovoid shot out from Mulligan's boot and spun, ineffectual, into the mud below the goal-post bar.

"I thought so," grumbled Cosimo, and would have explained had not a damp young man in a marine uniform poked his head through the scuttle and stared mysteriously.

"For me?" asked Cosimo.

"Yes, sir," responded the marine, bringing a folded sheet from his overcoat.

Cosimo opened the paper, scowled and thrust it into his pocket.

"All right," he snapped. The marine sank from sight.

"I'll have to chase over to the diplomatic box. They're expecting me there," said Cosimo. "I thought they'd let us alone for a while. Sorry. I'll make it short as I can. And you won't run away again, will you?"

"No."

"You promised that at Mrs. Van Reek's—and see what you did."

"That was different." If he only knew how different!

Cosimo started hastily down the steps and Maggie turned unseeing eyes upon America's most picturesque athletic event. An instant later she started with the impression of someone at her elbow. She turned to see Cosimo standing there, a disturbed look in his face.

"I can't go," he said, "without asking you something."

"What?"

"You do like me a little, don't you?"

"Oh, so much." It broke from her involuntarily as one cries from a knife thrust.

After that he turned away and was gone a long time.

There might have been fifty thousand people gathered to see that game, and of those fifty thousand Maggie Spear had the highest and dryest seat. Yet for her the spectacle was wasted. She only saw sloping fields of umbrellas like giant mushrooms ripening under rain. She was faintly aware of cheers, of bands playing, of hoarse male voices singing in unison. Dreamily she saw muddy men, scrambling now this way, now that, for all the world like poultry competing for a worm.

Surely the Army and Navy game was wasted on Miss Spear. But was it wasted?

She thought of Cosimo sitting proudly in the diplomatic box. Great men called for him, multitudes made way for him wherever he went. And he had stooped to her ear to ask her if she liked him just a little. Can the tide be said to like the moon just a little, or the heliotrope to be mildly interested in the sun?

Perched in her aerie with lackluster eyes Maggie surveyed the deeds of heroes. She was considering what to do. Honest by nature, she had lived through a week of false positions. Even in her encounters with Mrs. Van Reek she had said almost nothing that was not literally true. But here she was again. It was quite apparent that Cosimo still believed her to be a person of exalted family, despite the view she had given him of her Lexington Avenue boarding house. Or if he knew, and was hiding his knowledge from her, what sort of man was he to be playing with her this way?

It was at the beginning of the third quarter, as the timekeeper counts life, that Cosimo came back, an excited smile on his face, rain dripping from his leather coat. He pulled up a box and sat beside her.

"Still seven to nothing," he began.

"What's still seven to nothing?" she asked dreamily.

"The score."

"Oh"

"I'll bet you haven't seen a thing."

She looked at him after an instant, then spoke very softly.

"Cosimo," she said, "I'm not the person you think I am. I come from Hannisville."

"I know," he replied, his voice lowered to hers. "What difference does that make?"

"A lot. I'm not related in any way to the stylish New York Spears. Mrs. Van Reek thought so, and that's why she invited me. And when she found out who I really was she turned me out like a dog."

"I saw her!" he growled. "I wanted to brain her with her own cane."

"But she had a right. I was there under false pretenses. And I think—I think, Cosimo, that I haven't treated you very well."

"You've been a regular brute," he said, but his tone was serious.

"I don't mean that. But when I saw you there I just wanted to talk to you. You seemed so different from the rest."

(Continued on Page 74)

The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job

—and paved the way for a better one!

IT was written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But I am now keeping my eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a still better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 3998 SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I mark X in the list below:

ELEC. ENGINEER
Electric Lighting & Rys.
Electric Wiring
Telegraph Engineer
Telephone Work
MECHANICAL ENGINEER
Mechanical Drafting
Machine Shop Practice
Toolmaker
Gas Engine Operating
CIVIL ENGINEER
Surveying and Mapping
MINE FOREMAN
STATIONARY ENGR.
Marine Engineer
ARCHITECT
Contractor and Builder
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Builder
Structural Engineer
PLUMBING & HEATING
Sheet Metal Worker
Text. Overseer or Supt.
CHEMIST
Pharmacy

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Advertising
Business Correspondence
Show Card & Sign Lettering
Stenography
BOOKKEEPER
Secretarial Work
Spanish
TRAFFIC MANAGER
Railway Accountant
Commercial Law
GOOD ENGLISH
Teacher
Common School Subjects
CIVIL SERVICE
Mail Carrier
Railway Mail Clerk
Grade School Subjects
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Illustrating
Cartooning
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Agriculture
Poultry Raising
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Name _____ 3-1-21
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City _____ State _____
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New Shoes
Old Shoes
Tight Shoes

all feel the same if you shake into them some

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder for the feet

Rests the Feet

It takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet and gives new vigor. At night when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, Sprinkle ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the foot-bath **and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.**

Over 1,500,000 pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war

Easy to Use

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

ESKIMO PIE

Over eight hundred of the finest ice cream manufacturers in the United States are today making Eskimo Pie, under license of the Russell Stover Company, Mallers Building, Chicago. And it is being retailed in more than seventy-five thousand places where ice cream is sold. More than a million and one half every day! A record unmatched in American industry! It is a ninety day achievement that nothing but a unique and delightful innovation could have attained. Applications for licenses from established ice cream manufacturers will be given prompt consideration. Write or wire—as above indicated. Here follows a partially complete list of Eskimo Pie makers: The names of more than one hundred additional licensees are being added every week.

Wheats' Ice Cream Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Taylor Ice Cream Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
[illegible] Ice Cream Co Inc Buffalo N Y
Payne Ice & Cold Storage Co Inc Buffalo N Y
Hoeckel Ice Cream Co Buffalo N Y
Crescent Ice Cream Co Buffalo N. Y.
Kohlbacher Ice Cream Co., Rochester, N. Y.
[illegible]ay Co Inc, Rochester N Y
Manry Ice Cream Co., Albany N Y
New Haven Dairy Co., Meriden Conn
New Haven Dairy Co., New Haven Conn
New Haven Dairy Co., New Boston, Conn.
New Haven Dairy Co., Hartford, Conn.
New Haven Dairy Co., New London, Conn.
New Haven Dairy Co., Watertown, Conn.
The Lemon Ice Cream Co., New Haven, Conn.
Allen Ice Cream Co., Rockford, Ill.
American Ice Cream & Bakery Co., Joliet, Ill.
Aurora Butter & Ice Cream Co., Aurora, Ill.
Aurora Ice Cream Co., Aurora, Ill.
Bloomington Ice Cream Co., Bloomington, Ill.
Louis Blum Co., Elgin, Ill.
Capital City Ice Cream Co., Springfield, Ill.
Champaign Ice Cream Co., Champaign, Ill.
Cherry Frost Ice Cream Co., Danville, Ill.
Conway Bros. Woodstock, Ill.
Crescent Ice Cream Co., Rockford, Ill.
Decatur Ice Cream Co., Decatur, Ill.
DeLancey & Witherel, Elgin, Ill.
Durkin Ice Cream Co., Waukegan, Ill.
Freeport Dairy & Produce Co., Freeport, Ill
R. W. Furnas Ice Cream Co., Danville, Ill
Hax Brothers Storage, Ill.
Home Ice Cream & Ice Co., East St. Louis, Ill.
Litchfield Creamery Co., Litchfield, Ill.
North Shore Dairy & Ice Cream Co., Waukegan, Ill.
Ohlhaber Bros., Elgin, Ill.
Wm. Ohlhaver Co., Aurora, Ill.
I. V. Oranger La Salle, Ill
Rademaker & Son Ice Cream Co., Marshall, Ill.
Schraeder Ice Cream Co., Quincy, Ill.
Sherman Ice Cream Co., Streator, Ill.
R. G. Sinclair Bottling & Ice Cream Co., Aledo, Ill.
Sinclair Bros., Galesburg, Ill.
Snow-Palmer Co., Bloomington, Ill.
T. H. Stalcup & Sons, Pekin, Ill.
Santa Retreat Ice Cream Co., Rockford, Ill.
Spring Valley Ice Cream Co., Spring Valley, Ill.
Sterling Ice Cream Co., Sterling, Ill
Stuyvesant Baker Co., Rock Island, Ill
Watseka Ice Cream Co., Watseka, Ill.
John Wasser Ice Cream Co., Freeport, Ill
C. M. Watt Co., Indianola, Ia.
Walgreen Co., Chicago, Ill
Wilson Ice Cream Co., Evanston, Ill
Wheeling Brothers, Peru, Ind.
A. M. Wenborne Ice Cream Co., Moline, Ill.
Lamprake Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Paris Ice Cream Co., Paris, Ill.
Wright Ice Cream Co., Peoria, Ill
L. S. Heath & Sons, Robinson, Ill
Charles H. Beebe, Shelbyville, Ill
New York Ice Cream Co., South Chicago, Ill
Illinois Ice Cream Co., Springfield, Ill.
Albert Lea Ice Cream Co., Albert Lea, Minn
Thomson Dairy Co., Albert Lea, Minn
J. W. Hayes & Son, Minneapolis, Minn
Ives Ice Cream Co., Minneapolis, Minn
Knapp Ice Cream Co., Minneapolis, Minn
Minneapolis Milk Co., Minneapolis, Minn
Steel Lake Ice Cream Co., Minneapolis, Minn
The Hiawa Creamery Co., Owatonna, Minn
Crescent Creamery Co., St. Paul, Minn
J. C. Vanier Ice Co., St. Paul, Minn
Gibson Ice Cream Co., Winona, Minn
Quaker [illegible]eam Co., Minneapolis, Minn
M. & B. Ice Cream Co., Saginaw, West Side, Mich.
A. & W. Ice Cream Co., Saginaw, West Side, Mich.
White Eagle Dairy Co., Columbia, Mo.
Home Ice Ice Cream Co., Hannibal, Mo.
Quality Ice Cream Co., Hannibal, Mo.
Weber Ice Cream Co., Jefferson City, Mo.
Franklin Ice Cream Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Linwood Ice Cream Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Wiener Ice Cream Co., Moberly, Mo.
Wiener Ice Cream Co., Sedalia, Mo.
Moberly Ice Cream Co., Moberly, Mo.
Cut-Rate Dairy & Ice Cream Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
Western Dairy & Ice Cream Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
H. O. Wilson & Co., St. Joseph, Mo.
Tullo Ice Cream Co., Sedalia, Mo.
Sedalia Ice Cream Co., Sedalia, Mo.
[illegible] Creamery Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.
John Decker & Son, Inc., Nashville, Tenn.
Bottom Price Ice Cream Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Home Ice Cream Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Sherrell Co., Knoxville, Tenn.
Palmetto Ice, Memphis, Tenn.
Ellis Ice Cream Co., Memphis, Tenn.
Ackley Creamery Co., Ackley, Ia.
Farmers Creamery Co., Anamosa, Ia.
Wm. Kreger Co., Ames, Ia.
Eastern Iowa Creamery Co., Atlantic, Ia.
Home Ice Cream Co., Algona, Ia.
Home Creamery Co., Belle Plaine, Ia.
Bendon Ice Cream Co., Bonaparte, Ia.
Burlington Sanitary Milk Co., Burlington, Ia.

The Carroll Co., Chicago, Ill.
Certified Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Chapell Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Columbia Ice & Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
John T. Cunningham, Chicago, Ill.
Drexel Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hadsell Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
Henry Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
Thompson Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
Traill & Cooling Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
Jersey Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Kalidomos Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
McBride Bros. & Knobbe, Chicago, Ill.
National Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Peoples Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Roseland Dairy Co., Chicago, Ill.
Rusetos & Co., Chicago, Ill.
The W. J. Sheid Co., Chicago, Ill.
Victory Ice & Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Standard Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill
South Chicago Ice Cream Co., Chicago, Ill.
Boston Ice Cream Co., Boston, Mass.
Mansion House Ice Cream Co., Boston, Mass.
Carroll Creamery Co., Carroll, Ia.
Russell Velvet Ice Cream Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Hutchinson Company, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
Gus Millani Ice Cream Co., Centerville, Ia.
Clinton Ice Cream & Artificial Ice Co., Clinton, Ia.
Douglas Ice Cream Co., Clarion, Ia.
Parson Ice Cream Co., Clarion City, Ia.
Lester Cold Storage Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.
Harding Ice Cream Co., Council Bluffs, Ia.
Rex Coal & Ice Company, Creston, Ia.
Bloomer Cold Storage Co., Creston, Ia.
Sugar Bowl Ice Cream Co., Decorah, Ia.
LaFranz Ice Cream Co., Davenport, Ia.
LaMartine Grape Co., Davenport, Ia.
Barr Dairy Co., Davenport, Ia.
Davenport Ice Cream Co., Davenport, Ia.
Hutchinson Purity Ice Cream Co., Des Moines, Ia.
Furnas Ice Cream Co., Des Moines, Ia.
A. F. Bartle Ice Cream Co., Denver, Ia.
Beatrice Creamery Co., Dubuque, Ia.
Iowa Dairy Co., Dubuque, Ia.
Fort Dodge Creamery Co., Fort Dodge, Ia.
Elgin Dairy Co., Fort Dodge, Ia.
Fort Madison Creamery Co., Fort Madison, Ia.
Mapleneast Dairy Co., Grinnell, Ia.
Best Ice Cream Co., Hawarden, Ia.
Iowa City Product Co., Iowa City, Ia.
Sidwell Dairy Co., Iowa City, Ia.
Iowa Falls Ice Cream Co., Iowa Falls, Ia.
Brunner Bros., Jefferson, Ia.
Burk Ice Cream Co., Keokuk, Ia.
Keokuk Ice Cream Co., Keokuk, Ia.
Manning Creamery Co., Manning, Ia.
Marengo Creamery Co., Marengo, Ia.
Neilson Butter & Ice Cream Co., Marshalltown, Ia.
Jackson Dairy Co., Marshalltown, Ia.
E. B. Higley Co., Mason City, Ia.
Pearl City Ice Cream Co., Muscatine, Ia.
S. F. Neel Ice Cream Co., Newton, Ia.
Underwood Candy Co., Oskaloosa, Ia.
C. A. Fosselman Oelwein, Ia.
The Crowell Co., Oelwein, Ia.
Oskaloosa Artificial Ice Co., Oskaloosa, Ia.
Ottumwa Bros., Ottumwa, Ia.
Graham Ice Company, Ottumwa, Ia.
Tama Ice Cream Co., Tama, Ia.
Perry Artificial Ice Co., Perry, Ia.
Lee Blue Ice Cream Co., Red Oak, Ia.
Sac City Creamery Co., Sac City, Ia.
The Fairmount Creamery Co., Sioux City, Ia.
Hartman Produce Co., Sioux City, Ia.
Hutchinson Purity Ice Cream Co., Sioux City, Ia.
Northwest Ice Cream Co., Spencer, Ia.
Storm Lake Produce Co., Storm Lake, Ia.
Tyler Bros. Ice Cream Co., Vinton, Ia.
Crowell Ice Cream Co., Waterloo, Ia.
Beck Ice Cream Co., Waterloo, Ia.
C. A. Fosselman Co., Waverly, Ia.
Alliance Creamery Co., Alliance, Neb.
Aurora Butter & Ice Cream Co., Aurora, Neb.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Beatrice, Neb.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Central City, Neb.
Farmers Creamery Co., Crete, Neb.
R. M. Robinson's Ice Cream Factory, Fairbury, Neb.
Arctic Cream Co., Fremont, Neb.
Golden Rod Creamery Co., Fremont, Neb.
Real Ice Cream Co., Fremont, Neb.
The Fairmount Creamery Co., Grand Island, Neb.
Grand Island Creamery Co., Grand Island, Neb.
Hastings Ice Cream Co., Hastings, Neb.
K. B. Ice Cream Co., Hastings, Neb.
Ravenna Creamery Co., Kearney, Neb.
Cut-Rate Ice Cream Co., Lincoln, Neb.
Fairmont Ice Cream Co., Lincoln, Neb.
Mc Cook Bottling Works, McCook, Neb.
Greens Ice Cream Co., Nebraska City, Neb.
Ice Dickey Cream Co., North Platte, Neb.
The Fairmount Creamery Co., Omaha, Neb.
Harding Cream Co., Omaha, Neb.
National Ice Cream Co., Omaha, Neb.
Ravenna Creamery Co., Ravenna, Neb.
South Omaha Ice Cream Co., South Omaha, Neb.
West Point Ice Cream Co., West Point, Neb.
Keystone Creamery Co., York, Neb.
Quaker Ice Cream Co., Canton, O.
The Furnas Ice Cream Co., Akron, O.
Wm. R. Lyon, Alliance, O.
Supreme Dairy Co., Alliance, O.
The Sanitary Milk Co., Canton, O.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Inc., Cincinnati, O.
The DeHaven Ice Cream Co., Cincinnati, O.
Farm Queen Candy & Ice Cream Co., Cincinnati, O.
French Bros.-Bauer Co., Cincinnati, O.

Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Akron, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Youngstown, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Steubenville, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Warren, Ohio.
Telling-Belle-Vernon Co., Lorain, Ohio.
The Velvet Ice Cream Co., Dayton, Ohio.
St. Louis Dairy Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Ice Ballard Ice Cream Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
R. W. Furnas Ice Cream Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Ice Jessup & Antrim Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
The Baker Ice Cream Co., Cleveland, O.
Crane Ohio Ice Cream Co., Columbus, O.
Defiance Ice Cream Co., Defiance, O.
Crockery City Ice & Produce Co., East Liverpool, O.
Consumers Ice & Coal Co., Fremont, O.
Frechtling Dairy Co., Hamilton, O.
R. D. Graham Co., Lima, O.
White Mountain Dairy Co., Lima, O.
Frank Ice Cream Co., Lockland, O.
E. R. Early Dairy Co., Middletown, O.
Middletown Sanitary Milk Co., Middletown, O.
The Anadalusia Dairy Co., Salem, O.
Purity Ice Cream & Dairy Co., Springfield, O.
Springfield Dairy Produce Co., Springfield, O.
Rosenberger Dairy Produce Co., Wellsville, O.
Youngstown Sanitary Milk Co., Youngstown, O.
The Waldorf Ice Cream Co., Akron, O.
The Mabley-Carew Co., Cincinnati, O.
Charles H. Keating, Cincinnati, O.
Home Gage Ice Cream Co., Cleveland, O.
Smith Dairy Co., Orrville, O.
Chas. J. De Barber, Confectioner, Painesville, O.
Pure Milk Co., Portsmouth, O.
The Cline Ice Cream Co., Atkins, O.
Morey Ice Cream Co., Appleton, Wis.
Effinger Ice Cream Co., Baraboo, Wis.
Stuart Sant Wright & Wagner Dairy Co., Beloit, Wis.
Kellogg Ice Cream Co., Burlington, Wis.
Central Wisconsin Dairy Co., Chippewa Falls, Wis.
G. H. Kathan, Edgerton, Wis.
Fountain City Dairy Co., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Session Ice Cream Co., Fond du Lac, Wis.
Meyer Creamery Co., Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Green Bay Ice Cream & Dairy Co., Green Bay, Wis.
Cronin Dairy Co., Janesville, Wis.
Shurtleff Ice Cream Co., Janesville, Wis.
Gibson Ice Cream Co., La Crosse, Wis.
Tri-State Ice Cream Corporation, La Crosse, Wis.
Mann's Candy Co., Lake Geneva, Wis.
American Ice Cream Co., Madison, Wis.
Kennedy Dairy Co., Madison, Wis.
Mansfield Caughey Co., Madison, Wis.
Peerless Dairy Co., Marinette, Wis.
Ralph J. Baker, Marshfield, Wis.
Manitowoc Produce Co., Manitowoc, Wis.
Isenbeck Ice Cream Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Bohmer Ice Cream Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Jersey Ice Cream Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Brock Ice Cream Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Geo. C. Mangold Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Mayer Ice Cream Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Clover Ice Cream Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
Mel-O-Ice Cream Co., Plymouth, Wis.
Peoples Co-Op Cream Co., Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Interstate Ice Cream Corporation, Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Bohn Ice Cream Co., Racine, Wis.
Racine Pure Milk Co., Racine, Wis.
Central Wisconsin Creamery, Reedsburg, Wis.
Rapid Ice Cream & Beverage Co., Rhinelander, Wis.
Sheboygan Dairy Products Co., Sheboygan, Wis.
Stevens Products Co., Stanley, Wis.
Wm. Hartig Ice Cream Co., Watertown, Wis.
Kayer Produce Co., Wausau, Wis.
Kronheim Dairy Co., Wausau, Wis.
Schmidt Ice Cream & Butter Co., Winona, Wis.
Home Creamery Co., Antigo, Wis.
Pacific Ice Cream Factory, Antigo, Wis.
Dunnage Creamery Co., Ashland, Wis.
Ashland Dairy Products Co., Ashland, Wis.
Schmidt Brothers, Elkhorn, Wis.
H. A. Gibbs & Co., Genoa Junction, Wis.
Hagemeister Products Co., Green Bay, Wis.
Watson & Aven, Alexandria, La.
New Orleans Ice Cream Co., Baton Rouge, La.
Watson & Aven, Lake Charles, La.
Watson & Aven, Monroe, La.
New Orleans Ice Cream Co., New Orleans, La.
Campbell's Ice Cream Factory, Shreveport, La.
Watson & Aven, Shreveport, La.
Altus Ice Cream & Ice Co., Altus, Okla.
Bartlesville Ice Cream Co., Bartlesville, Okla.
Waukesha Ice Cream Factory, Bartlesville, Okla.
Water Manufacturing Co., Cushing, Okla.
E. Reno Ice Cream Co., El Reno, Okla.
The Purity Products Co., Enid, Okla.
C. R. Johnson Ice Cream Co., Lawton, Okla.
Lindsey Ice Cream Co., Okmulgee, Okla.
Purity Ice Cream Co., Tulsa, Okla.
Quality Ice Cream Co., Tulsa, Okla.
Watson & Aven, Tulsa, Okla.
Mary D. Barker, Enid, Okla.
Muskogee Ice Cream Co., Muskogee, Okla.
The Wichita Springs Creamery Co., Wichita, Kans.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Concordia, Kans.
Emporia Creamery Co., Emporia, Kans.
Junction City, Hanover Co., Junction City, Kans.
Dold Packing Co., Kansas City, Kans.
Meyer Sanitary Milk Co., Kansas City, Kans.
Kaw Valley Creamery Co., Lawrence, Kans.
M. W. Clark Milk & Ice Cream Co., Manhattan, Kans.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Topeka, Kans.
The Farmers Creamery & Ice Cream Co., Topeka, Kans.
Pippin Freezer & Ice Cream Co., Wichita, Kans.
A. Meyer & Son, Wichita, Kans.
Dodge City Ice Cream & Produce Co., Dodge City, Kans.
Hawkins Creamery & Ice Cream Co., Ellsworth, Kans.

Alfred Pure Ice Cream Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
L. J. Christopher Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Crescent Creamery Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
Hughes Ice Cream Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
National Creamery & Produce Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
D. Bachman Ice Cream Factory, Lindsburg, Kans.
Newton Ice Cream Co., Newton, Kans.
Silver Springs Ice Cream Co., Salina, Kans.
Erie County Milk Association, Erie, Pa.
Lake Shore Ice Cream Co., Erie, Pa.
Lancaster Sanitary Milk Co., Lancaster, Pa.
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co., McKeesport, Pa.
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co., New Castle, Pa.
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Tech Food Products Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hermes-Groves Dairy Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Pittsburgh Ice Cream Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. M. Bishoff Dairy Co., Rankin, Pa.
York Sanitary Milk Co., York, Pa.
Andalusia Dairy Co., Beaver Falls, Pa.
The Wm. Theo. M. Gschrist Dept., Beaver Falls, Pa.
Leightman Ice Cream Co., Hazleton, Pa.
Gettysburg Ice & Storage Co., Gettysburg, Pa.
Reinhold Ice & Ice Cream Co., Oakmont, Pa.
The F. M. Slater Co., Sharpsburg, Pa.
Mott Robertson, Sharon, Pa.
J. D. Buggins & Sons Co., Sharon, Pa.
Purnell Ice Cream Co., Anderson, Ind.
J. C. Schreiber, Anderson, Ind.
Frank L. Myers, Connersville, Ind.
Connersville Ice Cream & Bottling Works, Connersville, Ind.
Crester Ice Cream Co., Decatur, Ind.
The Clover Leaf Creameries, Inc., Decatur, Ind
The Elwood Creamery, Elwood, Ind.
New Vendome Hotel Co., Evansville, Ind.
Robert's Quality Ice Cream Co., Frankfort, Ind
Main City Ice Cream Co., Gary, Ind.
Commet Ice Cream Co., Hammond, Ind.
Hammond Dairy & Ice Cream Co., Hammond, Ind.
S. H. Henderson, Hobart, Ind.
Huntington-Collins Ice Cream & Bottling Co., Huntington, Ind.
Kokomo Sanitary Milk & Ice Cream Co., Kokomo, Ind.
Growers Dairy Produce Co., Kokomo, Ind.
Chamberlain Ice Cream Co., Lafayette, Ind.
Bohrer Products Co., Lafayette, Ind.
Watts Bros. Ice Cream Co., Logansport, Ind.
Logansport Ice Cream Co., Logansport, Ind.
Marion Ice & Cold Storage Co., Marion, Ind.
The Beatrice Creamery Co., Muncie, Ind.
Campbell's Ice Cream & Milk Co., Muncie, Ind.
Chas. D. Terhune, Muncie, Ind.
Rees Ice Cream Co., Peru, Ind.
Arch's Velvet Ice Cream Co., Richmond, Ind.
The Benner Ice Cream Co., Richmond, Ind.
Seymour Ice Cream Co., Seymour, Ind.
Sanitary Milk & Ice Cream Co., Peru, Ind.
Terre Haute Pure Milk & Ice Cream Co., Terre Haute, Ind.
Model Ice Cream Co., Terre Haute, Ind.
Farmers Ice Cream Co., Terre Haute, Ind.
Tipton Ice Cream Co., Tipton, Ind.
Ice Valparaiso Home Ice Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
A. Gripe Ice Cream Co., Wabash, Ind.
Clover Leaf Pharmacy, Frankfort, Ind.
Hall, Masses & Hearn Ice Cream, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Empire Ice Cream Co., Albany, N. Y.
Peerless Ice Cream Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Jersey Ice Cream Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
International Ice Cream Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Coleman Ice Cream Co., Inc., Scotia, N. Y.
Geo. E. Hall Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
Tioga Ice Cream Co., Owego, N. Y.
Waldeman Ice Cream Co., Owego, N. Y.
Watson & Aven, Fort Smith, Ark.
Watson & Aven, Helena, Ark.
Terry Dairy Co., Little Rock, Ark.
Purity Ice & Ice Cream Co., Hot Springs, Ark.
National Ice Cream Co., Little Rock, Ark.
The Runyan Creamery, North Little Rock, Ark.
Wadham Ice Cream Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
The Manchester Dairy & Ice Cream Co., South Manchester, Conn.
R. F. Worden & Sons, Inc., Waterbury, Conn.
Hartford Ice Cream Co., Hartford, Conn.
Ice Cream Co., New Haven, Conn.
Hall Brothers, New London, Conn.
Climax Dairy Co., Denver, Colo.
The Corbett Ice Cream Co., Denver, Colo.
The Mile High Creamery Co., Denver, Colo.
The Pioneer Dairy Co., Denver, Colo.
The Cloverleaf Creameries Co., Boulder, Colo.
The Mowry Creamery Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.
Parlor Ice Cream & Supply Co., Pueblo, Colo.
Pueblo Ice Cream Co., Pueblo, Colo.
Hall Brothers, New Bedford, Mass.
Hall Brothers, Springfield, Mass.
Hall Brothers, Worcester, Mass.
Bishop Manor Farms, Irvington, Ala.
Home Ice Cream Co., Lexington, Ky.
Lee Lewis Ice Co., Lawrence, Ky.
Boedeker Manufacturing Co., Dallas, Tex.
Mrs. Ice Cream Co., Dallas, Tex.
Hawkins Ice Cream Co., Watertown, S. Dak.
Velvet Ice Cream Co., Wheeling, W. Va.
The Ice Ice Cream Co., Charleston, W. Va.
Home Ice Cream Co., Fenton, W. Va.
The Cheyenne Creamery Co., Cheyenne, Wyo.
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(Continued from Page 71)

"How different?" He raised his dark brows.

"I don't know how to express it. But I had read an awful lot about the New York smart set. And do you know, Cosimo, you were the only person at Mrs. Van Reek's that looked like—well, what I'd dreamed an aristocrat would look like."

He gazed at her for an instant through the gathering gloom, and something in his look assured her that she had been too frank. Her clumsy words had intruded upon his fine reserve.

"I'll tell you, Maggie ——"

He, too, had grown self-conscious, was floundering for a phrase, when a rough voice from the far end of the coop broke the spell:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Neri."

One of the camera men had come over and stood buttoning his seedy overcoat.

"What's wrong now, Snyder?"

"The light's gone. Don't you think we'd better quit?"

At the question Cosimo seemed to become another person. He stood up and turned a brisk glance toward the sloppy field and the game he had neglected for more important play.

"Sure," he said. "You can't get any more pictures to-day. Pack up and get back to the studio as fast as you can. Better go round to the diplomatic box. I told McGinnis to assemble all the cameras on that side."

Snyder and his crew went clattering down the stairs, laden with tripods and leather boxes. Maggie sat stiff and still on Cosimo's raccoon coat, stupefied by this queer and sudden turn in her romance. Cosimo came over and resumed his place on the box.

"Well," he grinned, "you've heard my side of the case."

"You mean to say you're ——"

"A photographer. We specialize on events—public, sporting, social. I follow my job wherever it goes. It took me to Italy during the war, just the way it took me to Mrs. Van Reek's during the tea battle."

"But the way she seemed to defer to you ——"

"That's part of her game," he laughed. "She makes a great bluff at being afraid of publicity—she's really crazy about it. So she smuggled the chief photographer in as one of her guests.

"Of course I had a sort of advantage. You see our Army lent me as an Italian interpreter during the war."

Maggie heard no more. The crowd outside had grown uproarious as mud-colored heroes went scampering across the field toward the navy goal.

When it had grown a little stiller she heard him say, "I thought you knew. I didn't want to travel under any false colors. It was only part of my job."

"I hadn't any such excuse," she told him. "There I was, strutting like a peacock. My father keeps a hardware store in Hannisville."

"Is it a good store?"

"The best in town."

"Well," said Cosimo, "mine keeps a fruit stand. It's a good one too."

A few minutes later, when the Army had given it up at the seven-yard line and the field was swarming with capering blue overcoats, Maggie was asking against the shoulder of a leather coat, "Do Italians all make love like that—so quick?"

"Usually," he explained; and added, "especially when their mothers are Irish."

THE WORTH OF CITIZENSHIP

Continued from Page 4

these cases. I am an honorably discharged soldier myself, having served in time of war as a combatant, and overseas, and I think I can speak somewhat authoritatively for the viewpoint of the former soldier. Certainly everything has been done for the soldier of alien birth that he is reasonably entitled now to expect in the way of easy citizenshio, and I would like to urge on this committee the abolition at this time of any more immediate and forthwith naturalization for such former soldiers, and I say that in all earnestness.

"In my own district I had, I think, about seven of the largest cantonments in the United States, and I kept closely in touch with the soldier naturalization work during the war, which in my district was under my supervision, and I know the situation which obtained. In Camp Dodge, for instance, about 2000 aliens refused naturalization prior to the signing of the armistice, and they baldly stated in so doing that they were taking that step in the hope of avoiding oversea service. After the armistice was signed they all clamored for citizenship; but the court there, being acquainted with their cases, refused it to them; and in hundreds of those cases there is a formal adjudication which certainly is a bar to naturalization in the cases concerned for a period of at least five years; this because of their absolute refusal to discharge the obligations of citizenship in time of war. Now we will say that one of those Camp Dodge slackers goes to New York or Philadelphia or any other city; he there presents his honorable discharge and it does not contain any reference to his being refused citizenship. A very general discussion of the slacker question will be found in re Tomarchio (269 Fed., 400)."

Mistakes of the Past

Some aliens are all right and some aliens are all wrong. The task which confronts the United States is as simple to understand as stumbling over a rug, and this is it:

Having foolishly admitted to this country a lot of aliens that aren't wanted and aren't needed, the United States owes it to herself to make these aliens as easy to live with as possible. She must find out which ones are all right and which ones are all wrong. If those who are all right wish to be admitted to citizenship they should be admitted in such a way as to make them realize that an honor is being conferred on them. As for those who are all wrong, and those whose interest in the country is so small that they don't wish to become citizens, they should be forced to cough up a small amount of money periodically for the opportunities we give them.

America is popularly known as a free country; but there is no particular reason why it should be freer for the newcomers who cannot and will not accept any of the country's burdens than it is for the native-born Americans and for naturalized citizens. And that, as is well known, is the condition that exists to-day.

Early Fears Justified

Back in 1790, when the United States was so scantily populated that one could travel from Fourteenth Street out to Yonkers without seeing more than eight people and a cow, the struggling young republic was making an effort to get Europeans to come to America and take up land—just as Australia is doing to-day. They were having a certain amount of success; and in a big year as many as 250 immigrants would pour into the country. By turning to The Debates and Proceedings of the Congress of the United States, Volume I, in which are set forth the deliberations of the first and second sessions of the First Congress in the years 1789 and 1790, one finds the House of Representatives somewhat perturbed over the question of naturalization.

Mr. James Madison, of Virginia, later President of the United States, declares himself as follows: "It is no doubt very desirable that we should hold out as many inducements as possible for the worthy part of mankind to come and settle amongst us, and throw their fortunes into a common lot with ours. But why is this desirable? Not merely to swell the catalogue of people. No, sir, it is to increase the wealth and strength of the community; and those who acquire the rights of citizenship without adding to the strength or wealth of the community are not the people we are in want of."

If Mr. James Madison could have foreseen that in another one hundred and thirty years the United States would be giving citizenship on a yearly average to 350,000 aliens, a large number of whom are children in mental development, totally unaware of what they are getting and not fit in any way to become American citizens, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that Mr. Madison's rage and

Continued on Page 77

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4 Passenger [illegible] -

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Model 46—8 Cylinder

[illegible] - - - - - $2[illegible]

7 Passenger Touring -

6 [illegible] Wire Wheels -

4 Passenger Pacemaker -

Continued from Page 74

disgust at the depths of this folly would have caused him to burst a blood vessel then and there.

And if Mr. Madison could have known definitely that one hundred and thirty years after he was discussing immigration and naturalization so calmly, the foreign-born white population of New York City alone would be over 2,000,000, his blood-curdling shrieks of horror would unquestionably have lifted the shingles from the roof.

It is interesting, but not particularly pleasing, to note that the foreign-born and children of foreign-born inhabiting New York to-day are more numerous than the total population of the United States when Mr. Madison was so wisely expounding our laws to a more or less attentive people.

Mr. James Jackson, of Georgia, in that same 1790 debate, was fearful that in the years to come citizenship in the United States might be held cheaply—at, say, the equivalent of thirty cents. Already Philadelphia was becoming known as a city of loose politics, as may be seen from the following remarks of the gentleman from Georgia:

"Shall stories be told of our citizenship, such as I have read in the Pennsylvania Magazine of the citizenship there? If my memory serves me right the story runs that at a contested election in Philadelphia when parties ran very high and no stone was left unturned on either side to carry the election, most of the ships in the harbor were cleared of their crews who, ranged under the masters and owners, came before a magistrate, took the oath of allegiance and paid half a crown tax to the collector as the Constitution required, then went and voted and decided the election day. On the return of one of the vessels whose crew had been employed in the affair of the election, they fell in with a shoal of porpoises off Cape Henlopen. 'Ha!' said one of them. 'What merry company have we got here! I wonder where they are going so cheerfully?' 'Going,' replied one of his comrades. 'Why, going to Philadelphia, to be sure, to pay taxes and vote for assemblymen!' I hope, Mister Chairman, we have more respect for our situation as citizens than to expose ourselves to the taunts and jeers of a deriding world by making that situation too cheap."

Urgently Needed Remedies

An interesting sequel to Mr. Jackson's remarks, made in 1790, took place in Rotterdam in 1921. Two American vice consuls came to the steamship dock to oversee the loading of 1800 emigrants to America on a single steamer. With them stood a minor official of the steamship company—a pleasant Dutchman. The gates were opened and a mass of undersized, mean-faced, shifty-eyed, self-centered, peculiar aliens from Central Europe poured into the room and struggled among themselves to be first. The Dutch steamship official shook his head contemptuously and laughed in the faces of the two American vice consuls. "American citizens!" he commented, pointing at the struggling mass. One of the vice consuls turned to me furiously. "Yes!" he cried. "They'll be American citizens, and not one of them ought to be allowed to leave Europe! Do you wonder that we're the laughingstock of the world!" Mr. Jackson's fears had come true with a vengeance.

None the less, these enormous masses of aliens have been allowed to leave Europe. They are here, and for our own sakes we must do what we can with them. We have, moreover, cheapened our situation as citizens through the lack of foresight of our early legislators and the negligence of our more recent Congresses, far below the point which Mr. James Jackson of Georgia hoped, back in 1790, that we would never reach. This situation must be improved. The remedies are as follows:

A careful registration of all aliens before they leave Europe for America, and several times a year after they arrive in America until they become citizens;

The establishment of schools for aliens in all parts of the United States, to be supported by alien registration fees;

An educational test which shall insure that American citizenship shall be granted to no one who cannot pass the tests which fourth or fifth grade grammar-school pupils must pass;

Separate naturalization of wives and husbands;

The payment of an annual fee by every adult alien, and of a smaller fee by each alien between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one;

A marked improvement and simplification in the machinery of naturalization;

The removal of citizenship from naturalized citizens who go bad after having been naturalized

The present method of naturalization, which is sufficiently loose and ineffectual and bureaucratic to make a brass monkey burst into scalding tears, operates as follows:

An alien, having arrived in this country, may take out his declaration of intention of becoming an American citizen on the very day of his arrival, if he so wishes. This is known as his first papers. The only formality to be observed is visiting the county clerk's office, giving the clerk, under oath, certain simple facts concerning himself and his arrival, listening stolidly to a few hazy mumblings on the clerk's part, and receiving his declaration of intention.

Zigzag Journeys

Having done this the alien waits for five years; for an alien must have lived in America for five years before he can become a citizen. At the end of the five years, let us say, he goes again to the same county clerk's office, and makes application for his second papers. Probably he has two witnesses with him, both American citizens and both willing to swear that they have known their friend for five or ten or twenty years, and that under no conditions would he steal the spoons or join the Bootleggers' Union.

The county clerk, however, is not impressed by the witnesses. He disposes of them with a cold shrug of his shoulders and says brusquely to the alien: "Where's your certificate of arrival?" Unfortunately, the alien has no certificate of arrival. Until he has a certificate of arrival the county clerk is not permitted to know that the alien has arrived in America. The alien himself cannot prove that he is here until he can produce a certificate which admits it. Surrounded, therefore, by a dark blue fog of mystification and despair, the alien and his two witnesses go back home and the trouble begins.

In order to get a certificate of arrival the alien must open negotiations with the commissioner of immigration of the port at which he landed. There is a certain routine that his application for a certificate of arrival must follow, and this is the routine, in nine dizzy zigzags:

The application goes (1) to the Bureau of Naturalization in Washington, and is forwarded by the bureau (2) to the proper immigration commissioner. Too often the information contained in the application is incomplete, so the immigration commissioner sends it back (3) to the Bureau of Naturalization with a wail to the effect that the information is incomplete. The bureau ships it (4) to the alien with a demand for more information. The alien ransacks his personal belongings and forwards (5) to the Bureau of Naturalization in Washington a large consignment of baggage checks, old newspapers, fragments of passports and miscellaneous junk. The Bureau of Naturalization transships this material (6) to the immigration commissioner at the alien's port of entry. Very frequently the information is still incomplete, whereupon the alien is instructed (7) to disgorge further information. Being unable to, he is told to report (8) to the naturalization examiner in the district in which he lives. The naturalization examiner attempts to get at the bottom of the trouble; and if he is unable to do so the alien is passed (9) to the local immigration inspector. Various things may have happened: the alien may have forgotten his ship name, which is the name on the passport that, for various dark or opaque reasons, he used for entering the United States; or he may have placed his date of arrival in America only a season or two out of the way; at any rate, most applicants for certificates of arrival usually have a large mob of government officials—inspectors of both the immigration and naturalization services—clutching their fevered brows and licking their lips nervously in their efforts to find out how the alien could have been in America for five or eight or ten years without the Government having any record of it. The end of the whole business usually comes when the immigration inspector, who was Number Nine in the zigzag, takes down the alien's statement as to when he thinks he arrived, convinces himself of its truth, and issues the coveted certificate of arrival.

The delays in this procedure are enough to irritate even such a stolid and unhurried organism as a barnacle. For one thing, Congress failed to make adequate appropriations to deal with immigration matters. When there is a rush of immigrants in July, let us say, the immigration force at ports of entry give up working on certificates of arrival and apply themselves entirely to immigrants. Applications for certificates of arrival continue to pile up, however; and when November comes around the immigration force is just beginning to dispose of the July grist. The alien, becoming discouraged, files additional applications. Some of them have been known to file five of them. This adds considerably to the general confusion.

The time which elapses between the filing of an application for a certificate of arrival and the receipt of the certificate ranges anywhere from five months to two years. The whole business could be readily disposed of in a matter of from two days to a month at the outside if the county clerk sent the alien to the chief naturalization examiner in his district and the chief naturalization examiner in turn obtained the alien's certificate of arrival from the immigration inspector.

Under the present system, when the alien has received his certificate of arrival, he digs up his two witnesses and appears before the naturalization examiner in the district in which he lives. The naturalization examiner examines the candidate as to his fitness to become a citizen. Unfortunately, there aren't enough examiners to handle the work properly. I quote again from the testimony of the chief naturalization examiner of the St. Louis district before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

"The metropolitan district of St. Louis has about 1,000,000 people. With the number of employes given to me, I have one man to look after all of the St. Louis work, and he interviews about 100 people a day on an average. You can figure out for yourself the amount of time he has, taking out his lunch time, for those cases."

It figures out to four minutes for each person, always provided that there is no hitch or delay of any sort; and four minutes is barely long enough to find out how to spell correctly the last name of the average alien.

Ninety days after this preliminary examination, which is a total farce in many cases, the alien again digs up his two witnesses and appears in court to be made a citizen of this great and glorious country. In some courts, as has already been pointed out, the candidates for citizenship are rushed through in blocks.

Judge Squiers' Protest

Judge Squiers, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, recently wrote a letter of protest to Representative Fess, of Ohio, in which he said, referring to applicants for citizenship: "For the most part they are gathered together like a lot of cattle in a room, several hundred at a time, and overflowing into the hallway. I am sorry to say that many judges pass them at the rate of one or more a minute. There is not the slightest feature in the occasion to impress them with its solemnity; and I venture to say it makes no more impression on the applicant than would the purchase of a package of cigarettes. . . . Many are admitted to citizenship who never should have been. . . . Until Congress establishes a uniform method for the naturalization of citizens . . . the courts will never agree on a uniform method, and the applicants for citizenship will continue to be run through the hopper as corn is run through the mill."

In other courts the judges put the candidates through an impressive ceremony; but these courts, as a rule, do not reach many aliens. The St. Louis chief naturalization examiner testified: "Some courts are very conscientious, and some go on the theory that if they dismiss or find fault with these people it means that they are going to lose their votes later on; and so the Government having raised no objection, they do not raise any, and the man is naturalized regardless of how ignorant he may be or anything else. I do not think 50 per cent of the Western petitioners are ever seen by the examiners, and this also applies to the witnesses."

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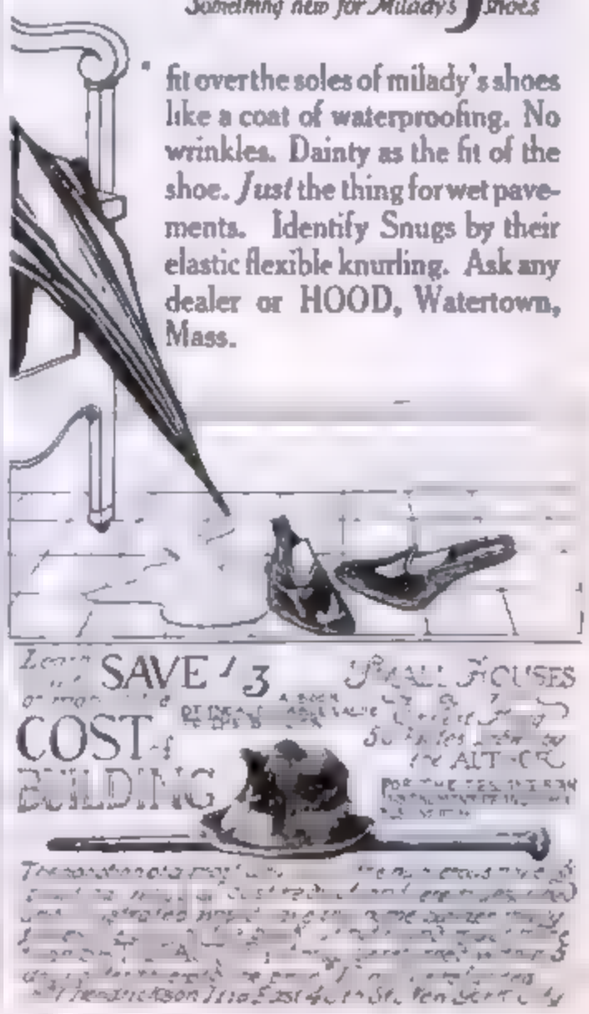

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Under the present law, as soon as a male alien is admitted to citizenship his wife and all his children under age who were born abroad and enter the United States before they are twenty-one automatically become citizens. None of them ever comes into court or takes the oath of allegiance. More people become citizens in this way than by applying for citizenship, and there is no more reason in it than there was in the old Hindu custom of burning a man's wives when the man died.

That, very briefly and sketchily, is the manner in which 350,000 aliens are admitted to American citizenship every year—first delayed and then hustled; now forced to a great expenditure of time, energy and money for a scrap of paper, and again allowed to take the greatest step of all without being obliged to exhibit either real interest or information concerning the laws or the government of the nation.

The first step, the keystone and the last step in the remedying of this citizenship mess is the compulsory registration of all aliens. A well-devised, well-executed scheme of compulsory registration will automatically bring all the other needed reforms in its train.

Registration of aliens has been bitterly opposed for years by a number of societies and organizations which represent alien interests to the frequent exclusion of American interests. The basis for their arguments against the registration of aliens seems to be that the alien won't like it, that it will be a reflection on his manhood, and that it will make him tired. One antiregistration witness before the House Immigration Committee complained, "I do not like the idea of registration. I think it is un-American; it is introducing Russian and Prussian methods. It is contrary to the genius of our institutions." This witness believed that America could easily assimilate as many million Europeans as cared to pour into America.

There has been no American statesman from the time of Washington and Madison down to the time of Roosevelt and Lodge who has not known that such a belief was a menace to America. Congress has known it for a hundred and thirty years, but has failed to express its knowledge in proper laws. Another witness objected to registration because he thought the alien would be suspicious of it.

Judge Raker's Pointed Questions

Immediately Judge John E. Raker, of California, a member of the committee, inquired fretfully, "Why should we always be yielding to the alien as against the general development and benefit of our country? That's what I can't understand, and I want you to explain. Why should we, every time a question comes up, say 'We ought not to do this because the alien might not like it'? Why shouldn't an alien come right up and toe the mark like every American citizen if he wants to participate in the functions of this Government? You know that a man, no matter how long he has lived here, cannot vote unless he registers. Why shouldn't an alien be required to register, so as to protect himself, as well as protect the Government?"

A volley of questions of this nature is extremely difficult to answer in any way that will satisfy an American who has the best interests of the nation at heart.

James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, appeared before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization and advocated having compulsory registration of aliens four times a year, and a yearly registration fee of twenty-five dollars on each adult alien. Secretary Davis came to this country from Wales at the age of eight and is a naturalized citizen.

Secretary Davis advocated a twenty-five-dollar registration fee in order that there may be a sufficient amount of money with which to advertise, to secure men to look after the aliens, and to educate the aliens. "If you do not get a reasonable registration fee," he testified, "you won't have enough money unless the Government provides large sums for the work. I don't know of anybody that ever got anything free that appreciated it, unless it was from a dear friend. If the alien pays for Americanization work himself, he will appreciate it. He will not voluntarily pay for it: it must be compulsory. If he cannot pay this year he should be allowed to pay next year.

"Every three months the alien should appear before a registration officer and be checked up on his work. He would do that every three months in every year for five years, at which time he would make his application for final papers. At that time the naturalization examiner could take the applicant's card and know what progress he had made. Then the examiner could present him to the court for naturalization."

Some of the beauties of this registration scheme are its abolition of the certificate of arrival; its overthrow of the two-witness system—for the alien's registrations and school progress are sufficient witnesses; the facilities which it presents for keeping track of undesirables; the ease with which registrants can be brought in contact with educational advantages, and the opportunity which it offers for paying a decent and attractive salary to registration clerks, naturalization clerks and public-school teachers.

The House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization has refused to look with favor on Secretary Davis' recommendation that the alien be registered four times a year and that a yearly registration fee of twenty-five dollars be charged. It fears that if such measures are put to a vote on the floor of the House the tender-hearted congressmen will instantly give the whole measure a brutal and destructive kicking in its most vulnerable spot.

Registration Fees

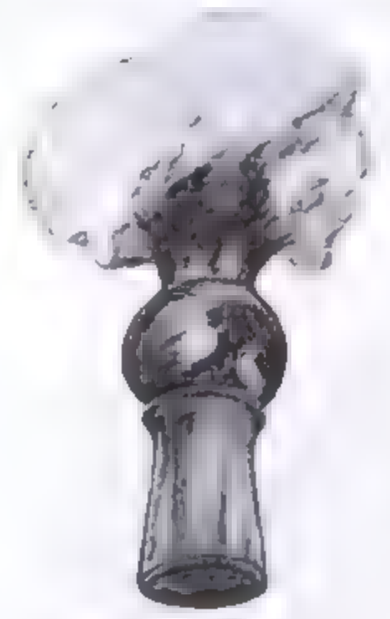
It is a very unfortunate thing that such evidences of timidity should be shown at a time when the sentiment of the whole country is heartily in favor of getting an immigration law and a naturalization law about which there shall be none of the stalling that has characterized our immigration and naturalization laws ever since John Hancock made the signature famous. The people of this country are swamped with aliens, and they want fewer of them and better ones. The people of this country want no more citizenships wasted on people who don't deserve them. If aliens must be inconvenienced in order to make better citizens of them, the people of America are strongly in favor of inconveniencing them to the limit. If aliens must be charged twenty-five dollars a year in order to make better citizens of them, the people of America will shed never a tear over the charging. In fact, the only comment of the people of America would unquestionably be: "Charge thirty and be on the safe side." The only things that will cause the people of America to fret and fume will be the failure of Congress to force aliens to register with sufficient frequency to make the registration effective, and the neglect of Congress to charge aliens a sufficiently large registration fee to provide the necessary machinery for supervision and Americanization.

The House Naturalization Committee thinks that to make the alien register more than once a year would cut into his afternoons too severely. Secretary Davis doesn't think so. Senator King, who has recently introduced a new immigration bill, provides for four registrations a year. Everybody who wants effective registration wants the alien to register four times a year. If he registers only once a year there is no check on a change of residence after registration—a fact which reduces the value of registration perilously close to the thirty-cent mark. Not only should the alien register four times a year but he should also reregister, without additional fee, whenever he changes his residence within the quarterly period. Such a provision is neither Russian, Prussian, cruel nor contrary to the genius of our institutions—whatever that may mean; it is the simplest, plainest and most ordinary exhibition of carefulness and common sense; an essential method of protecting both aliens and American citizens; the only possible manner in which the preëlection pledge of the Republican platform to offer guidance and protection to the alien population can be carried out.

The House Naturalization Committee says that Secretary Davis' estimate of twenty-five dollars as the proper registration fee is too high. Secretary Davis is the man who is responsible for the fee system which has made the Loyal Order of Moose into such a remarkable educational and benevolent organization. He was an alien once, he has lived among aliens all his life, and he says that a twenty-five-dollar registration fee is not only not too high but that it is essential, if the alien is to be properly

(Continued on Page 81)

Does Six Things That You Want



Multiplies Itself in Lather 250 Times

The lather is amazingly abundant. A tiny bit—just one-half inch—suffices for a shave. A 35c tube supplies over 100 shaves.

Acts in One Minute

The toughest beard is softened in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water.

No Finger-Rubbing

No finger-rubbing, no hot towels are required. The soap acts quickly without aid.

Tenacious Bubbles

The lather bubbles are small and tenacious. They support the hairs erect for cutting where flimsy bubbles don't.

Lasts Ten Minutes

The small, tough bubbles make enduring lather. It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Forms a Balmy Lotion

The blend of palm and olive oils soothes all irritation. The skin is left in soft and smooth condition. The delightful after-effects are the best effects of all.

Just Say "Yes"

And we'll send you a shaving surprise

By V. K. Cassady, B. S., M. S., Chief Chemist

We are making a better Shaving Cream than you have ever dreamed of.

We are getting the six results you want, each in exceptional degree.

Now we merely ask that you let us send you ten shaves free. You owe that to yourself and us. When someone tries to please you, at least try what he has done.

We failed 129 times

We are experts in soap, as you know. Our facial soap—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Our first idea was to give to men the balmy, soothing skin effects of palm and olive oils.

But we went out and asked 1,000 men what other things they wanted. Then we learned some things they needed most, but which they did not know.

We then set out to make for you the ideal shaving soap. It took 18 months. We made and tested 130 formulas before we attained this perfection.

Offers six supremacies

This shaving soap has six surprising qualities. We list them at the side. Each meets one of your desires. And it meets it better, we believe, than any soap you know.

Anyway, the decision rests with you. But mark this: Famous experts claim to get those six results. And they offer to send you ten shaves free to prove them. We argue that you should accept that offer, in fairness to yourself and them. If you agree, cut out the coupon now.

Copyright 1927—The Palmolive Co. 1580

10 Shaves FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to

The Palmolive Company, Dept. B-254
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

_____

_____

_____

WALK—and Health, Youth, and Contentment will walk with you.

But, first, be sure that your Shoes encourage your feet to walk!

"For Every Walk in Life"

THERE'S a wonderful something about these ORIGINAL Flexible-arch, Straight-inside-line Health Shoes to be found in no other footwear.★ No shoes ever had finer materials or workmanship put into them. No shoes ever fitted *the whole foot* more perfectly. No shoes ever held a higher record for benefiting the entire body *from the ground up.* Their Nature's-own muscle-developing construction is famous the world over;—made so by word-of-mouth praise from thousands of grateful wearers;—the sheer power of recognized achievement in inimitable comfort-bringing through years of service;—RESULTS that nothing can obscure or duplicate!

MEN'S "GROUND GRIPPER" BOOT

The "Daddy" of Corrective Shoes. Also comes in Oxford.

★FOR MEN who must THINK and WORK and carry life's load lightly:—

there is a new efficiency of body and mind which comes with the freeing of feet once held in bondage;—a joyous reviving of blood long sullenly stagnant;—the encouragement of an easy, vigorous, swing-along step that puts you ahead of the crowd. GROUND-GRIPPERS *"perk you up"*—give you a better *grip* on yourself. And they have more real Style than any merely "smart" Shoe ever possessed. Substantial. Intelligent. ALWAYS in fashion.

MEN'S GOLF OXFORD

Buoyant swing and firm foothold—without spikes!

"TYPE 2" WOMEN'S OXFORD

One of a number of new smartly modified "Ground Grippers".

★FOR WOMEN who realize that it is neither womanly nor attractive to totter and limp through life:—

there is the natural feminine birthright of grace and beauty restored and preserved. There is reawakened energy—poise—glad relief from fatigue and "nerves";—*a truer Womanhood.* But, with all their incomparable Health features, GROUND-GRIPPERS do not restrict women to a single type of shoe. There are several smart, distinctive styles from which to choose;—each fulfilling certain well defined physical requirements and results;—all in perfect harmony with the preferences of a world of well dressed women;—*yet, oh, so comfortable!*

"TYPE 3" WOMEN'S ONE-STRAP PUMP

All the attractive style a sensible woman could desire for street wear.

★FOR CHILDREN whose tender little feet must be started on the right road:—

there is the sure foundation of sturdy physique—correct posture—confidence. Always the untrammeled play of every delicate bone and muscle. Freedom, comfort and strength from the start. GROUND-GRIPPERS will give your little Jack or Jill a growing opportunity such as you, as boy or girl, possibly never had. And such a chance is every child's most precious heritage.

CHILDREN'S OXFORD

Quality that gives double the service of ordinary footwear.

CHILDREN'S BOOT

Little feet in shoes like these have a clear pathway to Health.

GROUND GRIPPER WALKING SHOES

IMITATED BUT NEVER DUPLICATED

Exclusive stores in principal cities. 2000 agents everywhere. If there isn't a "Ground Gripper" Shop in your locality, send us the name of your regular dealer. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Never in your life have you known anything to compare with the complete HAPPINESS of "Ground Grippers". Write for our Style and Medical Booklets on Feet—FREE!

Made only by the

GROUND GRIPPER SHOE CO., Inc., 141 Brookline St., East Lynn, Mass.

★*FOR DEALERS WHO TAKE PRIDE IN SELLING THE "REAL THING"—there is something big and fine for you in "Ground-Grippers"! The backing of the largest exclusive manufacturer of Health Shoes in America. A "Quality" product through and through. The advantage of handling the best known, most established standard with which liberal style selection has recently been added! There are now more than 60 attractive numbers in the "Ground-Gripper" line. Get our Special Exclusive Territory Proposition at once, the most valuable Shoe franchise in the world!*

(Continued from Page 78)

supervised and Americanized. The House Committee thinks that a registration charge of five dollars a year for each adult alien is plenty.

As for aliens between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, Secretary Davis says they should be charged ten dollars a year; while Congress now seems on the point of shedding a sentimental tear while saying that three dollars is enough.

If the alien wants to become a citizen he ought to pay for his own schooling. If he wants to live in the country without becoming a citizen he ought to pay for the privilege. There is no particular reason for soaking the taxpayer in behalf of the alien when the taxpayer is protesting at the top of his lungs, and with excellent reason, against the admission of the alien. Experience has shown that competent naturalization officers cannot be retained for the pitiful salaries paid in the past, and that experienced teachers will not serve in the schools for aliens on the miserable pay which they now receive. There are more than 14,000,000 foreign-born living in the United States, and more than 7,000,000 can't read the English language. It will take money, and lots of it, to register these people properly and to give the proper educational advantages to the ones who want to become citizens. Twenty-five dollars a year from each one will do it.

Five dollars a year from each one will leave the worth of United States citizenship in the vicinity of the figure mentioned at the beginning of this article—to wit, thirty cents.

THE COAL OUTLOOK

(Continued from Page 9)

$7.00 a day, which represents an estimated labor charge per ton of about $4.07, as compared with $1.80 in 1913. In the bituminous industry wages have gone up no less rapidly. In 1900 the highest wage paid men working by the day in the soft-coal mines was $1.90. At the present time the day wage in the union district is $7.50. The rate for pick mining in the Central Pennsylvania district advanced from fifty cents a ton in 1900 to $1.28 a ton, the present rate. These high wages bring high mining costs and abnormal prices for coal. The railroads, being among the largest consumers of coal, must necessarily advance their transportation charges, and as a result the freight rates on coal have more than doubled all over the country. We are in a vicious circle, and the only way to prevent an industrial tragedy is to get down first the cost of coal and second the cost of transportation.

It is certainly an alarming situation when the Western farmers find it cheaper to burn corn than to buy coal. It is likely that 20,000,000 bushels of corn will be burned for fuel in Western towns this winter. In heat value forty bushels of corn equal one ton of coal. Therefore corn at twenty cents a bushel is equal to coal at eight dollars a ton. In many parts of the West forty bushels of corn mean the fruitage from an acre of ground. Where could we get any more forcible argument to prove that anyone, merchant or miner, who charges too much for his goods or labor eventually curtails his own market and drives himself out of business, leaving the field to more reasonable and less selfish competitors?

The System Explained

I have already mentioned that in all fields where the United Mine Workers of America has gained a foothold and established its authority the check-off exists and the mines so governed are compelled to operate under the plan of a closed shop. The public has heard some discussion of the check-off system, and doubtless will hear a great deal more concerning this practice in coming weeks. Therefore a brief explanation of the system is not out of place:

Under the check-off scheme the officials of the local union notify the mine operator of the names of all members of the United Mine Workers in his mine. This list, of course, includes the names of all those working in or around the plant. The union officials also notify the mine operator how much is to be checked off from the employes' pay each pay day. Under the check-off agreement it is then the duty of the operator to deduct those amounts from the pay of his men and turn the money over to the United Mine Workers' local officials. In other words, the operator collects the union dues from the workers in the amounts designated by the local union officials. They do not have the check-off in the anthracite field, but in practically all of the unionized bituminous districts it is a common practice. Through the use of this plan the United Mine Workers have been collecting about $20,000,000 a year, which represents roughly the annual income of that organization. The wage scale, under this plan, must be made high enough to enable the employes to pay these amounts out of their wages and still maintain their families. This charge is added directly to the cost of coal, and naturally must be paid by the consumer.

As a rule the specific purpose for which the funds just collected are to be employed is not stated, but on at least one occasion last year a special assessment on the members of the United Mine Workers was levied by the national officials to finance the strike in Alabama. When the use to which the money was to be put was thus boldly stated a number of operators thought it well to consult counsel as to the legality of their action in collecting funds in this manner, to be used against their brother operators in Alabama. In most cases they were advised by counsel that if they did collect the special check-off assessment, after having notice of the purpose for which the funds so collected would be employed, they would probably be liable for damages if the Alabama operators should sue them. Most of the mine owners in the organized fields thereupon refused to collect that special check-off, and the incident crystallized a growing conviction on the part of many operators that the general practice was probably illegal and certainly was highly dangerous.

Union Strategy

As long as the check-off arrangement stands in the contracts between the union miners and their employers it makes it possible for the United Mine Workers to collect large sums annually which can be consolidated into a huge fund for the financing of strikes or any other action which the officials may wish to take, and which might be seriously detrimental to the interests of coal consumers throughout the country.

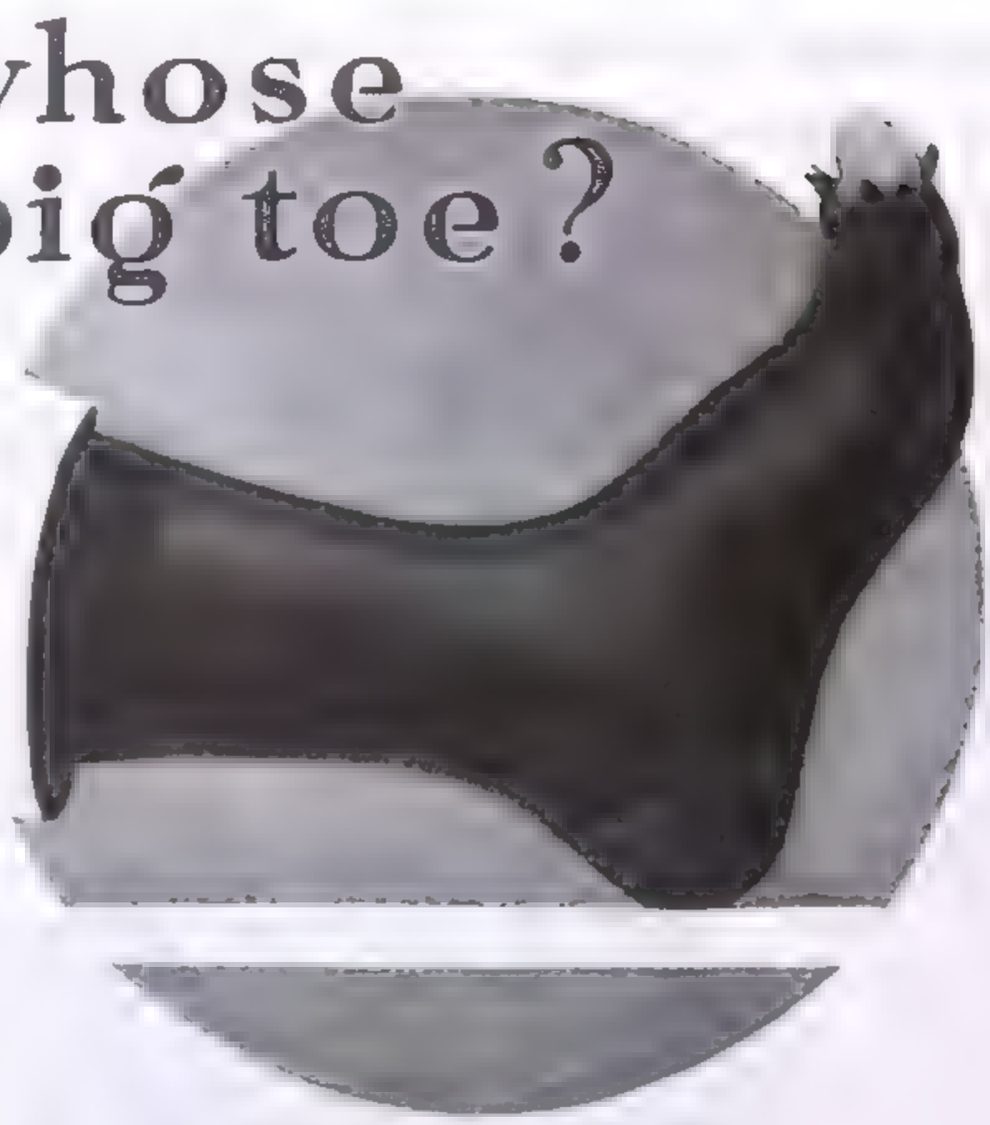
Doubtless the union officials could collect a considerable amount of money without the use of the check-off; but they could not collect the money so easily, and certainly not so much of it.

The operators of several coal districts have always been opposed to the check-off. However, the United Mine Workers, until the award of the Bituminous Coal Commission in the spring of 1920, never let it be a part of the national contract. It was always kept back as one of the local questions which should be included in the local agreements. That method of handling the check-off operated to prevent the coal producers from fighting it as a unit, and if any particular district, such as the Pittsburgh territory, should attempt to oppose it individually a strike could be called in that district and the fight could be financed by the funds collected in all the other districts until the operators in the battle zone were forced to surrender and collect it. Under this plan the coal-mine owners, who have been opposed to the check-off for years, have been powerless to stop the practice. Now, as a result of the Bituminous Coal Commission's award, the check-off is fastened more strongly upon the industry than ever.

One court last fall declared the check-off illegal, but a higher tribunal recently rendered a decision which largely set aside this earlier and more unfavorable opinion.

The operators producing union-mined coal assert that the nonunion producers,

whose big toe?



You know him. That fellow who orders his hat, cigar and shaving soap by name but then buys *just socks*. Serves him right if Mr. Big Toe comes plunging out.

True Shape

SOCKS

KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

They are the modest priced socks that give men the utmost in wear value. They are the labor-saving socks that give women time for more important things than darning.

Knit to fit, True Shape Socks stand the severest tests of the discriminating dresser. Try them. Ask at the store for

True Shape No. 152

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children
If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if TRUE SHAPE *you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.*

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Let us send you a box of cigars on trial

We can hardly expect a man to send us money for a box of cigars before he has tried them. So we make an offer that in fairness to your smoking whim and to our cigars, you ought to snap up.

Briefly our story is this: We make cigars and sell them by the box direct to smokers at only one cost of handling and one profit. Believing that the average smoker's preference is influenced more by the taste of the cigar than by the price, we make the kind of cigars that appeal to just such men—cigars good enough to sell themselves without any salesmanship on our part.

We simply put a box in a smoker's hands, invite him to try the cigars at our risk and then decide whether or not he wants to keep the rest.

Our El Nelsor is a 4⅜ inch cigar—all long Havana and Porto Rico filler. Genuine Sumatra leaf wrapper.

Based on customers' estimates, you save upwards of 7c on each of these cigars. We sell them at 8c each by the box. Friends tell us the cigar is equal to any 15c smoke. Some rate it higher.

They *are* good cigars, handmade by skilled, adult makers in clean surroundings.

Say the word and we'll send you a box of 50, postage prepaid. Smoke ten. If after smoking ten cigars, the box doesn't seem worth $4.00, return the 40 unsmoked cigars within ten days. No obligation whatever.

In ordering, please use your letterhead or give reference. Also tell us whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

We make several other brands including clear Havanas which you can also order for trial first.

Shivers' El Nelsor EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

Send for our catalog

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
28 Bank Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This Book On Home Beautifying Sent Free

Contains practical suggestions on how to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting—explains how you can easily and economically refinish and keep woodwork, furniture and floors in perfect condition.

--Building??

If so you will find this book particularly interesting and useful, for it tells how to finish inexpensive soft woods so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. It tells what materials to use—how to apply them—has a color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

Our Individual Advice Department will give a prompt and expert answer to all questions on interior wood finishing—without cost or obligation.

We will gladly send this book free and postpaid for the name of your best dealer in paints. And for 10c we will also send you postpaid a 2 oz. bottle of Johnson's Liquid Prepared Wax.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. S P 2, Racine, Wis.
"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Carter-Thorburn Introductions

NEW HYBRID ESCHSCHOLTZIA [illegible] new shades of [illegible] slate and smoke colors.

EVERBLOOMING HOLLYHOCK [illegible] from seed first year, July [illegible]. Profusely branching [illegible] with large double flowers [illegible] variety of colors.

DOUBLE GODETIA, DOUBLE PINK—Very handsome.

Send 10c and ask for Novelty Collection No. 212 and illustrated catalog of flowers and vegetable seeds, or send for the catalog alone. Mailed free.

CARTERS TESTED SEEDS, Inc., 53 Barclay St., N.Y.City
(Consolidated with J. M. Thorburn & Co.)
Canadian Branch, 133 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.

with their adjusted labor costs, are now able to mine at an average of seventy-five cents a ton less than the union operators can mine to-day. They say that the goodwill of their companies has been destroyed because coal consumers are afraid to enter into contracts with union mines on account of the probability of a strike and the consequent cessation of production that will necessarily follow a walkout of the union miners. Summed up, the union operators have discovered that consumers propose to divert a large part of their business to nonunion districts so long as the producers in the organized fields find themselves in a position where they cannot guarantee coal deliveries at a fair price.

In Central Pennsylvania the labor cost of bituminous coal for the year 1921 was approximately $2.26 a ton. Adding charges for overhead expenses, power, selling costs and a small figure for amortization, the cost of soft coal in Pennsylvania at the mines under average conditions is estimated to be $3.28. This figure is twenty cents higher than was the cost in 1920, due largely to the loss of tonnage to the competing nonunion districts. The Pennsylvania soft-coal operators are now paying twice as much to haul a ton of coal from their mines to market as they did in 1915. The rate then was $1.55 to tidewater; now it is $3.11.

The coal operators are not in a happy frame of mind. During the past year they have seen their profits melt away and large losses take their places. They believe that now is the psychological moment to make a determined stand for better conditions and lower wages, and they anticipate that in conducting such a fight they will have the sympathy and good will of the public.

On the other side of the argument the miners have adopted an uncompromising attitude. It is practically certain that the bituminous miners will refuse to concede anything in the way of wages or conditions. The anthracite workers have declared for the check-off and the closed shop, and are also demanding a shorter day and the establishment of pay for dead work. In addition they ask a 20 per cent wage increase, notwithstanding the fact that labor now absorbs 70 per cent of the cost of producing anthracite coal. In 1913 the labor cost of producing hard coal was $1.59 a ton, which compares with a present labor cost of about $3.85, an increase of 141 per cent.

Union Tendencies Radical

In order to understand the attitude of the United Mine Workers it is necessary to bear in mind that this organization is a hotbed of internal plotting and dissension. If the national leader of the miners' union were disposed to adopt a reasonable and conciliatory attitude in the matter of wage adjustments, it is altogether probable his influence if not his rule would be terminated abruptly. In the Middle West are the strongest local unions, and these are controlled by leaders who are extremely radical. A conservative national leader would find his road a rough and thorny one if he attempted to carry out any plan looking to a compromise, or yielding any of the fruits of victories won during the war. Therefore let no one consider any phase of the coal controversy without first taking into full account the inside politics that has become the all-important factor in shaping the plans of the United Mine Workers. Nothing could be more unfortunate than this situation, for the public must be the goat and pay the price for these personal encounters and differences of opinion of the miners' leaders.

Last year the miners entertained the belief as well as the hope that there would be a business recovery before their wage agreements expired, and if this expectation were realized they figured that the era of wage reductions would be past, and that in spite of economic changes in other industries they would be able to remain on a war-wage level. Now they find that although business has perhaps turned the corner, and a slight recovery ensued, the opinion of the country is no less unanimous and even more insistent than ever that coal wages and prices must come down. Not only all corporations but every American citizen comes in personal contact with coal and is feeling the effect of the high cost of this essential commodity.

Assuming that the miners go through with their plans, the operators, even if they want to, will not be permitted to agree to any continuance of the present high wage scale in mining. The public will take care that the mine owners properly resist the union's demands. What then will be the duration of the strike, and how will it affect the country?

The miners have failed in the plan formulated several years ago to organize the more important nonunion fields. Therefore all that they can hope to do is to tie up the organized districts and close down 60 per cent of the nation's productive coal capacity. This will not be sufficient to bring them victory, and the strike, even if it is extended over several months, will fail. Such a defeat, if it did not destroy the present union, would necessitate its reorganization under new leaders.

The miners understand full well that if they are left to fight their battle alone the decision will be against them. Their only hope in such a case would be government intervention, which at the worst would secure for them at least a compromise.

What the mine operators fear most of all is Federal interference in case there is a strike. What the miners want most of all is just this same interference. Right now, if the public temper can be read with any degree of accuracy, it is for a finish fight and a real clean-up of some of the questions that have so far not been settled during the recent months of industrial depression. Cheap coal is the greatest need the country experiences to-day. But let no one become possessed of the idea that the remedy for high-priced coal is wages alone.

Economic Savings

There is much the operators can do to get down their costs through establishing higher grade managements in charge of their mines and plants. The time is drawing near when we must prepare for the abolition of the practice of burning coal in its raw state for industrial or domestic purposes. Mine operators must commence to think, not in terms of coal, but in terms of heat units. If we must burn solid fuel at all, let us confine ourselves to coke, so that we may save such values as the tar and ammonia, which form such a large percentage of the content of the coal. After we have broken down the prejudice against coke, and have learned how to burn it properly, then we shall be in position to take the next step to gas, which in the future, because of its economy, will constitute the nation's chief agent of heat for all purposes, just as electricity is rapidly becoming our chief agent for power.

In a coming era we may witness the long-distance transmission of gas at high pressures, just as to-day we see the long-distance transmission of electricity at high voltages. In this future day the gas may be made at the mines, and many grades of coal which cannot now be marketed transformed and the heat units sold as gas. If this is done the coal will be completely carbonized at low temperatures, and no coke at all will be made, the three products derived from the coal being gas, tar and ammonia. Immense markets will arise for these low-temperature tars, for from them we will not only get lubricant oils, fuel oils and wood preservative liquids, but from the acids we will derive medicinal agents far greater in number than anyone conceives to-day.

The preservation of wood by impregnation or painting with coal-tar creosote is a business that is only in its infancy. Our American railroads normally require 150,000,000 wood ties annually. According to a recent survey, only about one-third of these ties at present are being subjected to a proper preservative treatment. This means that in the interest of the conservation of our rapidly diminishing supply of timber we should treat no less than 100,000,000 more ties each year with some preservative than is now being done. Each tie requires about five gallons of creosote for deep penetration. Therefore to treat all the ties now being used we would require 500,000,000 gallons of creosote, or four times the quantity now being consumed in this country each year. Even of our present small consumption of creosote one-half is imported. If we were to provide sufficient preservative to treat all our railroad ties alone we would be obliged to distill more than 50,000,000 tons of coal annually, and this is only one of dozens of possible markets for tar-oil products. Every penny that can be obtained from a ton of coal through saving products now wasted should be recovered, and the benefit of these economies should be extended to consumers in reduced prices for fuel.

Along such lines lie the great hopes of the future for fuel users.

The evils now surrounding the coal industry have cost the nation far more than the average citizen is aware of. Only a few months ago we were talking of the great opportunities existing throughout the world for the sale of American coal. Now all we have left of these dreams is a hazy memory of how our high hopes went a-glimmering. When we sat down to figure the thing out it soon became evident that under our shipping conditions, and with our present Seamen's Act, we couldn't compete with the British in the overseas transportation of coal, even if the ships were loaned to the exporters of coal free of charge. As a result we have been compelled to sit by and watch British coal flow into markets where it was thought American fuel had secured a strong footing. One of the largest coal companies in the United States, in order to hold its foreign markets, has been selling coal abroad at a price that nets the company less than ten cents a ton at the mines. Though it is doubtless true that the Britishers have also been selling coal at a loss to regain their markets, the advantage is all on their side, and unless we act promptly and with vigor American coal will be quickly pushed off the seas.

Says one large exporter: "Notwithstanding the great advantages that here obtain in the use of mechanical equipment and the greater production per man, we find ourselves no less than two dollars above the price of British coal in Mediterranean markets. If the railroads will go down one dollar in their freight charges we will contribute the other dollar and hold our foreign trade until we can get our labor costs down. Under no circumstances will we sign any wage contract except on terms that will permit us to compete successfully in the sale of coal in foreign centers. In the matter of wages and costs, coal operators in the United States have reached the saturation stage."

Apropos of these remarks, it may be well to call attention to the fact that the freight rate on coal to the port of Baltimore is $2.53 a ton, as compared with a prewar rate of $1.18. The transportation charge to Hampton Roads is $2.80, as compared with a former rate of $1.40.

A further serious evil in relation to coal is the abnormal charges for handling the product after it gets into the hands of the retailers. In one large Eastern city the retailer's gross margin is estimated to be $2.97 a ton. In another Eastern territory covering a number of towns this margin is advertised to be $3.96. In both cases the figures cover anthracite coal.

Coal at Retail

So long as the public accepts such a condition of absurd and excessive costs in the retail charges on coal they should not complain about the high cost of their fuel. Many retailers charge up forty-eight cents a ton for degradation; $1.29 a ton for the drivers and yardmen for handling coal; fourteen cents a ton for feeding and shoeing the horses; thirteen cents for insurance; twenty-four cents for repairs, and fifty-one cents is tacked on each ton for the expense of office clerks. These are only a few of the charges, but they are sufficient to indicate that modern practices and the exercise of a little honest efficiency should cut a dollar and more off the present gross margin of the coal retailers.

No American industry is more vital to our health, happiness and prosperity than is the business of mining and selling coal. But one fact cannot be successfully disputed: The handling of no other important national resource has entailed such enormous waste or caused the people of the country such deep and frequent distress as has the production and distribution of coal. Worse than all else, we need only one or two more cataclysms in this business to bring about a realization of the dream of the United Mine Workers and several of our famous United States senators—government control of the mines. Right now, while the public is engaged in applying remedies to cure our social ills, it might be a good time to extend a degree of treatment to the coal industry that will bring us cheap coal and comparative freedom from biennial strikes. The coal industry can and should be stabilized, and if the public won't take a hand in furthering this happy end, the least it can do in its own interests is to see that the fight, if there is one, goes to a finish and that proper conditions are established to insure coal at a reasonable price for our homes and industries.

Ordinary beans, sadly under-baked. Some crisped, some broken, some mushy. A dish very hard to digest

Van Camp's—a supreme attainment in scientific cookery. Every bean is mealy and mellow—easy to digest

The Two Extremes

Facts women should know about beans

Have you yet tasted the new-style Pork and Beans, and learned the changes which Van Camp has made? If not, go do it. One can of Van Camp's will give you a new conception of this dish.

How the changes came

Pork and Beans is our national dish. It is superlative food, economical, liked by everybody. But it never was rightly prepared.

The Van Camp kitchens are famous for fine cookery. We have famous chefs here, also scientific cooks—men with college training. There are experts in dietetics, experts in materials. And a Domestic Science expert studies home-like flavors. We asked that staff to perfect this dish. They worked for years to do it, and they spent about $100,000.

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They found that hard water was what made skins tough. So the water used on Van Camp's Beans is now freed from minerals.

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Baked beans have been hard to digest. They were usually under-baked. Yet some were crisped and broken, some made mushy by the heat. So they bake Van Camp's by live steam under pressure. Thus hours of high heat can be applied without bursting or crisping the beans.

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Beans as men like them

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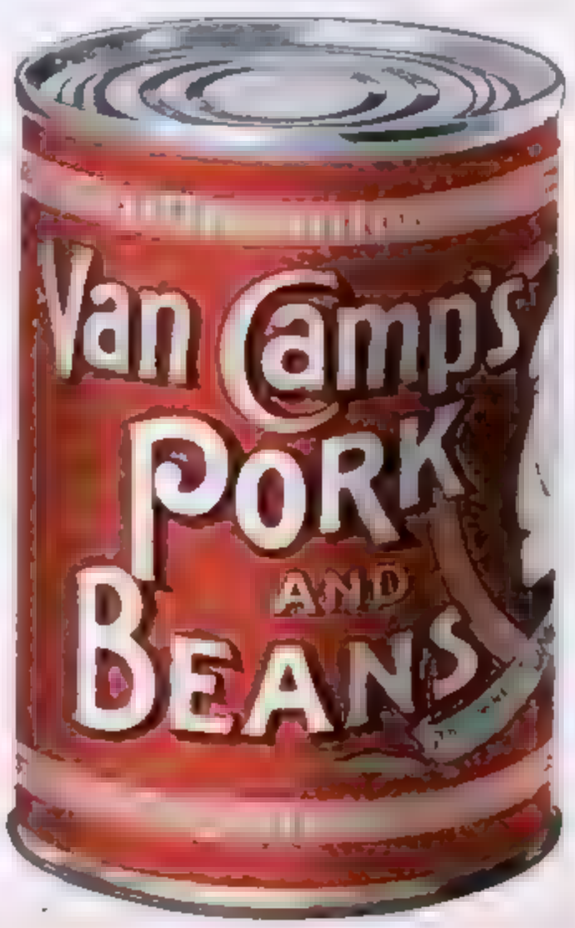
You will find this a dish to delight you. Go get a few cans and see.

Cans of three sizes



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VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

WHY EUROPE IS BANKRUPT

(Continued from Page 21)

Let me turn from the situation in Great Britain to the situation on the continent of Europe. The best broad statement I have seen lately was issued by Mr. Herbert Hoover's department and with his authority, in the middle of December last. I quote some salient paragraphs:

The economic recovery of Europe is necessarily slow and difficult. It contains great dangers, but it is not at all as gloomy as some statements would make it appear.

Year by year since the armistice, the combatant states—except Russia—show steady gains in social and political stability; they show great progress in recovery of agriculture, industry, foreign trade and communications. The one field of continuous degeneration is that of governmental finance—that is, the unbalanced budgets, the consequent currency inflation, etc., of certain countries, with its train of credit destruction. The commerce of the whole world obviously suffers grievously from this failure in fiscal finance, and the apprehension that flows from it, and unless remedies are found the recuperation in the five great fields of social, political, industrial, agricultural and commercial life of the past three years is endangered. Its effects spread constantly outside the borders of those states predominantly concerned and substantially check our recovery also.

The most eminent and most dangerous of these unbalanced inflation situations is Germany. Her case depends upon the method and volume of reparation payments. As the United States does not participate either in its control or its receipts, we have no voice or right to interfere. In any event, this is a peculiarly European matter, and must be adjusted by the parties at interest.

Outside of the government finance of a limited number of states, the outlook is very encouraging. Any general survey of the social situation in Europe will show that the danger of Bolshevism is passed, partly through improved standards of life and partly through the salutary lesson of Russia. Democratic institutions are gaining strength among the 150,000,000 people formerly supporting autocracies. In Russia itself extreme communism is slowly boiling to death in a caldron of starvation, and its leaders freely acknowledge its failure.

In the field of international political relations, aside from conflict in Turkey, war has ceased, and treaties of peace are effective throughout the world. Russia no longer threatens any serious military offensive. The warring states have settled for a time their major territorial issues, and while there are remote forces of instability, such as Irredentism, yet the new boundary alignment is securing acceptance and the agencies for allaying international friction are proving themselves steadily more effective. There are bright prospects of limitation in naval armament. Agreed limitations in land armament are not very hopeful, but the economic pressure of taxes and unbalanced budgets is slowly disarming Europe, and it will disarm more of them yet. The number of men under arms has decreased by fully a million in the past twelve months.

In the field of economic life the progress of agricultural and industrial production year by year since the war is very marked. Famine has disappeared from Europe except in Russia. Except in countries where credit machinery is checked by danger of fiscal bankruptcy, such as Austria, their food, fuel and clothing supplies are sufficient, albeit at a low standard of living in some places; but even in these countries the standards are much higher than the low point after the armistice, and are thus not such a factor of discontent as would otherwise be the case. Populations have fairly settled to work, and industrial efficiency and productivity is being steadily restored. The private credit institutions of the world are demonstrating their ability to handle the international trade and credits except in regions disabled by the currency demoralization.

Inflated Currencies

There is no living statesman or practical philanthropist whose reputation stands on a par with Mr. Hoover's in Europe at the present time. There is hardly a war-stricken country on the European continent to which he has not brought timely relief, and I would rather have his opinion now as to the actual conditions prevailing in Eastern Europe than that of anybody else. But observe that the one field of continuous degeneration is government finance. In all the states, new and old, which cover the war area, from the Urals to the Pyrenees, from the Dutch or Danish frontiers to Sicily or Greece, you find a dismal monotony of public deficits accompanied by depreciated and usually depreciating currencies. Take, for example, two groups of new states, Baltic and Balkan, most of which started after the armistice with no serious handicap of debt.

Among the Baltic States the soundest financially is probably Finland. The Finnish mark, which ought to exchange at twenty-five to the gold pound, exchanged at about 170 to the paper pound on December 3, 1920, and at about 210 on December 3, 1921. The Polish mark, which has a theoretical parity of twenty to the gold pound, was exchanging at about 1800 to the paper pound on December 3, 1920, and at about 13,250 on December 3, 1921. In the middle of November last the Esthonian mark was exchanging at about 1550 to the paper pound, and the Latvian ruble at about 1000 to the paper pound. Yet in 1920 the military expenditure of both Latvia and Esthonia, as presented at the Brussels Conference, was greater than the deficit in their budgets; and, undoubtedly, if the armies of soldiers and civil servants in both these states were scaled down to a reasonable figure their budgets could be balanced and their currencies could be put upon an honest and stable basis.

Insensate Militarism

I would suggest that the armies of all the small states of Europe should be reduced proportionately to that of Luxemburg, which has a population of 250,000 and an army of 250. Then Esthonia, with a population of under 2,000,000, would have an army of 2000 instead of 25,000, and 23,000 able-bodied men might become productive citizens on the farms or in the fisheries. Latvia, with a population of under 1,000,000, has, I believe, a standing army of 28,000, of whom 27,000 might return to work and become taxpayers instead of tax eaters.

Poland, which had a regular army of 450,000 last summer, remains an example and warning as well as a menace to the neighboring states. Its budget and currency are a laughingstock. It has no public credit either at home or abroad. When, say, 430,000 of its 450,000 ragged troops are disbanded the work of social and economic regeneration may begin, and Lithuania, a peaceful country, which is still suffering from a Polish invasion, would dispense with 35,000 of its 40,000 soldiers.

The economic and financial troubles of Southeastern Europe are also mainly due to the smoldering animosities and costly armaments of the states. According to the latest figures I have seen—all for 1921—Czecho-Slovakia, with a population of less than 14,000,000, is supporting a standing army of 150,000—more than the United States! Jugo-Slavia, with about the same population, had an army of 120,000, about equal in numbers to that of the United States. Rumania's poverty-stricken population of 17,000,000 had to maintain 190,000 soldiers. Greece, with a population of about 5,000,000 and a standing army of 250,000, is still wasting its resources in costly warfare with the Turks in Asia Minor. As a natural consequence the finances of the enlarged Hellenic kingdom have been deranged. Greek loans have depreciated. The Greek drachma—with a parity of twenty-five to the pound—fell between December, 1920, and December, 1921, from forty to 100.

The depreciation of Greek money to one-fourth of its par value must be attributed solely to the Greek Government's insensate militarism since the armistice. Not less disastrous has been Rumania's attempt to maintain a huge military establishment. Between July, 1920, and July, 1921, the Rumanian leu, with a par value of twenty-five to the pound, sank from 140 to 260. In December, 1921, the leu became practically unsalable abroad owing to a futile attempt on the part of the Rumania Government to make a corner in exchange. The Belgrade exchange, under the same influence of an excessively large army, has also deteriorated at an alarming rate, for the dinar, the standard coin of Jugo-Slavia, which should pass at twenty-five to the pound, fell from sixty in July, 1920, to 140 in July, 1921, and was quoted in December at about 285 to the paper pound.

Bulgaria—reduced along with Hungary and Austria to desperation by the territorial and economic clauses of the peace treaty—is experimenting in the conscription of male and female labor for industrial and agricultural work. There, too, the government printing press has been issuing paper money to balance the budget. Between July, 1920, and July, 1921, the Bulgarian lev, whose par value was twenty-five to the pound, depreciated from 170 to 410, and ended the year 1921 in a fluctuating and chaotic exchange of somewhere between 500 and 600 to the paper pound.

If the Big Four had since the armistice repressed Polish and Greek militarism, and if they had provided some sort of fiscal unity for the fragments into which they broke Austria and Russia, we might have seen a steady recovery instead of a persistent decay in public finances and currencies, and in the credit of the states whose tragic demoralization I have been tracing. Even now, in spite of everything, commercial intercourse is reviving, and some of the governments—notably those of Czecho-Slovakia and Austria—have been removing artificial restrictions upon commerce. The exchange of Prague on London declined only from 300 to 350 during 1921, though, to be sure, the par rate of the crown to the pound should be not 350 but twenty-four.

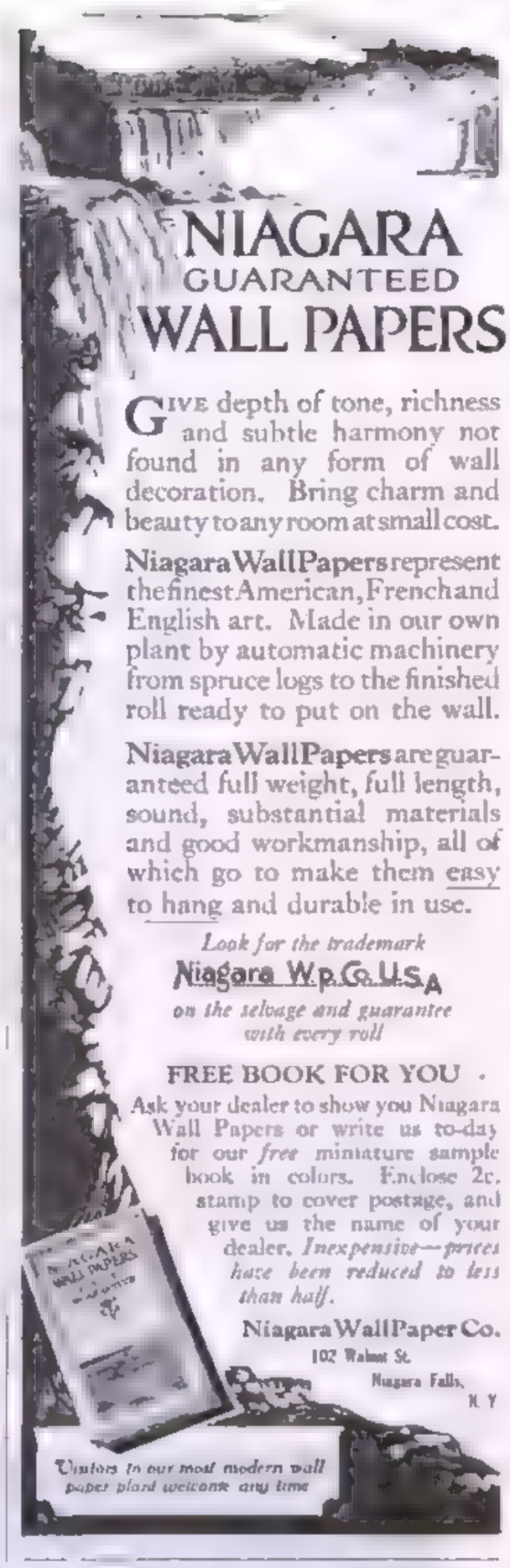
It is true, of course, that the direct trade of the United States, and of Great Britain before the war, with the smaller states looked insignificant by the side of their trade with Germany. But the purchasing power of Germany depended largely upon its trade with the Baltic provinces, with Austro-Hungary and with Southeastern Europe. If the states I have been surveying could be converted from bankruptcy to prosperity a great impetus would be given to the foreign trade of both America and Great Britain.

None of the states we have been dealing with except Greece are embarrassed by a heavy naval expenditure. At the Washington Conference all their hopes of relief depended upon the success of the proposals for reducing land armaments. Indeed, on any view of the subject the military burden is incomparably more oppressive than the naval. It is military conscription that has enslaved the civilized races; it is conscription that has made democracy and liberty a farce; it is conscription that has demoralized the social system of Europe by destroying the flower of its youth; and, finally, it is conscription by its direct and indirect costs that is prolonging the misery and postponing the recovery of Europe.

For Economic Stability

The importance of restoring economic stability and a sense of security among these small states, whose combined populations and potential purchasing power are very large, indeed, cannot be exaggerated. In spite of racial jealousies and animosities, they have suffered and are suffering so severely that the task of the conciliator is by no means hopeless. The two great powers they least distrust are the United States and Great Britain. The one eminent statesman in whom they have unlimited confidence is Herbert Hoover, for they have all experienced his wonderfully successful efforts as organizer and distributor of famine relief. A conference promoted by Anglo-American coöperation, and presided over by Mr. Hoover, would be expected to succeed, and the eager expectations of so many nations would almost certainly bear fruit.

At such a conference it would be best to deal with the budget deficits, military expenditures and paper moneys together, leaving the problem of German reparations and inter-Allied debts for separate treatment. France, or rather the French Government, would not be able to oppose successfully the general consensus of opinion at a meeting which would include the Scandinavian kingdoms, Holland, Switzerland and Spain. Besides, the interests of the French people demand relief from military burdens with special urgency. At least 500,000 Frenchmen who ought to be working and contributing to the taxes are in arms—a heavy burden on the nation. The public expenditure of France is double its revenue from taxes, and in the absence of an effective income tax drastic economies in military and civil expenditure offer the only means of escaping national bankruptcy. When I last examined the French budget for 1920—French budgets remain open for about ten years, so that the figures for the same budget are modified from time to time—I found that the revenue was 21,000,000,000 francs and the expenditure 47,000,000,000 francs. It cannot be expected that even the thrifty French peasant will be able or willing to lend this deficit indefinitely. When public loans fail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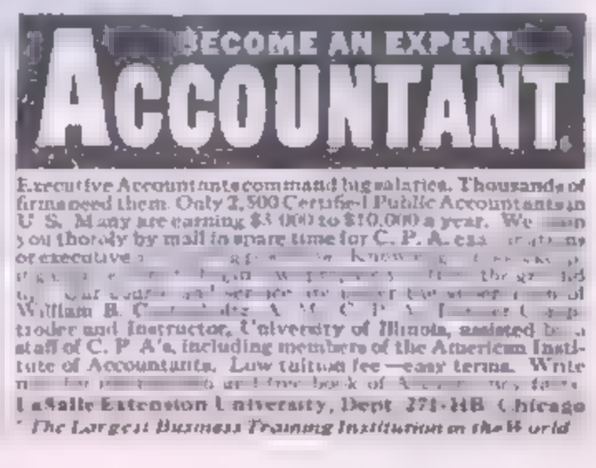
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the only possible resort will be the printing of paper money, and then the French franc will begin to follow the downward path of the German mark. That, of course, means wholesale confiscation of private property.

The French press is not a free distributor of disagreeable information; but the French public is now becoming dimly aware of the fact that the French budget cannot be balanced by German indemnity payments, and that if the French Government were to persist in obstructing European recovery, Great Britain and the United States would be justified in pressing France at least as hard as France is pressing Germany. A debtor country is not morally or legally entitled to borrow for armaments in time of peace, or to force the pace in preparations for the next war.

Yet the Prime Minister of France—a country which has twice in the last 130 years been bled and taxed to exhaustion by conscription and wars—stood up at Washington and employed all his eloquence to frustrate disarmament on land. The representatives of Italy did their best to press this part of the program, but for some mysterious reason the American and British delegates meekly acquiesced, and allowed the one hope of a general relief from the staggering burden of armaments to be eclipsed. How easy it would have been to have insisted on a full public discussion of the military forces, the military budgets and the deficits of Europe; and how difficult it would have been for M. Briand to resist the force of public opinion when the searchlight of publicity had been turned upon the system which he was defending!

Another Conference

I have no desire to belittle the diplomatic achievements of the Washington conference. I rejoice to learn that the danger of another war in the Far East has been removed. But it would, indeed, be deplorable if public opinion in the United States and elsewhere were satisfied with the results of President Harding's effort to discover and apply practical measures of relief for the benefit of mankind from the staggering burden of armaments.

So far as naval limitation goes, it appears that the naval budgets of the Allied and Associated Powers are likely to remain a much heavier annual burden than they were in prewar days, before the German navy had been sunk. It cannot therefore be pretended that the failure to deal with the more-important problem of militarism has been offset by the so-called limitation of naval rivalry. Our chief consolation must be sought in the extent and intensity of the public disappointment. If the taxpayer has not been relieved; if none of the money locked up in armaments has been released for the restoration of trade and credit; if the depression of foreign and domestic trade continues, then our hopes—which were based before the conference on popular expectation and the natural desire of the statesmen who called the conference to carry out their program—must be centered upon another conference, at which public opinion will prevail.

The failure at Washington may be ascribed in part to the procedure of relegating committee work to naval experts. If committees of bankers and business men had been appointed to reduce naval budgets they would have been reduced. But finance and economy seem not to have been represented. The statesmen and diplomatists agreed upon a ratio. Committees of experts discussed details, and the taxpayers were left to shiver in the cold.

When the French experts indicated their intention of building submarines the patience of the conference was exhausted, and Mr. Root came forward with resolutions for regulating the destruction of sea-borne commerce. But so reactionary was the spirit of the delegates that even Mr. Root did not venture to revive the grand old American doctrine which would prohibit all interference with peaceful commerce, and would confine navies to the business of fighting one another.

Yet who can doubt, after the experience of the late war, that public opinion throughout the world would have acclaimed with joyful approval the policy which Benjamin Franklin formulated one hundred and fifty years ago—a policy which has been approved over and over again by enlightened statesmen, lawyers and shipowners of all civilized nations, and was actually embodied in a treaty, drafted by Franklin, between the United States and Prussia? To show how far we are behind Franklin and how small is the respect of modern statesmen for commerce, when its interests are pitted against the prejudices of the navy and the demands of the armament firms, I may quote Article XXIII of that treaty:

> If war should arise between the two contracting parties [the United States and Prussia] the merchants of either country, then residing in the other, shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance; and all women and children, scholars of every faculty, cultivators of the earth, artizans, manufacturers, and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages and places, and, in general, all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments, and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt, or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed force of the enemy into whose power, by the events of war, they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price. And all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessaries, conveniences and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested; and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels, or interrupt such commerce.

In an ever-admirable letter on privateering—a practice not morally inferior to that of cruising for prize money—written to Benjamin Vaughan on March 14, 1785, Franklin explains what he means by freedom of the seas:

> The United States of America, though better situated than any European nation to make profit by privateering—most of the trade of Europe with the West Indies passing before their doors—are as far as in them lies endeavoring to abolish the practice by offering, in all their treaties with other powers, an article enjoining solemnly that, in case of future war, no privateer shall be commissioned on either side, and that unarmed merchant ships on both sides shall pursue their voyages unmolested.

Disarm or Die

The naval experts are, of course, clever enough to see that if naval belligerents were forbidden by international convention to plunder or obstruct peaceful commerce, the taste for sea fighting would rapidly diminish, and such a convention would have behind it the whole force of neutral nations. Mr. Root's plea for humanizing submarine attacks on merchantmen was doubtless good strategy; but as it is always better to abolish than to regulate an abuse, we may hope that before long the Franklin-Cobden policy, which has been indorsed in the present century by so many eminent men—including Mr. Root himself, Earl Loreburn, and the present Lord Chancellor of England—will become law universal.

"This," as Franklin wrote, "will be a happy improvement of the law of nations. The humane and just cannot but wish general success to the proposition."

Let politicians and statesmen recognize that the hour has struck. Humanity, reeling and staggering after four years of unparalleled massacre and destruction, is saying to its elected representatives—too often misrepresentatives—and those who by art, chance or merit have secured control of the political machinery, "Why halt ye between two opinions? Why these efforts to reconcile the old order of war with the new order of peace? Have done with legal sophistry. Consult the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and if you cannot sincerely adopt the Christian ethics, at least proceed in a spirit of enlightened selfishness to remove the causes of war, to abolish military slavery in time of peace, and to set free for the service of humanity a great part of the vast fund now being diverted from productive use into the things by which life and all that makes life good and beautiful are to be destroyed."

If representative institutions are incapable of answering this appeal with a sincere and effective affirmation; if faith in democracy and in moral progress is to fail before the philosophy of doubt; if a despairing belief in the inevitability of war is to dominate and frustrate every program of idealism, then we have nothing to look for but another Armageddon which—under the diabolical ingenuity of chemists and mechanics—will sweep civilization back into the Dark Ages.

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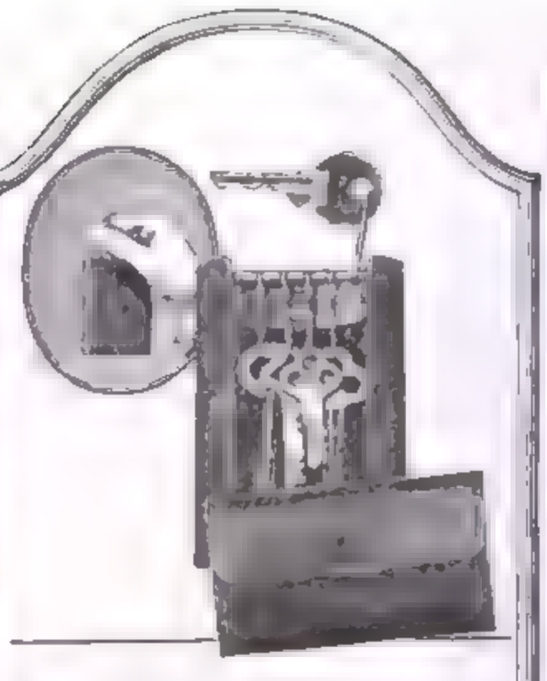

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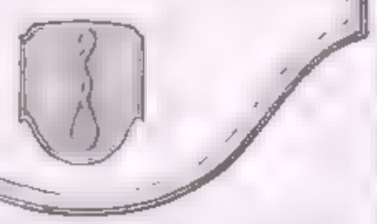

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MERTON OF THE MOVIES

(Continued from Page 26)

"Say, on the level, pa needs work. These days when he's idle he mostly sticks home and tries out new ways to make prime old Kentucky sour mash in eight hours. If he don't quit he is going to find himself seeing some moving pictures that no one else can. And he's all worried up about his hair going off on top, and trying new hair restorers. You know his latest? Well, he goes over to the Selig place one day and watches horse meat fed to the lions and says to himself that horses have plenty of hair and it must be the fat under the skin that makes it grow, so he begs for a hunk of horse from just under the mane and he's rubbing that on. You can't tell what he'll bring home next. The old boy still believes you can raise hair from the dead. Do you want some new stills of me? I got a new one yesterday that shows my other expression. Well, so long, Countess."

The creature turned to her parents.

"Let's be on our way, old dears. This place is dead, but the Countess says they'll soon be shooting some tenement-house stuff up at the Consolidated. Maybe there'll be something in it for someone. We might as well have a look-in."

Merton felt relieved when the Montague family went out, the girl in the lead. He approved of the fine old father, but the daughter lacked dignity in speech and manner. You couldn't tell what she might say next.

The Montagues were often there, sometimes in full, sometimes represented by but one of their number. Once Mrs. Montague was told to be on Stage Six the next morning at 8:30 to attend a swell reception.

"Wear the gray Georgette, dearie," said the casting director, "and your big pearls and the *lorgnon*."

"Not forgetting the gold cigarette case and the chinchilla neck piece," said Mrs. Montague. "The spare parts will all be there, Countess, and thanks for the word."

The elder Montague on the occasion of his calls often found time to regale those present with anecdotes of Lawrence Barrett:

"A fine artist in his day, sir; none finer ever appeared in a hall show."

And always about his once superb frock coat clung the scent of forbidden beverages. On one such day he appeared with an untidy sprouting of beard, accompanied by the talkative daughter.

"Pa's landed a part," she explained through the little window. "It's one of those we-uns mountaineer plays with revenooers and feuds; one of those plays where the city chap don't treat our Nell right—you know. And they won't stand for the crêpe hair, so pop has got to raise a brush and he's mad. But it ought to give him a month or so, and after that he may be able to peddle the brush again; you can never tell in this business, can you, Countess?"

"It's most annoying," the old gentleman explained to the bench occupants. "In the true art of the speaking stage an artificial beard was considered above reproach. Nowadays one must descend to mere physical means if one is to be thought worthy."

▼

A Breach in the City Walls

DURING these days and weeks of waiting outside the gate the little woman beyond the window had continued to be friendly but not encouraging to the aspirant for screen honors late of Simsbury, Illinois. For three weeks had he waited faithfully, always within call, struggling and sacrificing to give the public something better and finer, and not once had he so much as crossed the line that led to his goal.

Then on a Monday morning he found the waiting room empty and his friend beyond the window suffering the pangs of headache.

"It gets me something fierce right through here," she confided to him, placing her finger tips to her temples.

"Ever use Eezo Pain Wafers?" he demanded in quick sympathy. She looked at him hopefully.

"Never heard of 'em."

"Let me get you some."

"You dear thing, fly to it!"

He was gone while she reached for her purse, hurrying along the eucalyptus-lined street of choice home sites to the nearest drug store. He was fearing that someone else might bring the little woman another remedy, or even that her headache might go before he returned with his. But he found her still suffering.

"Here they are." He was breathless. "You take a couple now and a couple more in half an hour if the ache hasn't stopped."

"Bless your heart! Come around inside."

He was through the door and in the dimly lit little office behind that secretive partition, presenting the box.

"And here's something else," he continued. "It's a menthol pencil, and you take this cap off—see?—and rub your forehead with it. It'll be a help."

She swallowed two of the magic wafers with the aid of water from the cooler, and applied the menthol.

"You're a dear," she said, patting his sleeve. "I feel better already. Sometimes these things come on me and stay all day." She was still applying the menthol to throbbing temples. "Say, don't you get tired hanging around outside there? How'd you like to go in and look around the lot? Would you like that?"

Would he?

"Thanks!" He managed it without choking. "If I wouldn't be in the way."

"You won't. Go on—amuse yourself." The telephone rang. Still applying the menthol, she held the receiver to her ear. "No, nothing to-day, dear. Say, Marie, did you ever take Eezo Pain Wafers for a headache? Keep 'em in mind—they're great. Yes, I'll let you know if anything breaks. Goo'-by, dear."

Merton Gill hurried through a narrow corridor, past offices where typewriters clicked, and burst from gloom into the dazzling light of the Holden lot. He paused on the steps to reassure himself that the great adventure was genuine. There was the full stretch of greensward of which only an edge had shown as he looked through the gate. There were the vast yellow-brick, glass-topped structures of which he had seen but the ends. And there was the street up which he had looked for so many weeks, flanked by rows of offices and dressing rooms, and lively with the passing of many people. He drew a long breath and became cool and calculating. He must see everything and see it methodically. He even went now along the asphalt walk to the corner of the office building from which he had issued for the privilege of looking back at the gate through which he had so often yearningly stared from across the street.

Now he was securely inside looking out. The watchman sat at the gate, bent low over his paper. There was, it seemed, more than one way to get by him. People might have headaches almost any time. He wondered if his friend, the casting director, were subject to them. He must carry a box of the Eezo Wafers always with him.

He strolled down the street between the row of offices and the immense covered stages. Actors in costume entered two of these, and through their open doors he could see into their shadowy interiors. He would venture into these later. Just now he wished to see the outside of things. He contrived a pace not too swift, but businesslike enough to convey the impression that he was rightfully walking this forbidden street. He seemed to be going some place where it was of the utmost importance that he should be, and yet to have started so early that there was no need for haste.

He sounded the far end of that long street visible from outside the gate, discovering its excitements to wane gently into mere blacksmith and carpenter shops. He retraced his steps, this time ignoring the long row of offices for the opposite line of stages. From one dark interior came the slow, dulled strains of an orchestra and from another shots rang out. He met or passed strangely attired people—bandits, priests, choir boys, gentlemen in evening dress with blue-black eyebrows and careful hair. And he observed many beautiful young women variously attired, hurrying to or from the stages. One lovely thing was in bridal dress of dazzling white, a veil of lace floating from her blond head, her long train held up by a colored maid. She chatted amiably as she crossed the street, with an evil-looking Mexican in a silver-corded hat—a veritable Snake le Vasquez.

But the stages could wait. He must see more streets. Again reaching the office that had been his secret gateway to these delights, he turned to the right, still with the air of having business at a certain spot to which there was really no need for him to hurry. There were fewer people this way, and presently, as if by magic carpet, he had left all that sunlight and glitter and cheerful noise and stood alone in the shadowy, narrow street of a frontier town. There was no bustle here, only an intense stillness. The dingy street was deserted, the shop doors closed. There was a ghostlike, chilling effect that left him uneasy. He called upon himself to remember that he was not actually in a remote and desolate frontier town from which the inhabitants had fled; that back of him but a few steps was abounding life; that outside was the prosaic world passing and repassing a gate that was hard to enter. He whistled the fragment of a tune and went farther along this street of uncanny silence and vacancy, noting, as he went by, the signs on the shop windows. There was the Busy Bee Restaurant, Jim's Place, the Hotel Renown, the Last Dollar Dance Hall, Hank's Pool Room. Upon one window was painted the terse announcement, "Joe—Buy or Sell." The Happy Days Bar adjoined the General Store.

He moved rapidly through this street. It was no place to linger. At the lower end it gave insanely upon a row of three-story brownstone houses which any picture patron would recognize as being wholly of New York. There were the imposing steps, the double-doored entrances, the broad windows, the massive lines of the whole. And beyond this he came to a many-colored little street out of Bagdad, overhung with gay balconies, vivacious with spindled towers and minarets, and small reticent windows, out of which veiled ladies would sometime glance. And all was still with the stillness of utter desertion.

Then he explored further, and felt curiously disappointed at finding that these structures were to real houses what a dicky is to a sincere, genuine shirt. They were pretentiously false. One had but to step behind them to discover them as poor shells. Their backs were jutting beams carried but little beyond the fronts, and their stout-appearing walls were revealed to be fragile contrivances of button lath and thin plaster. The ghost quality departed from them with this discovery.

He left these cities of silence and came upon an open space and people. They were grouped before a railway station, a small red structure beside a line of railway track. At one end in black letters on a narrow white board was the name Boomerville. The people were plainly Western; a dozen cowboys, a sprinkling of bluff ranchers and their families. An absorbed young man in cap and khaki and putties came from a distant group surrounding a camera and readjusted the line of these people. He placed them to his liking. A wagon drawn by two horses was driven up, and a rancher helped a woman and girl to alight. The girl was at once sought out by the cowboys. They shook hands warmly under megaphoned directions from a man back by the camera. The rancher and his wife mingled with the group. The girl was drawn aside by one of the cowboys. He had a nobler presence than the others. He was handsome and his accouterments seemed more expensive. They looked into each other's eyes a long time, apparently pledging an eternal fidelity. One gathered that there would have been an embrace but for the cowboy's watchful companions. They must say good-by with a mere handshake, though this was a slow, trembling, long-drawn clasp, while they steadily regarded each other, and a second camera was brought to record it at a distance of six feet.

Merton Gill thrilled with the knowledge that he was beholding his first close-up. His long study of the photo drama enabled him to divine that the rancher's daughter was going to Vassar College to be educated, but that, although returning a year later a poised woman of the world, she would still long for the handsome cowboy who would marry her and run the Bar-X Ranch.

The scene was done. The camera would next be turned upon a real train at some real station, while the girl, with a final

(Continued on Page 91)

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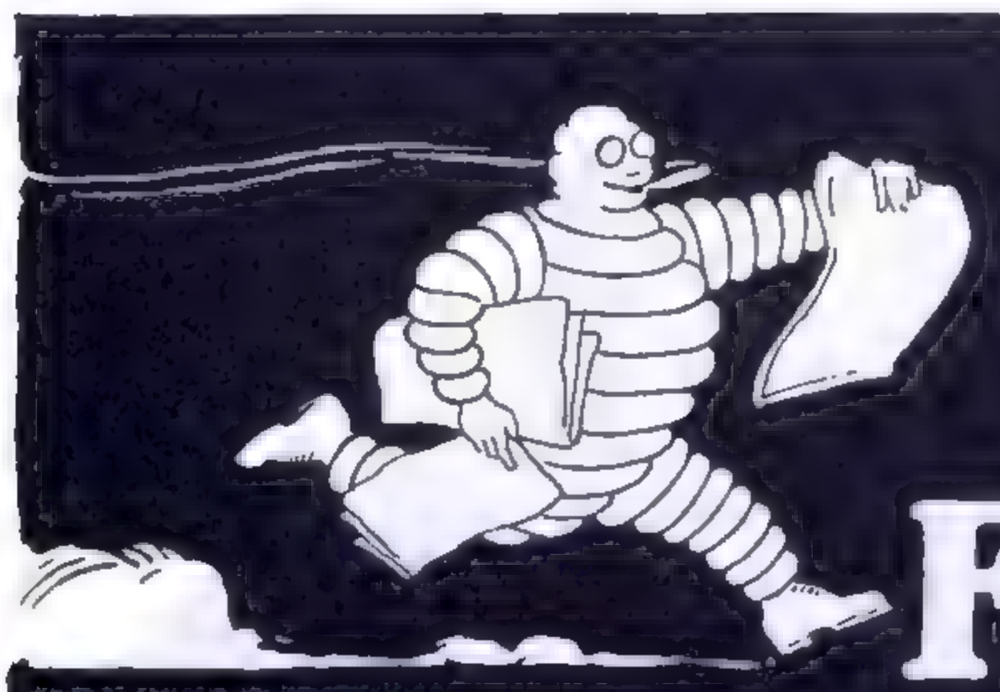

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(Continued from Page 88

look at her lover, entered a real car, which the camera would show moving off to Vassar, thus conveying to millions of delighted spectators the impression that a real train had steamed out of the station, which was merely an imitation of one, on the Holden lot.

The watcher passed on. He could hear the cheerful drone of a sawmill where logs were being cut. He followed the sound and came to its source. The saw was at the end of an oblong pool in which logs floated. Workmen were poling these toward the saw. On a raised platform at one side was a camera and a man who gave directions through a megaphone. A neighboring platform had a second camera. A beautiful young girl in a print dress and her thick hair in a braid came bringing his dinner in a tin pail to the handsomest of the actors. He laid down his pike pole and took both the girl's hands in his as he received the pail. One of the other workmen, a hulking brute with an evil face, scowled darkly at this encounter, and a moment later had insulted the beautiful young girl. But the first actor felled him with a blow. He came up from this crouchingly, and the fight was on. Merton was excited by this fight, even though he was in no doubt as to which actor would win it.

They fought hard, and for a time it appeared that the handsome actor must lose, for the bully who had insulted the girl was a man of great strength; but the science of the other told. It was the first fight Merton had ever witnessed. He thought these men must really be hating each other, so bitter were their expressions. The battle grew fiercer. It was splendid. Then at the shrill note of a whistle the panting combatants fell apart.

"Rotten!" said an annoyed voice through the megaphone. "Can't you boys give me a little action? Jazz it, jazz it! Think it's a love scene? Go to it, now! Plenty of jazz! Understand what I mean?" He turned to the camera man beside him. "Ed, you turn ten—we got to get some speed some way. Jack"—to the other camera man—"you stay on twelve. All ready! Get some life into it now, and Lafe"—this to the handsome actor—"don't keep trying to hold your front to the machine. We'll get you all right. Ready, now! Camera!"

Again the fight was on. It went to a bitter finish in which the vanquished bully was sent with a powerful blow backward into the water, while the beautiful young girl ran to the victor and nestled in the protection of his strong arms.

Merton Gill passed on. This was the real thing. He would have a lot to tell Tessie Kearns in his next letter. Beyond the sawmill he came to an immense wooden structure like a cradle on huge rockers supported by scaffolding. From the ground he could make nothing of it but a ladder leading to the top. An hour on the Holden lot had made him bold. He mounted the ladder and stood on the deck of what he saw was a seagoing yacht. Three important-looking men were surveying the deck house forward. They glanced at the newcomer, but with a cheering absence of curiosity or even of interest. He sauntered past them with a polite but not too keen interest. The yacht would be an expensive one. The deck fittings were elaborate. A glance into the captain's cabin revealed it to be fully furnished, with a chart and a sextant on the mahogany desk.

"Where's the bedding for this stateroom?" asked one of the men.

"I got a prop rustler after it," one of the others informed him.

They strolled aft and paused by an iron standard ingeniously swung from the deck.

"That's Burke's idea," said one of the men. "I hadn't thought about a steady support for the camera. Of course if we stood it on deck it would rock when the ship rocked and we'd get no motion. So Burke figures this out: The camera is on here and swings by that weight so it's always straight and the rocking registers. Pretty neat, what?"

"That was nothing to think of," said one of the other men in apparent disparagement. "I thought of it myself the minute I saw it."

The other two grinned at this, though Merton Gill, standing by, saw nothing to laugh at. He thought the 'speaker was pretty cheeky; for, of course, anyone could think of this device after seeing it. He paused for a final survey of his surroundings from this elevation. He could see the real falseness of the sawmill he had just left; he could also look into the exposed rear of the railway station, and could observe beyond it the exposed skeleton of that New York street. He was surrounded by mockeries.

He clambered down the ladder and sauntered back to the street of offices. He was by this time confident that no one was going to ask him what right he had in there. Now, too, he became conscious of hunger and at the same moment caught the sign "Cafeteria" over a neat building hitherto unnoticed. People were entering thus, many of them in costume. He went idly toward the door, then glanced up, looked at his watch and became to anyone curious about him a man who had that moment decided that he might as well have a little food. He opened the screen door of the cafeteria, half expecting it to prove one of those structures equipped only with a front. But the cafeteria was practicable. The floor was crowded with little square, polished tables at which many people were eating. A railing along the side of the room made a passage to the back where food was served from a counter to the proffered tray. He fell into line. No one had asked him how he dared try to eat with real actors and actresses, and apparently no one was going to. Toward the end of the passage was a table holding trays and napkins, the latter wrapped about an equipment of cutlery. He took his tray and received at the counter the foods he designated. He went through this ordeal with difficulty, because it was not easy to keep from staring about at the other patrons. Constantly he was detecting some remembered face. But at last, with his laden tray, he reached a vacant table near the center of the room and took his seat. He absently arranged the food before him. He could stare at leisure now. All about him were the strongly marked faces of the film people, heavy with make-up, interspersed with hungry civilians, who might be producers, directors, camera men or mere artisans, for the democracy of the cafeteria seemed ideal.

At the table ahead of his he recognized the man who had been annoyed one day by the silly question of the Montague girl. They had said he was a very important director. He still looked important and intensely serious. He was a short, very plump man, with pale cheeks under dark brows, and troubled-looking gray hair. He was very seriously explaining something to the man who sat with him and whom he addressed as Governor, a merry-looking person with a stubby gray mustache and little hair, who seemed not too attentive to the director.

"You see, Governor, it's this way: The party is lost on the desert—understand what I mean?—and Kempton Ward and the girl stumble into this deserted tomb just at nightfall. Now here's where the big kick comes ——"

Merton Gill ceased to listen, for there now halted at his table, bearing a laden tray, none other than the Montague girl, she of the slangy talk and the regrettably free manner. She put down her tray and seated herself before it. She had not asked permission of the table's other occupant; indeed, she had not even glanced at him, for cafeteria etiquette is not rigorous. He saw that she was heavily made up and in the costume of a gypsy, he thought a short, vivid skirt, a gay waist, heavy gold hoops in her ears and dark hair massed about her small head. He remembered that this would not be her own hair. She fell at once to her food. The men at the next table glanced at her, the director without cordiality; but the other man smiled upon her cheerfully.

"Hello, Flips! How's the girl?"

"Everything's jake with me, Governor. How's things over at your shop?"

"So-so. I see you're working."

"Only for two days. I'm just atmosphere in this piece. I got some real stuff coming along pretty soon for Baxter. Got to climb down ten stories of a hotel elevator cable, and ride a brake beam and be pushed off a cliff and thrown to the lions, and a few other little things."

"That's good, Flips. Come in and see me sometime. Have a little chat. Ma working?"

"Yeah—got a character bit with Charlotte King in Her Other Husband."

"Glad to hear it. How's Pa Montague?"

"Pa's in bad. They've signed him for Camilla of the Cumberlands, providing he raises a brush, and just now it ain't long enough for whiskers and too long for anything else, so he's putterin' around with his new still."

"Well, drop over sometime, Flips; I'm keeping you in mind."

"Thanks, Governor. Say ——"

Merton glanced up in time to see her wink broadly at the man and look toward his companion, who still seriously made notes on the back of an envelope. The man's face melted to a grin which he quickly erased. The girl began again.

"Mr. Henshaw, could you give me just a moment, Mr. Henshaw?" The serious director looked up in quite frank annoyance.

"Yes, yes; what is it, Miss Montague?"

"Well, listen, Mr. Henshaw: I got a great idea for a story, and I was thinking who to take it to, and I thought of this one and I thought of that one, and I asked my friends, and they all say take it to Mr. Henshaw, because if a story has any merit he's the one director on the lot that can detect it and get every bit of value out of it, so I thought—but of course if you're busy just now ——"

The director thawed ever so slightly.

"Of course, my girl, I'm busy; but then I'm always busy. They run me to death here. Still it was very kind of your friends, and of course ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Henshaw." She clasped her hands to her breast and gazed raptly into the face of her coy listener. "Of course I'll have to have help on the details, but it starts off kind of like this: You see, I'm a Hawaiian princess ——"

She paused, gazing aloft.

"Yes, yes, Miss Montague—an Hawaiian princess. Go on, go on!"

"Oh, excuse me! I was thinking how I'd dress her for the last spool in the big fire scene. Well, anyway, I'm this Hawaiian princess, and my father, old King Mauna Loa, dies and leaves me twenty-one thousand volcanoes and a billiard cue ——"

Mr. Henshaw blinked rapidly at this. For a moment he was dazed.

"A billiard cue, did you say?" he demanded blankly.

"Yes. And every morning I have to go out and ram it down the volcanoes to see are they all right, and ——"

"Tush, tush!" interrupted Mr. Henshaw, scowling upon the playwright, and fell again to his envelope, pretending thereafter to ignore her. The girl seemed to be unaware that she had lost his attention.

"And, you see, the villain is very wealthy. He owns the largest ukulele factory in the islands, and he tries to get me in his power; but he's foiled by my fiancé, a young native by the name of Herman Schwarz, who has invented a folding ukulele; so the villain gets his hired Hawaiian orchestra to shove Herman down one of the volcanoes and me down another; but I have the key around my neck, which father put there when I was a babe and made me swear always to wear it, even in the bathtub; so I let myself out and unlock the other one and let Herman out and the orchestra discovers us and chases us over the cliff, and then along comes my old nurse, who is now running a cigar store in San Pedro, and she ——"

Here she affected to discover that Mr. Henshaw no longer listened.

"Why, Mr. Henshaw's gone!" she exclaimed dramatically. "Boy, boy, page Mr. Henshaw!" Mr. Henshaw remained oblivious.

"Oh, well, of course I might have expected you wouldn't have time to listen to my poor little plot. Of course I know it's crude, but it did seem to me that something might be made out of it."

She resumed her food. Mr. Henshaw's companion here winked at her and was seen to be shaking with emotion. Merton Gill could not believe it to be laughter, for he had seen nothing to laugh at. A busy man had been bothered by a silly girl who thought she had the plot for a photo drama, and even he, Merton Gill, could have told her that her plot was impossibly wild and inconsequent. If she were going into that branch of the art she ought to take lessons, the way Tessie Kearns did. She now looked so mournful that he was almost moved to tell her this, but her eyes caught his at that moment and in them was a light so curious, so alive with hidden meanings, so eloquent of some iron restraint she put upon her own emotions, that he became confused and turned his gaze from hers almost with the rebuking glare of Henshaw. She glanced quickly at

(Continued on Page 93

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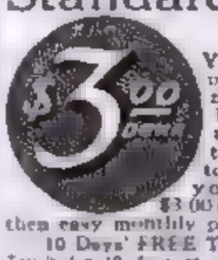

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(Continued from Page 91)

him again, studying his face for the first time. There had been such a queer look in this young man's eyes; she understood most looks, but not that one.

Henshaw was treating the late interruption as if it had not been.

"You see, Governor, the way we got the script now, they're in this tomb alone for the night—understand what I mean?—and that's where the kick comes for the audience. They know he's a strong young fellow and she's a beautiful girl and absolutely in his power—see what I mean? —but he's a gentleman through and through and never lays a hand on her. Get that? Then later along comes this Ben Ali Ahab ——"

The Montague girl glanced again at the face of the strange young man whose eyes had held a new expression for her, but she and Mr. Henshaw and the so-called Governor and all those other diners who rattled thick crockery and talked unendingly had ceased to exist for Merton Gill. A dozen tables down the room and nearer the door sat none other than Beulah Baxter. Alone at her table, she gazed raptly aloft, meditating perhaps some daring new feat. Merton Gill stared, entranced, frozen. The Montague girl perfectly understood this look and traced it to its object. Then she surveyed Merton Gill again with something faintly like pity in her shrewd eyes. He was still staring, still rapt.

Beulah Baxter ceased to look aloft. She daintily reached for a wooden toothpick from the bowl before her and arose to pay her check at the near-by counter. Merton Gill arose at the same moment and stumbled a blind way through the intervening tables. When he reached the counter Miss Baxter was passing through the door. He was about to follow her when a cool but cynical voice from the counter said: "Hey, Bill, ain't you fergittin' somepn'?"

He looked for the check for his meal. It should have been in one hand or the other. But it was in neither. He must have left it on his tray. Now he must go back for it. He went as quickly as he could. The Montague girl was holding it up as he approached.

"Here's the little joker, kid," she said.

"Thanks," said Merton.

"Exit, limping," murmured the girl as he turned away.

He hurried again to the door, paid the check and was outside. Miss Baxter was not to be seen. His forgetfulness about the check had lost her to him. He had meant to follow, to find the place where she was working and look and look and look! Now he had lost her. But she might be on one of those stages within the big barns. Perhaps the day was not yet lost. He crossed the street, forgetting to saunter, and ventured within the cavernous gloom beyond an open door. He stood for a moment, his vision dulled by the dusk. Presently he saw that he faced a wall of canvas backing. Beyond this were low voices and the sound of people moving. He went forward to a break in the canvas wall, and at the same moment there was a metallic jar and light flooded the inclosure. From somewhere outside came music, principally the low, leisurely moan of a cello. A beautiful woman in evening dress was kneeling with suppressed emotion at the bedside of a sleeping child. At the doorway stood a dark, handsome gentleman in evening dress, regarding her with a cynical smile. The woman seemed to bid the child farewell, and arose with hands to her breast and quivering lips. The still-smiling gentleman awaited her. When she came to him, glancing backward to the sleeping child, he threw about her an elaborate fur cloak and drew her to him, his cynical smile changing to one of deceitful tenderness. The woman still glanced back at the child, but permitted herself to be drawn through the doorway by the insistent gentleman. From a door, the other side of the bed came a kind-faced nurse. She looked first at the little one, then advanced to stare after the departing couple.

Merton Gill saw this nurse to be the Montague mother.

"All right," said an authoritative voice.

Mrs. Montague relaxed her features and withdrew, while an unkempt youth came to stand in front of the still-grinding camera and held before it a placard on which were numbers. The camera stopped, the youth with the placard vanished.

"Save it," called another voice, and with another metallic jar the flood of light was turned off. The cello ceased its moan in the middle of a bar.

The watcher recalled some of the girl's chat. Her mother had a character bit in Her Other Husband. This would be it, one of those moving tragedies not unfamiliar to the screen enthusiast. The beautiful but misguided wife had been saying good-by to her little one, and was leaving her beautiful home at the solicitation of the false friend in evening dress, forgetting all in one mad moment. The watcher was a tried expert, and, like the trained faunal naturalist, could determine a species from the shrewd examination of one bone of a photo play. He knew that the wife had been ignored by a husband who permitted his vast business interests to engross his whole attention, leaving the wife to seek solace in questionable quarters. He knew that the shocked but faithful nurse would presently discover the little one to be suffering from a dangerous fever; that a hastily summoned physician would shake his head and declare in legible words, "Naught but a mother's love can win that tiny soul back from the brink of eternity." The father would overhear this, and would see it all then; how his selfish absorption in Wall Street had driven his wife to another. He would pursue her, would find her ere yet it was too late. He would discover that her better nature had already prevailed, and that she had started back without being sent for. They would kneel side by side, hand in hand, at the bedside of the little one, who would recover and smile and prattle, and together they would face an untroubled future.

This was all thrilling to Merton Gill; but Beulah Baxter was not here, her plays being clean and wholesome things of the great outdoors. Far down the great inclosure was another wall of canvas backing, a flood of light above it and animated voices from within. He stood again to watch. But this drama seemed to have been suspended. The room exposed was a bedroom with an open window facing an open door; the actors and the mechanical staff as well were busily hurling knives at various walls.

They were earnest and absorbed in this curious pursuit. Sometimes they made the knife penetrate the wall; oftener it merely struck and clattered to the floor. Five knives at once were being hurled by five enthusiasts, while a harried-looking director watched and criticized.

"You're a clumsy bunch," he announced at last. "It's a simple thing to do, isn't it?"

The knife throwers redoubled their efforts, but they did not find it a simple thing to do.

"Let me try it, Mr. Burke."

It was the Montague girl.

"Hello, Flips! Sure, you can try it! Show these boys something good now. Here, Al, give Miss Montague that stickeree of yours."

Al seemed glad to relinquish the weapon. Miss Montague hefted it and looked doubtful.

"It ain't balanced right," she declared. "Haven't you got one with a heavier handle?"

"Fair enough," said the director. "Hey, Pickles, let her try that one you got!"

Pickles, too, was not unwilling to oblige.

"That's better," said the girl. "It's balanced right."

Taking the blade by its point between thumb and forefinger, she sent it with a quick flick of the wrist into the wall a dozen feet away. It hung there quivering.

"There! That's what we want! It's got to be quivering when Jack shoots at Ramon, who throws it at him as he leaps through the window. Try it again, Flips."

The girl obliged, and bowed impressively to the applause.

"Now come here and try it through the doorway." He led her around the set. "Now stand here and see can you put it into the wall just to the right of the window. Good! Some little knife thrower, I'll say! Now try it once with Jack coming through. Get set, Jack!"

Jack made his way to the window through which he was to leap. He paused there to look in with some concern.

"Say, Mr. Burke, will you please make sure she understands? She isn't to let go of that thing until I'm in and crouched down ready to shoot—understand what I mean? I don't want to get nicked nor nothing."

"All right, all right! She understands."

Jack leaped through the window to a crouch, weapon in hand. The knife quivered in the wall above him as he shot.

"Fine and dandy! Some class, I'll say! All right, Jack. Get back. We'll gun this

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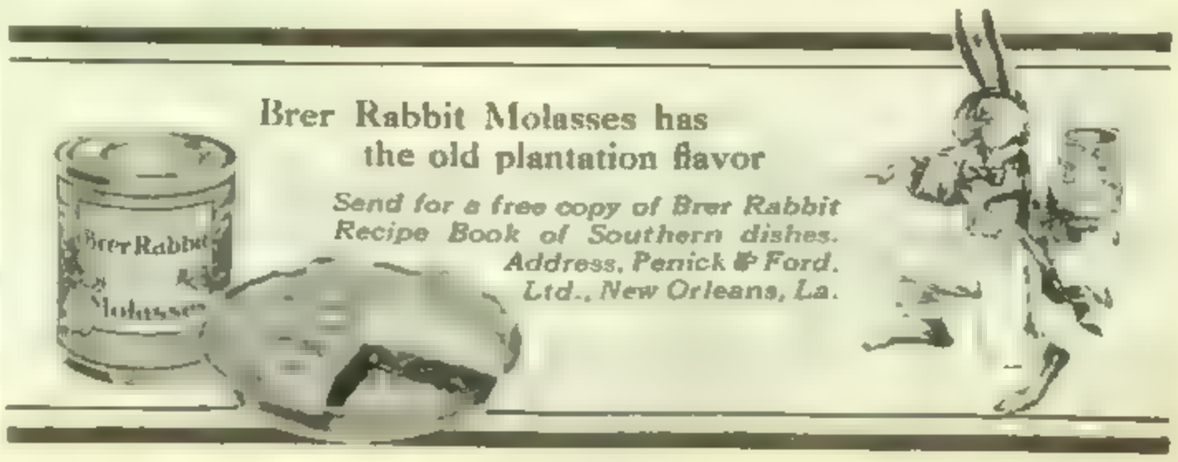
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little scene right here and now. All ready, Jack; all ready, Miss Montague! Camera! One, two, three! Come in, Jack!"

Again the knife quivered in the wall above his head, even while he crouched to shoot at the treacherous Mexican who had thrown it.

"Good work, Flips! Thanks a whole lot. We'll do as much for you some time."

"You're entirely welcome, Mr. Burke. No trouble to oblige. How you coming?"

"Coming good. This thing's going to be a knock-out. I bet it'll gross a million. Nearly done, too, except for some chase stuff up in the hills. I'll do that next week. What you doing?"

"Oh, everything's jake with me. I'm over on Number Four—Toys of Destiny—putting a little pep into the mob stuff. Laid out for two hours, waiting for something—I don't know what."

Merton Gill passed on. He confessed now to a reluctant admiration for the Montague girl. She could surely throw a knife.

He emerged from the great building and crossed an alley to another of like size. Down toward its middle was the usual wall of canvas, with half a dozen men about the opening at one corner. A curious whirring noise came from within. He became an inconspicuous unit of the group and gazed in. The lights were on, revealing a long table elaborately set as for a banquet, but the guests who stood about gave him instant uneasiness. They were in the grossest caricatures of evening dress, both men and women, and they were not beautiful. The gowns of the women were grotesque and the men were lawless appearing, either as to hair or beards or both. He divined the dreadful thing he was stumbling upon even before he noted the sign in large letters on the back of a folding chair—"Jeff Baird's Buckeye Comedies." These were the buffoons who with their coarse pantomime, their heavy horseplay, did so much to debase a great art. There, even at his side, was the arch offender, none other than Jeff Baird himself; the man whose regrettable sense of so-called humor led him to make these low appeals to the witless. And even as he looked the cross-eyed man entered the scene. Garbed in the weirdly misfitting clothes of a waiter, holding aloft a loaded tray of dishes, he entered on roller skates, to halt before Baird with his uplifted tray at a precarious balance.

"All right, that's better," said Baird. "And, Gerty, listen! Don't throw the chair in front of him. That's out. Now we'll have the entrance again. You other boys on the rollers, there ——"

Three other basely comic waiters on roller skates came to attention.

"Follow him in and pile up on him when he makes the grand spill. See what I mean? Get your trays loaded now and get off. Now, you other people, take your seats. No, no, Annie! You're at the head, I told you. Tom, you're at the foot and start the roughhouse when you get the tray in the neck. Now, all set!"

Merton Gill was about to leave this distressing scene, but was held in spite of himself by the voice of a newcomer.

"Hello, Jeff! Atta boy!"

He knew without turning that the Montague girl was again at his elbow. He wondered if she could be following him.

"Hello, Flips! How's the kid?" The producer had turned cordially to her. "Just in time for the breakaway stuff. See how you like it."

"What's the big idea?"

"Swell reception at the Maison de Glue, with the waiters on roller skates in honor of rich Uncle Rollo Glue. The head waiter starts the fight by doing a fall with his tray. Tom gets the tray in the neck and soaks the nearest man—banquet goes flooey. Then we go into the chase stuff."

"Which is Uncle Rollo?"

"That's him at the table, with the herbaceous border under his chin."

"Is he in the fight?"

"I think so. I was going to rehearse it once more to see if I could get a better idea. Near as I can see now, everybody takes a crack at him."

"Well, maybe." The Montague girl seemed to be considering. "Say, how about this, Jeff? He's awful hungry, see, and he's begun to eat the celery and everything he can reach, and when the mix-up starts he just eats on and pays no attention to it. Never even looks up—see what I mean? The fight spreads the whole length of the table; right around Rollo half a dozen murders are going on and he just eats and pays no attention. And he's still eating when they're all down and out, and don't know a thing till Charley or someone crowns him with the punch bowl. How about it? Ain't there a laugh in that?"

Baird had listened respectfully, and now patted the girl on a shoulder.

"Good work, kid! That's a gag all right! The little bean's sparking on all six, ain't it? Drop around again. We need folks like you. Now listen, Rollo—you there, Rollo, come here and get this! Now listen! When the fight begins ——"

Merton Gill turned decisively away. Such coarse foolery as this was too remote from Beulah Baxter, who, somewhere on that lot, was doing something really, as her interview had put it, distinctive and worth while.

He lingered only to hear the last of Baird's instructions to Rollo and the absurd guests, finding some sinister fascination in the man's talk. Baird then turned to the girl, who had also started off.

"Hang around, Flips. Why the rush?"

"Got to beat it over to Number Four."

"Got anything good there?"

"Nothing that'll get me any billing. Been waiting two hours now just to look frenzied in a mob."

"Well, say, come around and see me some time."

"All right, Jeff. Of course I'm pretty busy. When I ain't working I got to think about my art."

"No, this is on the level. Listen, now, sis! I got another two reeler to pull off after this one; then I'm goin' to do something new, see? Got a big idea. Probably something for you in it. Drop in t' the office and talk it over. Come in some time next week. 'F I ain't there I'll be on the lot some place. Don't forget now."

Merton Gill, some distance from the Buckeye set, waited to note what direction the Montague girl would take. She broke away presently, glanced brazenly in his direction and tripped lightly out the nearest exit. He went swiftly to one at the far end of the building, and was again in the exciting street. But the afternoon was drawing in and the street had lost much of its vivacity. It would surely be too late for any glimpse of his heroine. And his mind was already cluttered with impressions from his day's adventure. He went out through the office, meaning to thank the casting director for the great favor she had shown him; but her place was closed.

In his room that night he tried to smooth out the jumble in his dazed mind. Those people seemed to say so many things they considered funny but that were not really funny to anyone else. And moving-picture plays were always waiting for something, with the bored actors lounging about in idle apathy. Still in his ears sounded the drone of the sawmill and the deep purr of the lights when they were put on. That was a funny thing. When they wanted the lights on they said "Kick it!" and when they wanted the lights off they said "Save it!" And why did a boy come out after every scene and hold up a placard with numbers on it before the camera? That placard had never shown in any picture he had seen. And that queer Montague girl, always turning up when you thought you had got rid of her. Still she had thrown that knife pretty well. You had to give her credit for that. But she couldn't be much of an actress, even if she had spoken of acting with Miss Baxter, of climbing down cables with her and falling off cliffs. Probably she was boasting, because he had never seen anyone but Miss Baxter do these things in her pictures. Probably she had some very minor part. Anyway it was certain she couldn't be much of an actress, because she had almost promised to act in those terrible Buckeye comedies. And of course no one with any real ambition or capacity could consider such a thing—descending to rough horseplay for the amusement of the coarser element among screen patrons.

But there was one impression from the day's whirl that remained clear and radiant. He had looked at the veritable face of his heroine. He began his letter to Tessie Kearns:

"At last I have seen Miss Baxter face to face. There was no doubt about its being her. You would have known her at once. And how beautiful she is! She was looking up and seemed inspired, probably thinking about her part. She reminded me of that beautiful picture of Saint Cecilia playing on the piano. . . ."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE WIDOW'S BITE

(Continued from Page 13)

night, gone the sensation of personal triumph. The day was gray and gloomy, and so was Mr. Pigford. "Cullud boy," soliloquized he, "what you has done played is hell."

Facts marshaled themselves and paraded leeringly; cold, stark facts. Mr. Pigford, betrayed by his own vast enthusiasm, had tricked himself into a hopeless wager. His last penny had been bet upon the fighting ability of a nonexistent dog. If only he had kept his head. "Reckon my great-gran'daddy must of be'n descended fum Samson. Did neither of us never fool with wimmin, us was bofe better off."

Two hundred fifty dollars! A mere bagatelle eight hours previous—a gone fortune now. It was bad enough to part with the money, but to know that it had been transferred to his despised rival was a prospect well-nigh unbearable.

Jasper dressed slowly. He lurched miserably through the rain, and oozed inconspicuously into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he disinterestedly partook of a light breakfast.

That ceremony completed, he departed Bud's place and slunk unhappily about the city—soaked to the skin—attempting to purchase a fighting dog. Pit bulls just simply weren't. One man offered to sell him a lopsided Airedale, claiming he was a better fighter than any bulldog that ever strained at a leash. Jasper looked the animal over. "He ain't got long to live anyway. I ain't aimin' to git him chewed up befo' his time." A Boston intrigued him for a few minutes, until that particular animal became too impertinent with a sleepy-eyed tomcat. Jasper would have purchased the cat then and there save that the articles of agreement called for the presence of a dog in the pit.

For two days Jasper lived the life of a hermit. Gossip had it that he kept his dog in the room with him and was giving it secret training. On Mr. Pigford's few trips about town he could be seen hanging around certain dusky gentlemen who were known to possess considerable knowledge of the rules and regulations governing dog fights. He absorbed pit knowledge hungrily. He developed into an expert on the matter.

An expert minus a dog!

The evening of the third day found Jasper bordering on insanity. And that evening, principally because he had nothing else to do, he bundled up his meager laundry and started with it toward the residence of the Widow Trott—Zenobia Trott—his washlady. Ordinarily Jasper dreaded these fortnightly visits to the home of Zenobia Trott. He disliked her with an intensity worthy a person more important.

Zenobia Trott had acid in her veins and fire on her tongue. From the standpoint of pulchritude she registered a minus. Her figure would have put an exclamation point to the blush. She possessed a temper that always hovered above the boiling point and a philosophy that convinced her that the world was a decidedly unpleasant place in which to live.

But as Jasper shuffled toward her home the vestige of a smile appeared upon his features for the first time since the drab morning after his wager with Vishus Bryan. And it was not so much thought of Zenobia which prompted the smile as remembrance of her happily defunct spouse. And the more Jasper turned the sudden inspiration over in his mind the greater appeared its potentialities. Certainly she would welcome ——

Zenobia, in brief, was the golden key to Jasper's cast-iron predicament. The ex-Mr. Trott had been by way of being a veterinary's assistant immediately preceding his taking off. And it so happened that, shortly before he had danced gayly from this mortal coil, that veterinary had presented to Mr. Trott a puppy. The Widow Trott's husband died before that puppy attained maturity. But since then ——

Jasper Pigford threw back his head and laughed aloud. Here indeed was the solution of his problem, a solution requiring but slight tact. For Jasper remembered now that the puppy had developed into a bulldog of astounding physical proportions and a nastiness of temper rivaled only by that of his mistress.

Snapdragon was the dog's name, and Snapdragon's forbears had won many a pit battle. There was no doubting the fact that Snapdragon himself was fully competent to carry on the family tradition of victory. The dog was blooded and unbelievably vicious. It was as though he had absorbed vileness of temper through daily association with the ex-wife of his departed master. He was little known in the community, and he had never actually fought.

There wasn't a question of the fact that Snapdragon presented the single mode of egress from Jasper's horrible dilemma. Jasper knew, of course, that the dog was not for sale. Zenobia would never consider selling an animal whose disposition was so attuned to hers.

But his plan of campaign was simple and faultless. It devolved upon him to pay ardent court to the Widow Trott. There was no question but that she would return his simulated affection in full measure, for, after all, Zenobia was a woman, subject to woman's frailties. He would flatter her, pay attention to her, send flowers and candy—and then he would borrow her dog and pit him against Cruncher. As to what would happen to Cruncher—"Ain't gwine be nuff lef' of Vishus' dawg to scrape up in a shovel."

He was smiling cheerfully as he turned in at the gate. On the veranda lay the saturnine Snapdragon, attached to a chain which was securely hitched to the porch railing. Zenobia sat in a rocker, staring balefully at the world. She bestowed upon Jasper a look of intransigent disgust.

He cocked his head to one side. "You is sho lookin' perky this fine mawnin'."

Zenobia stiffened, suspecting an insult. "Says which?"

"Says you is lookin' better this mawnin' than I has ever sawn you look befo'. Was yo' fust husban' a angel an' could see you now, Ise bettin' he'd git him a ticket back to yearth ag'in."

Zenobia was thoroughly startled. She gazed upon her smooth-tongued visitor in amazement. Was it possible that he was genuinely complimenting her? The thing was inconceivable—but it could not be doubted. And into the icy heart of Zenobia Trott there crept a great and consuming warmth. Her lips creased into the faintest ghost of a smile.

"Bein' a widder sholy does agree with a 'ooman's looks," continued Jasper suavely, secretly amused by the ease of his triumph. "You never in all yo' life looked no gooder than what you does this ve'y minute." Which was strictly truthful.

"Hush yo' mouf, man!"

"Ain't gwine hush my mouf fum talkin' troof. Other fellers c'n have all the chickens which they likes. I craves the kind of lookin' 'ooman which you is."

"Nobody ain't never 'cused me of bein' good-lookin'."

"Tha's 'cause they ain't never sawn you like I has. Trouble with you, Missus Zenobia, is you don't treat folks kind enough. Ise bettin' they ain't a young gal in town could have as many fellers as you, did you crave 'em."

"Mens ain't got no intrust fo' me."

Jasper injected the full measure of a pleasing personality into the golden smile he bestowed upon her. "I sholy has aimed a long time to ast could I call out to see you, Zenobia."

"Cravin' somethin' 'thout askin' never gits nobody nothin'."

Jasper made a heroic display of nervousness. "C'd I call roun' to see you sometime?"

She coquetted with him. "Is you sho you wants to?"

"Sho as hell don't breed no icicles."

"I reckon ——" She hesitated hopefully.

"T'-night?"

"Uh-huh!"

Jasper executed a jig step. He knew that victory was his and he flashed a proprietary glance upon the scowling face of the bulldog, which glared malevolently at him. He made it clear to Zenobia that he was the happiest man in the world without bothering to explain the whys of that beatitude.

Jasper went straight from her home to a florist shop, where he purchased one dozen asters, scrawled a passionate card, and dispatched the floral offering to Zenobia. Its appearance precipitated that widow lady into a pale-pink daze of happiness. She gazed unbelievingly and shook her bedazzled head. "Reckon it wa'n't no dream after all."

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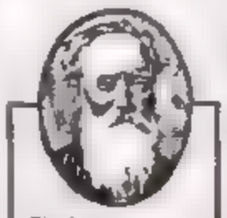

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Within three days Jasper Pigford's ardent courtship of the acrid widow became the topic of paramount interest in Darktown. And, too, it came eventually to the ears of Maudine Tatum—demure and pretty Maudine, who was more hopelessly enraptured of Jasper than ever before, and who had been crying her heart out since the episode of the bet with Vishus and Jasper's sudden cessation of interest in her.

Too, it was called to the attention of Vishus Bryan, and Vishus gave deep thought to the matter. Stranger though he was to Birmingham, he yet had heard of the Widow Trott and her vile disposition. Some friend pointed her out to Vishus one day as she marketed on Fourth Avenue, and Mr. Bryan shook his head wonderingly. "Does a swell cullud boy like Jasper co't a 'ooman liken to her, he's lookin' fo' somethin' mo'n kisses!" And since that was the case, Vishus, too, probed more deeply into the matter.

Possessing some powers of deduction, he was not entirely surprised to hear that Zenobia Trott was the mistress of a pedigreed pit bull. And when he learned that she had inherited it from a defunct husband, who in turn received it from a veterinary, he shook his head and determined upon an investigation.

He discovered that Mrs. Trott was not averse to turning an honest dollar by cleaning the linen of bachelor colored gentlemen, and so the following afternoon he journeyed to her residence with a few shirts and collars in his hand. He turned in at the gate and deliberately circled the house to the rear without bothering to knock at the front door.

And there he saw Snapdragon. He saw Snapdragon, and terror gripped him. For, whatever his shortcomings, Vishus Bryan was a canny man and he knew that he was gazing upon a dog against which his beloved Cruncher stood a mighty slim chance. It wasn't that Cruncher was not a great fighter; he was all of that, but there was a strain in Cruncher's blood which would have barred him from the very best dog society, and in Snapdragon, Vishus realized that he was looking at an animal of bluest fighting blood.

Zenobia appeared. Vishus, always a swift worker, greeted her with a radiant smile and a barrage of compliments which left that wholly unattractive widow woman gasping for breath.

She gazed upon this smooth-tongued stranger and found him excessively pleasant to the eye. He was large and substantial and aglitter with diamonds. The shirts which he begged her to launder were of purest silk; he did not haggle over price and insisted upon paying in advance.

The adroit compliments of Jasper had smoothed the way for Vishus. So well had Jasper worked that she believed anything Vishus said, no matter how fulsome. When he told her that she was a fascinating woman she accepted the compliment as a matter of course. When, after fifteen minutes of acquaintanceship, he informed her that he believed he was falling in love with her she was not surprised. She merely blushed a maidenly lavender and simpered in true ingénue fashion.

Whereupon Vishus Bryan openly and defiantly entered the lists against Jasper Pigford.

And when it came to courting a woman Jasper was a mere raw amateur compared to the bejeweled and bejowled gentleman who owned the dog Cruncher.

Rumor of this latest development came to the ears of Jasper Pigford and he paid it no heed. But when that night he called upon Zenobia and saw Vishus just leaving her house he staggered against a fence. "Eyes," he groaned, "what does you behol'?"

They beheld a plenty. Vishus was holding the hand of the softly simpering lady, and even though he could not hear the words Jasper knew them. He had studied them for his own personal use. And remembrance of another night came to him—Vishus and Maudine in silhouette. "Them fake di'mints 'pears to light the way to the hearts of all the gals I gits."

He advanced toward the ardent couple and reached them just as Vishus turned away. The rivals met face to face—Vishus grinning superciliously, Jasper staring up at his mammoth foe like a steel-spurred gamecock. It was Vishus who broke the strained silence:

"Evenin', nothin'"

Jasper sniffed angrily. "Where I has ever saw you befo', big boy?"

"Oh, round about. Mos'ly when you wa'n't cravin' to see me. An' you is gwine see me ag'in, Mistuh Pigford—'bout nex' Thu'sday night."

Zenobia was staring happily upon the two sudden suitors. Mrs. Trott was in paradise. Even Snapdragon stared admiringly through the screen door.

"All I is got to say," withered Jasper, "is that the Lawd must of made you on the eighth day."

Vishus grinned. "It's a pity he di'n't make a dawg fo' you on the same day. Rememberin', Mistuh Pigford, that him which don't prejuce no dawg the night of the fight loses his bet."

Jasper snorted and entered the house, not failing to notice that the Widow Trott flung a kiss after the superior Mr. Bryan.

And what worried Jasper that night and the next and the next was an increasing certitude that he was running a poor second in the race for the undesirable Zenobia; and more, he knew that if it was the dog Vishus was after, Vishus stood an excellent chance of getting his desires.

Wednesday night, the night before the dog fight, found the situation crystallizing. Jasper had fought a gamely losing battle. He struggled grimly because the thing meant victory or disaster. Made keen by desperation he studied the lay of the land, and on Wednesday night he launched a final desperate play. He proposed marriage to Zenobia Trott. And worse—Zenobia accepted him.

It was with a sad and heavy heart that Jasper went to his room that night. Of course he had no intention whatsoever of marrying the utterly impossible Zenobia; but he knew that he had run awful risks of forever losing the wonderful Maudine Tatum. And Maudine meant almost as much to the devoted Jasper as moral and financial victory over Vishus Bryan.

And then, although as Zenobia's temporary fiancé he was assured of the use of Snapdragon the following night, there was the omnipresent terror that Mrs. Trott might not be so easy to discard as he hoped. There had been something in her eye as she accepted him that night which made him feel like a condemned criminal listening to the gallows sentence. There was a fierce finality about it.

Thursday came—the day of the fight. Jasper Pigford lay abed until ten o'clock, then dressed leisurely and strolled to Bud Peaglar's place, where he inhaled a breakfast consisting of two cups of coffee, a large plate of grits and two succulent pork chops. At eleven o'clock he wandered languidly toward the home of the Widow Trott. He didn't particularly relish the society of the bitter-almond lady, but he knew that sooner or later Vishus Bryan would appear, girded for a final desperate assault. And he desired to be present that he might gloat over the defeated gentleman.

He mounted the veranda steps. The front door was open. Jasper slipped noiselessly within. Then he paused abruptly. Vishus was there. He was very much there. So was Zenobia Trott. But there was something radically wrong. Jasper sensed that the minute he saw Vishus take Zenobia in his arms and implant a fervent kiss upon her mahogany brow.

Jasper leaped forward and placed himself between them. With vast dignity he thundered a defi at the affectionate Vishus.

"How come you to be kissin' my finansay, Mistuh Bryan?"

Vishus smiled superiorly. "Yo' which?"

"The lady I is engage' to be ma'ied with."

Vishus laughed maddeningly, as though at a very great joke. "You sholy is a funny cullud boy, Brother Pigford."

"You an' my gal ——"

"Hush yo' mouf, Jasper. What you talks is foolishment." And then the evil face of Vishus Bryan twisted into a leer. "Reckon I is got a right to kiss my own wife, ain't I?"

Jasper fell back a step, speechless. The thing could not percolate all at once.

"If I cain't kiss my own wife," continued Vishus gloatingly, "whose wife can I kiss?"

And then Jasper Pigford knew the worst. A great gob of gloom enveloped him, shutting out the sunlight, supplanting bliss with misery.

"Y-y-you-all two is ma'ied?"

"Uh-huh"

Jasper staggered down the street—crushed, hopeless, defeated. Vishus grinned after the departing figure. Here was a triumph worthy the name, a victory superb.

(Continued on Page 101)

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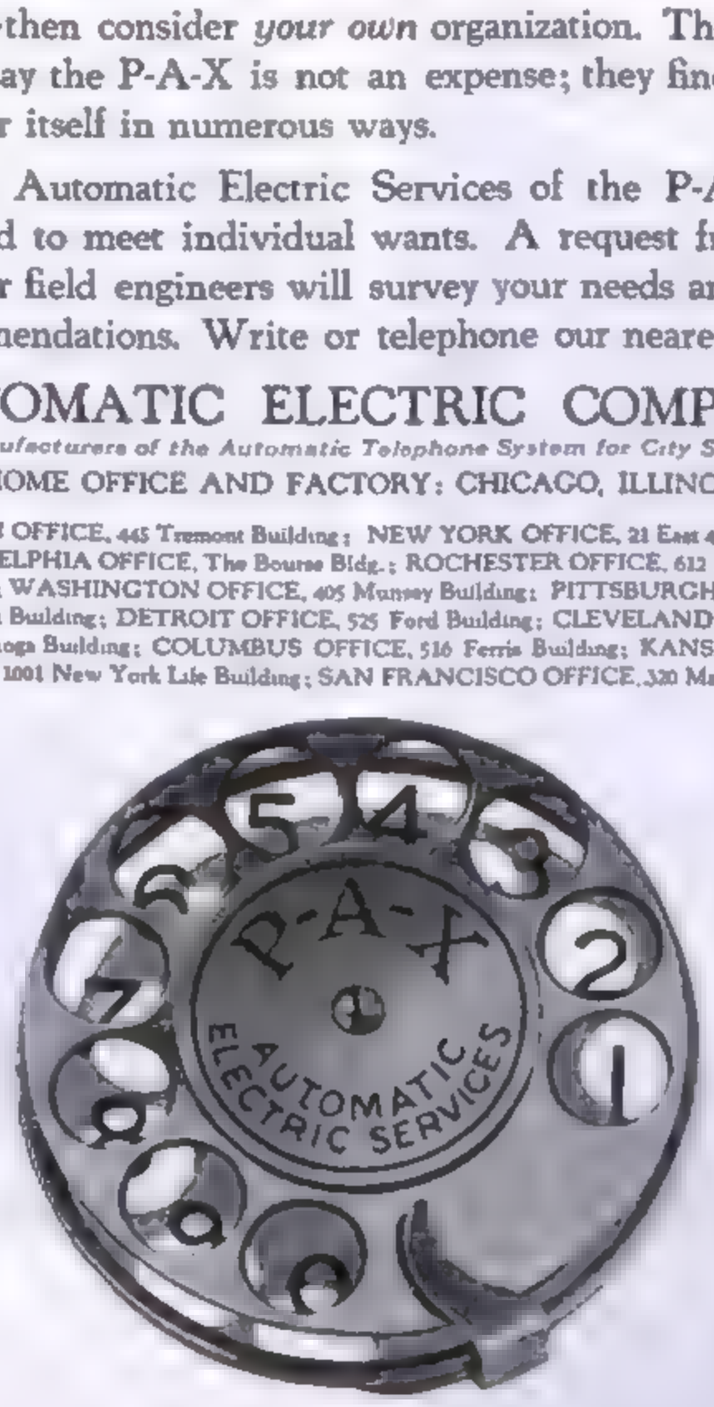

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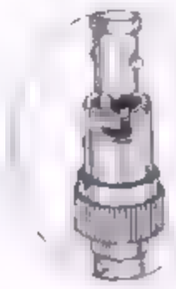

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Buffalo Truck & Tractor Corporation
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Casco Motor Truck Company
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Denby Motor Truck Company
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Duplex Truck Company
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Highway Trailer Company
H. R. L. Motor Company (Trucks)
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Walker-Johnson Truck Company
Walker Vehicle Company
Walter Motor Truck Company
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White Motor Company
Wilson Truck Company
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Dayton Dowd Company
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LaCrosse Tractor Company
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(Continued from Page 98)

And then, after all, a marriage more or less meant little to Vishus. In addition to the original wager of two hundred fifty dollars Vishus had managed to place an additional hundred dollars here and there with friends of the optimistic Jasper. With three hundred fifty dollars' clear profit, Mr. Bryan knew full well that he could put a sufficient number of miles between himself and his bride to enable him to forget that awful face and minus figure.

Jasper zigzagged down the street, fighting the horror which threatened to choke him. He wagged his head limply from side to side. His brain struggled in a chaos of despair.

Gone was the last desperate chance for victory in the night's dog fight; gone the fair Maudine Tatum; gone Jasper's savings of months; gone his community standing. Out-Lotharioed, outgeneraled. "Oh, Lawsy! Somebody sho give Mistuh Trouble my name an' address."

A miserable man in a dogless world, Jasper gave himself over to an orgy of gloom. And then, beckoning through the Stygian misery, he visioned Maudine Tatum. Maudine—perhaps she might be saved from the wreckage. He lurched pessimistically toward her home.

Maudine saw him coming; she sensed his misery, sensed his need of her. And regally she took him back, forgave him his transgressions; and life looked up again for Jasper Pigford.

To Maudine he made a soul-lightening confession. From beginning to end he told her everything. It was a relief to talk, such a relief that by the time he finished his story the future did not look nearly so black as it had just a half hour before.

They talked for one hour; two. And then Maudine broke into a smile. The smile broadened and finally became a chuckle. The chuckle matured to a laugh. And then she suddenly threw her plump arms about the neck of Jasper Pigford and whispered magic honeyed words into his ear.

Jasper listened in dumfounded amazement.

"No-o-o?"

"Yeh. Suttinly."

"You think ——"

"I knows!"

Jasper turned it over in his brain. Then he, too, broke into an exultant laugh. He kissed Maudine and catapulted through the front door. Down the street he went at a gait eleven seconds faster than the world's record. He pulled up eventually—winded but happy—at the big barnlike structure where Birmingham's leading veterinary had his office.

The kindly vet knew Jasper and liked him. And into this gentleman's ears Jasper poured his story and Maudine's plan for victory. The vet listened, and toward the end he, too, commenced to smile. When Jasper finished the veterinary was laughing aloud.

"It might," he conceded.

"Goodness goshness! Cap'n, it's got to!"

"Yep," agreed the vet; "I suppose it has."

They disappeared into the cavernous recesses of the gaunt building. A half hour later Jasper departed, beaming.

Straight home he went and there collected a few personal belongings of more or less intrinsic value. With these bundled under his arm he journeyed to the musty office of Semore Mashby, who turned over neat percentages by lending money on doubtful security. From Semore, Jasper secured twenty-eight dollars. With three of these he purchased a box of candy, which was dispatched to Maudine. The other twenty-five he bet upon the impending dog fight; bet upon his own dog.

There was a doubtful frown upon the face of Vishus Bryan as he covered the twenty-five-dollar bet. It was the bridegroom's final twenty-five and he was more than a little worried by Jasper's supreme confidence.

"You is bettin'," stipulated Vishus, "that yo' dawg beats my dawg t'-night?"

"I is."

"Does yo' dawg not show up, you loses."

"Uh-huh."

"What yo' dawg's name is?" queried Vishus.

"Cutie!"

A chorused guffaw arose. Vishus flushed angrily. "That ain't no name fo' no fightin' dawg."

"Dawg don't have to be much fighter to beat Cruncher."

"You is shuah he's a fightin' dawg?"

"Yep."

"You jes' says he is."

Jasper was unperturbed. "What I says he is, he is; an' I has done said he is."

At 6:30 commenced a general exodus of flashily dressed negro men from the city southward on Twentieth Street and so over Red Mountain. Into the negro town of Rosedale they trailed unobtrusively as possible, and thence to a dilapidated and misused barn far on the outskirts, almost within the borders of Edgewood.

The place was lighted by gasoline torches, which cast weird, flickering shadows. In the center of the floor dirt had been piled and rolled and a crude pit constructed. Over the pit was a large kerosene lamp with an inverted shade, so that the pit itself was bathed in a rich golden glow.

Vishus Bryan was early on hand with his entourage, and also with Cruncher. Thanks to ministrations of the past twenty-four hours, the dog was in an evil humor. Following the precept of all former dark-skinned owners of fighting dogs, Vishus had fed his animal upon gunpowder and raw meat. Instinct informed Cruncher that he stood upon the threshold of battle, and he was quivering for action. Ordinarily the dog was not overly vicious, but within sight of pit and battle atmosphere his red eyes roved ceaselessly in search of the opponent which it was his duty to exterminate.

Across the nose and mouth of Cruncher his master rubbed alarmingly fresh meat, causing the animal to present a truly fearsome sight. The assembled spectators witnessed this ceremonial and more Cruncher money appeared as though by magic.

There, too, was Florian Slappey, clad in the lily-white raiment of a referee. He lounged against a post—white silk shirt, flowing red four-in-hand, white flannel trousers pressed to razor edge, white silk socks and white buckskin shoes. He was jaunty, debonair, and much impressed with his own importance.

Ten minutes before eight o'clock. "Where Jasper Pigford is at?" Some were fearful; Vishus Bryan faintly hopeful. He assured himself that Boston Marble, stakeholder, was present with the money. If Jasper didn't show up ——

A limousine rolled magnificently to the door of the barn. Clarence Carter, its owner, alighted from the driver's seat and opened the door. Emerged Jasper Pigford in all the radiance of a borrowed tuxedo. On his arm was Maudine Tatum, a vision of chocolate in pink. And then came the Reverend Plato Tubb, keen with interest. A devout reverend was Mr. Tubb—but also a lover of fighting dogs. To the crowd Jasper explained his presence:

"Does my dawg Cutie win this fight Rev'en' Tubb ma'ies I an' Maudine to each other."

Then from the rear of the car Jasper extracted a large basket, obviously weighty. This basket was covered over with canvas, concealing its contents from the spectators.

"Yo' dawg, Jasper?"

"Uh-huh! Tha's Cutie."

Vishus Bryan shoved forward. "Lemme see him?"

Jasper smiled. "You is gwine see him plenty soon. Also you is gwine wish you never had of done such."

Vishus whirled and spoke to Florian. Florian nodded and addressed Jasper, explaining to him that under pit rules both animals must be thoroughly washed by an official before pitting them—"so's they won't be no foreign substitutions on 'em."

Jasper agreed readily enough, but insisted that Florian personally attend to the task, without onlookers. They vanished into a stall and took pains to be unobserved. Five minutes later they reappeared, Jasper still carrying the covered basket, Florian with eyes popped wide and an amazed expression plastered upon his face. Vishus, watching apprehensively, saw Florian shake his head and glance more than once with mingled doubt and wonderment upon the basket which Jasper carried.

And finally everything was ready. Florian addressed the crowd, outlining the rules of combat and exhorting the spectators to quiet. He finished, and bowed with courtly grace to Maudine Tatum, who sat at the pitside. And then he spoke to Vishus:

"Is you ready, Brother Bryan?"

Vishus nodded grimly as he set his dog in the pit and prepared to slip the leash.

"You is ready, Brother Pigford?"

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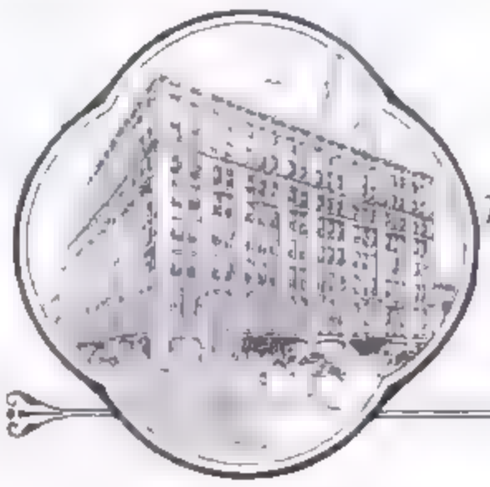

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Jasper smiled as he slipped a hand into the basket. "I an' Cutie bofe is."

"Then—go!"

There was a sudden cessation of breathing, a straining forward of overwrought spectators. Vishus crouched over his dog, waiting to send him hurtling across the pit, huge jaws agape.

And then from his basket Jasper produced Cutie, placed Cutie in the pit, and stood back triumphantly.

A roar arose—a shriek of surprise, spiced with laughter.

For Cutie—Jasper Pigford's dog—was a six-weeks-old fox-terrier puppy!

Vishus stood petrified. Then he emitted a wild howl of protest. Florian made his decision:

"'Greement said this was to be a fight between two dawgs. Bofe of 'em is dawgs. Let 'em fight."

From opposite sides of the pit Cruncher and Cutie stared. Cutie was smiling happily; he was a vivacious little terrier, eager for a romp. And Cruncher was more bewildered than his master. He turned red and inquiring eyes upon the apoplectic Vishus.

And then the spirit of the occasion entered the soul of Cruncher. He realized now that Vishus merely had been fooling him, had brought him out for a play session. Funny, of course—all the trappings of a real fight, but no dog to fight. The little puppy across the arena—no blooded fighting dog could so demean himself as to kill a playful little thing like that. Cutie, so eager for pleasure, so trustful, pattering now across the pit, his stumpy tail wagging gleefully.

Cruncher heard Vishus' hoarse-voiced howls of encouragement: "Kill 'im, Cruncher! Shake him to deff! Go after him, dawg!"

Cruncher grinned. He was sorry, of course, that he was not to fight, for fighting was Cruncher's greatest love. But he appreciated the fact that he was to have a picnic. Perhaps this was some new sort of training stunt. Certainly Cruncher could not be censured for not taking the thing seriously.

Both dogs and all the spectators were merry.

Only Vishus Bryan, his face distorted with fury, cursed mightily as he eyed the horrible spectacle in the dog pit.

And now Cutie and Cruncher came together, sniffing at each other, tails wagging. Cutie was gleeful. He leaped joyously around the mammoth fighting dog, barking in a puppy falsetto, snapping playfully, racing round and round the dignified Cruncher.

Cruncher was amused. It wasn't often that he had an opportunity for play. He was grateful to his master for this chance. And it was clearly up to him as a good sport to enter into the spirit of the occasion. There was no doubting that spirit. The crowd about the pit was rocking with laughter. Even Florian chuckled, forgetful for the moment of his habitual and languid indifference.

And so Cruncher played. He did not unbend all at once; the thing was too novel for that. But within five minutes he was racing around the pit with the delightfully barking, wiggling Cutie. Oh, Cruncher was having the time of his life. It was a truly wonderful experience for him.

For fifteen minutes continued the romp in the dog pit. And finally Florian Slappey motioned to Vishus and Jasper.

"Rule says when bofe dawgs don't fight you picks them up fo' a li'l' while."

The crowd's hilarity became translated into mock counsel:

"Bofe dawgs don't fight! Huh! Them is the unfightenest dawgs I ever seen."

"You said it, brother. That Cutie is willin' enough, but they's somethin' wrong with Cruncher."

"What Cruncher needs is turpentine."

"Hot dam! Ain't it the troof?"

Cutie trotted happily to Jasper in response to his merry whistle. More reluctantly, Cruncher obeyed Vishus' signal. Cruncher was having an immense time and was reluctant to declare a recess. This was even better than a fight.

Vishus was stark, staring mad. He vowed it was no fight, that he had been tricked. The thing was unheard of—illegal. But Florian shook his official head.

"Two dawgs, an' they is bofe in the pit. Does Cruncher kill Cutie—Cruncher wins."

Vishus devoted his whole attention to Cruncher, begged, pleaded, cajoled, tantalized. Cruncher didn't quite understand. Certainly he was doing his part. It never occurred to him that Cutie was an enemy.

"Time!" It was Florian calling.

Instantly Jasper placed Cutie in the pit. And Cutie, happy as a pair of larks, leaped wildly toward his friend, the big fighting dog.

Cruncher regarded him gravely, standing in bow-legged rigidity while Cutie circled noisily. And then deliberately Cruncher sat down to think things over. He felt the impulse to play with the little fellow and was deterred only by his pit dignity.

His good-natured eyes approvingly followed Cutie's antics. Nice little pup, having such a good time.

Cruncher's mind reverted to his own puppyhood. And so, as Cutie swirled about the pit, Cruncher lay over upon his back with all four legs waving joyously in the air.

Cruncher was a dead game sport!

Ecstatically Cutie swept forward, barking, cavorting in a delirium of joyancy. He leaped about the big dog, snapping at him with mock viciousness, slapping with his forefeet, showing all the aggressiveness that a pit dog could possibly exhibit.

Vishus screamed in terror, shouted instructions to Cruncher, shrieked to him to rise.

But Cruncher did not rise. He lay upon his back, smiling a superior adult smile at the playful little puppy. Cruncher was having a most glorious evening.

And then Florian Slappey stepped into the pit and raised Cutie in his arms. He delivered his verdict.

"On account," he declaimed, "that Cruncher ain't never come to scratch, an' also on account he lays on his back an' refuses to fight—I is fawced, 'cawdin' to the rules, to declare Cutie—belonging to Mistuh Jasper Pigford—the winner of this heah fight, an' all bets is to be paid according!"

A howl of delight arose. And almost lost in it were two sounds: One was a low-toned cursing from the utterly ruined Vishus Bryan.

The other was the voice of the Reverend Plato Tubb speaking the first words of the marriage ceremony.

Sadly, miserably—Cruncher tucked up under one arm—Vishus Bryan returned to his bride.

Of a sudden the world had become vastly unfriendly to the heretofore lordly Vishus. Financially he simply wasn't. Matrimonially he most decidedly was. He had planned upon winning the fight—to take his profits and his dog and stage an exodus with himself as exoduster. But now there was nothing before him but the future; and what a future—drab, workful, daily in the society of a wife shrewish beyond belief. He shivered at the very thought of living with Zenobia.

Yet there was no place else to go. He was stripped clean of cash, had lost face in the colored community. And so, crushed and dejected, Vishus Bryan came to his bride that night.

She heard the story of the fight and explained to her husband just what she thought of him and his dog. The thoroughly wretched Vishus stepped to the back door and dumped Cruncher unceremoniously into the yard. Let him stay there. He returned to Zenobia.

And then from the rear of the house came sudden fierce bedlam—growls, barks, fighting grunts.

Together the bride and groom leaped for the back door.

"Cruncher an' Snapdragon is fightin'!" howled Zenobia.

They flung open the back door. And as the significance of the picture impressed itself on Vishus Bryan that gentleman sank limply into a chair, too overcome to curse fate.

For, limned in the moonlight, two dogs were speeding up the alley.

The foremost one was Snapdragon. And Snapdragon was shamelessly committing the one unforgivable sin. He was running away—and running fast.

Behind him, flushed with the victory which he could have won as easily in the pit as he had in the back yard, sped the pursuing and triumphant Cruncher!

Vishus was stunned. A single sobby thought was born to him.

"Cullud boy," he moaned, "you has done sold yo'se'f fo' a mess of pottage, an'"—he shook his head sadly—"all you gits is the mess!"

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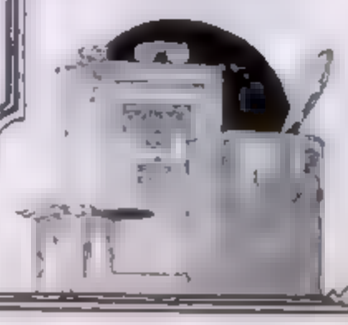

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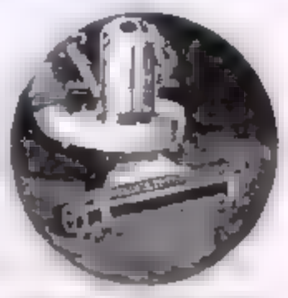

The cleaner (above) is illustrated with the detachable sweep-action brush

THE POPULAR GIRL

Continued from Page 19

"Try to be able to then or any time."

"I'll tell you—if I can't go to dinner with you Wednesday I can go to lunch surely."

"All right," he agreed. "And we'll go to a matinée."

They danced several times. Never by word or sign did Yanci betray more than the most cursory interest in him until just at the end, when she offered him her hand to say good-by.

"Good-by, Scott."

For just the fraction of a second—not long enough for him to be sure it had happened at all, but just enough so that he would be reminded, however faintly, of that night on the Mississippi boulevard she looked into his eyes. Then she turned quickly and hurried away.

She took her dinner in a little tea room around the corner. It was an economical dinner which cost a dollar and a half. There was no date concerned in it at all, and no man except an elderly person in spats who tried to speak to her as she came out the door.

■

SITTING alone in one of the magnificent moving-picture theaters—a luxury which she thought she could afford—Yanci watched Mae Murray swirl through splendidly imagined vistas, and meanwhile considered the progress of the first day. In retrospect it was a distinct success. She had given the correct impression both as to her material prosperity and as to her attitude toward Scott himself. It seemed best to avoid evening dates. Let him have the evenings to himself, to think of her, to imagine her with other men, even to spend a few lonely hours in his apartment, considering how much more cheerful it might be if —— Let time and absence work for her.

Engrossed for a while in the moving picture, she calculated the cost of the apartment in which its heroine endured her movie wrongs. She admired its slender Italian table, occupying only one side of the large dining room and flanked by a long bench which gave it an air of medieval luxury. She rejoiced in the beauty of Mae Murray's clothes and furs, her gorgeous hats, her short-seeming French shoes. Then after a moment her mind returned to her own drama; she wondered if Scott were already engaged, and her heart dipped at the thought. Yet it was unlikely. He had been too quick to phone her on her arrival, too lavish with his time, too responsive that afternoon.

After the picture she returned to the Ritz, where she slept deeply and happily for almost the first time in three months. The atmosphere around her no longer seemed cold. Even the floor clerk had smiled kindly and admiringly when Yanci asked for her key.

Next morning at ten Scott phoned. Yanci, who had been up for hours, pretended to be drowsy from her dissipation of the night before.

No, she could not take dinner with him on Wednesday. She was terribly sorry; she had an engagement, as she had feared. But she could have luncheon and go to a matinée if he would get her back in time for tea.

She spent the day roving the streets. On top of a bus, though not on the front seat, where Scott might possibly spy her, she sailed out Riverside Drive and back along Fifth Avenue just at the winter twilight, and her feeling for New York and its gorgeous splendors deepened and redoubled. Here she must live and be rich, be nodded to by the traffic policemen at the corners as she sat in her limousine—with a small dog—and here she must stroll on Sunday to and from a stylish church, with Scott, handsome in his cutaway and tall hat, walking devotedly at her side.

At luncheon on Wednesday she described for Scott's benefit a fanciful two days. She told of a motoring trip up the Hudson and gave him her opinion of two plays she had seen with—it was implied—adoring gentlemen beside her. She had read up very carefully on the plays in the morning paper and chosen two concerning which she could garner the most information.

"Oh," he said in dismay, "you've seen Duley? I have two seats for it—but you won't want to go again."

"Oh, no, I don't mind," she protested truthfully. "You see, we went late, and anyway I adored it."

But he wouldn't hear of her sitting through it again—besides, he had seen it himself. It was a play Yanci was mad to see, but she was compelled to watch him while he exchanged the tickets for others, and for the poor seats available at the last moment. The game seemed difficult at times.

"By the way," he said afterwards as they drove back to the hotel in a taxi, "you'll be going down to the Princeton prom tomorrow, won't you?"

She started. She had not realized that it would be so soon or that he would know of it.

"Yes," she answered coolly "I'm going down to-morrow afternoon."

"On the 2:20, I suppose," Scott commented; and then, "Are you going to meet the boy who's taking you down—at Princeton?"

For an instant she was off her guard.

"Yes, he'll meet the train."

"Then I'll take you to the station," proposed Scott. "There'll be a crowd, and you may have trouble getting a porter."

She could think of nothing to say, no valid objection to make. She wished she had said that she was going by automobile, but she could conceive of no graceful and plausible way of amending her first admission.

"That's mighty sweet of you."

"You'll be at the Ritz when you come back?"

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I'm going to keep my rooms."

Her bedroom was the smallest and least expensive in the hotel.

She concluded to let him put her on the train for Princeton; in fact, she saw no alternative. Next day as she packed her suitcase after luncheon the situation had taken such hold of her imagination that she filled it with the very things she would have chosen had she really been going to the prom. Her intention was to get out at the first stop and take the train back to New York.

Scott called for her at half past one and they took a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. The train was crowded as he had expected, but he found her a seat and stowed her grip in the rack overhead.

"I'll call you Friday to see how you've behaved," he said.

"All right. I'll be good."

Their eyes met and in an instant, with an inexplicable, only half-conscious rush of emotion, they were in perfect communion. When Yanci came back, the glance seemed to say, ah, then ——

A voice startled her ear:

"Why, Yanci!"

Yanci looked around. To her horror she recognized a girl named Ellen Harley, one of those to whom she had phoned upon her arrival.

"Well, Yanci Bowman! You're the last person I ever expected to see. How are you?"

Yanci introduced Scott. Her heart was beating violently.

"Are you coming to the prom? How perfectly slick!" cried Ellen. "Can I sit here with you? I've been wanting to see you. Who are you going with?"

"No one you know."

"Maybe I do."

Her words, falling like sharp claws on Yanci's sensitive soul, were interrupted by an unintelligible outburst from the conductor. Scott bowed to Ellen, cast at Yanci one level glance and then hurried off.

The train started. As Ellen arranged her grip and threw off her fur coat Yanci looked around her. The car was gay with girls whose excited chatter filled the damp, rubbery air like smoke. Here and there sat a chaperon, a mass of decaying rock in a field of flowers, predicting with a mute and somber fatality the end of all gayety and all youth. How many times had Yanci herself been one of such a crowd, careless and happy, dreaming of the men she would meet, of the battered hacks waiting at the station, the snow-covered campus, the big open fires in the clubhouses, and the imported orchestra beating out defiant melody against the approach of morning.

And now—she was an intruder, uninvited, undesired. As at the Ritz on the day of her arrival, she felt that at any instant her mask would be torn from her and she would be exposed as a pretender to the gaze of all the car.

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Here's a game for sport lovers who like that grand old game of baseball. Bam-Bee-No is a real baseball game for home or club. Played on any table, anywhere. Exactly the same as baseball—all the tight pinches, strikes, [illegible] the pop bottles [illegible] your money [illegible] Just the thing on these days. You don't need to [illegible]

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Bam-Bee-No can be played by two or more [illegible] more the merrier. [illegible] good or organized [illegible] but you make!

Babe Ruth says:
"I've played [illegible]"

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Order Bam-Bee-No now
Start playing right away

Get in the game! Play ball! All you need is the Bam Bee-No outfit with the Book of Plays that covers every combination known to baseball. [illegible] you have Bam-Bee-No. Nothing com-

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Dealers—Bam-Bee-No is a quick and sure seller in Department Stores, Drug Stores, Cigar Stores, Novelty Stores, Sporting Goods Stores and elsewhere. Write or wire at once for attractive proposition.

Easy Spare-Time Profit

Mr. Quimby Adds Several Dollars a Week to His Income by An Easy Spare-Time Plan That is Open to You

MR. Oliver Quimby of New York looks like a youngster—and so he is, still in his early twenties. But he is not without his responsibilities. There is a charming Mrs. Oliver Quimby to care for; there is tuition in two business colleges to be paid for. It is not surprising that he found his income from office work with one of the largest express companies stretching with difficulty over his many expenses and needs.

Mr Oliver Quimby of New York

He has only a few hours a week to spare, but an advertisement much like this you are reading suggested to him that even those few spare hours could be turned into worth-while profit as a representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. In November of last year he wrote us for details and in the few days of the month remaining he easily earned about $10.00 extra. Of course, that's just a modest beginning. To others who started out in the same unpretentious way we are now paying $50.00 to $100.00 weekly!

Possibly you, too, would like some extra money. If you have even a few hours a week to sell, let us make you an offer. You can't lose by doing so, for you assume no obligation. And we may have just the sort of work you want.

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

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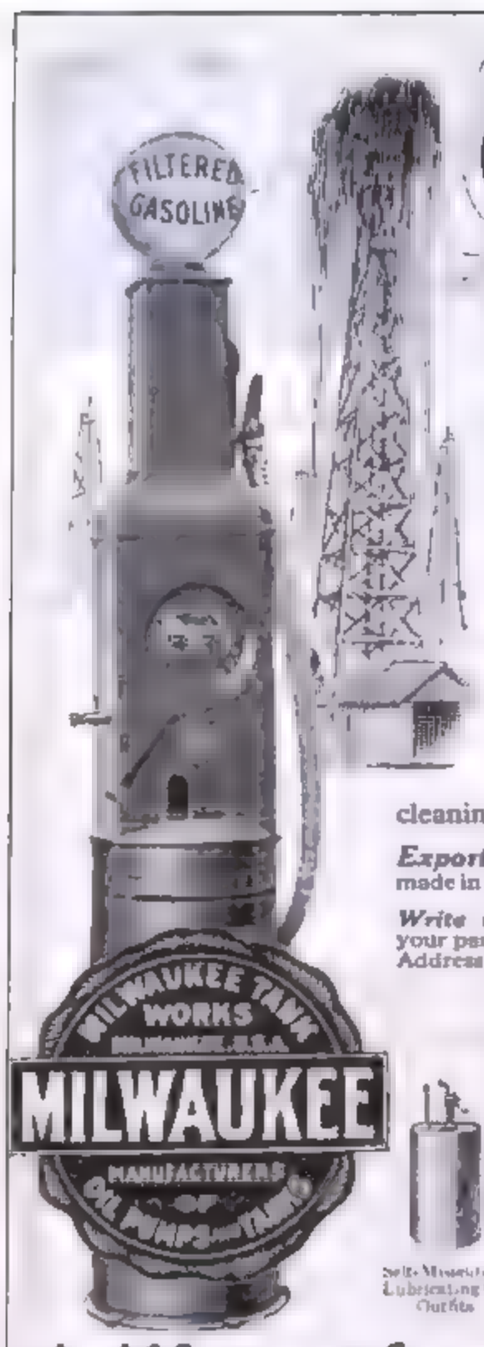

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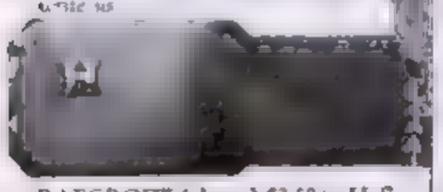

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Sturdiness of construction and beauty of design are combined in HICKOK Belts and Buckles for men and boys. They are made by "The Famous HICKOK Belt Makers"—the most skillful belt and buckle makers in the world.

Every HICKOK Buckle design bears its mark of HICKOK individuality; and the richly-colored, pliable, strong leather belts show the excellence of their quality. GUARANTEED. HICKOK Buckles HOLD.

Have a HICKOK Belt to match every suit.

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HICKOK
Belts & Buckles

"Tell me everything!" Ellen was saying. "Tell me what you've been doing. I didn't see you at any of the football games last fall."

This was by way of letting Yanci know that she had attended them herself.

The conductor was bellowing from the rear of the car, "Manhattan Transfer next stop!"

Yanci's cheeks burned with shame. She wondered what she had best do—meditating a confession, deciding against it, answering Ellen's chatter in frightened monosyllables—then, as with an ominous thunder of brakes the speed of the train began to slacken, she sprang on a despairing impulse to her feet.

"My heavens!" she cried. "I've forgotten my shoes! I've got to go back and get them."

Ellen reacted to this with annoying efficiency.

"I'll take your suitcase," she said quickly, "and you can call for it. I'll be at the Charter Club."

"No!" Yanci almost shrieked. "It's got my dress in it!"

Ignoring the lack of logic in her own remark, she swung the suitcase off the rack with what seemed to her a superhuman effort and went reeling down the aisle, stared at curiously by the arrogant eyes of many girls. When she reached the platform just as the train came to a stop she felt weak and shaken. She stood on the hard cement which marks the quaint old village of Manhattan Transfer and tears were streaming down her cheeks as she watched the unfeeling cars speed off to Princeton with their burden of happy youth.

After half an hour's wait Yanci got on a train and returned to New York. In thirty minutes she had lost the confidence that a week had gained for her. She came back to her little room and lay down quietly upon the bed.

x

BY FRIDAY Yanci's spirits had partly recovered from their chill depression. Scott's voice over the telephone in midmorning was like a tonic, and she told him of the delights of Princeton with convincing enthusiasm, drawing vicariously upon a prom she had attended there two years before. He was anxious to see her, he said. Would she come to dinner and the theater that night? Yanci considered, greatly tempted. Dinner—she had been economizing on meals, and a gorgeous dinner in some extravagant show place followed by a musical comedy appealed to her starved fancy, indeed; but instinct told her that the time was not yet right. Let him wait. Let him dream a little more, a little longer.

"I'm too tired, Scott," she said with an air of extreme frankness: "that's the whole truth of the matter. I've been out every night since I've been here, and I'm really half dead. I'll rest up on this house party over the week-end and then I'll go to dinner with you any day you want me."

There was a minute's silence while she held the phone expectantly.

"Lot of resting up you'll do on a house party," he replied; "and, anyway, next week is so far off. I'm awfully anxious to see you, Yanci."

"So am I, Scott."

She allowed the faintest caress to linger on his name. When she had hung up she felt happy again. Despite her humiliation on the train her plan had been a success. The illusion was still intact; it was nearly complete. And in three meetings and half a dozen telephone calls she had managed to create a tenser atmosphere between them than if he had seen her constantly in the moods and avowals and beguilements of an out-and-out flirtation.

When Monday came she paid her first week's hotel bill. The size of it did not alarm her—she was prepared for that—but the shock of seeing so much money go, of realizing that there remained only one hundred and twenty dollars of her father's present, gave her a peculiar sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach. She decided to bring guile to bear immediately, to tantalize Scott by a carefully planned incident, and then at the end of the week to show him simply and definitely that she loved him.

As a decoy for Scott's tantalization she located by telephone a certain Jimmy Long, a handsome boy with whom she had played as a little girl and who had recently come to New York to work. Jimmy Long was deftly maneuvered into asking her to go to a matinée with him on Wednesday afternoon. He was to meet her in the lobby at two.

On Wednesday she lunched with Scott. His eyes followed her every motion, and knowing this she felt a great rush of tenderness toward him. Desiring at first only what he represented, she had begun half unconsciously to desire him also. Nevertheless, she did not permit herself the slightest relaxation on that account. The time was too short and the odds too great. That she was beginning to love him only fortified her resolve.

"Where are you going this afternoon?" he demanded.

"To a matinée—with an annoying man."

"Why is he annoying?"

"Because he wants me to marry him and I don't believe I want to."

There was just the faintest emphasis on the word "believe." The implication was that she was not sure—that is, not quite.

"Don't marry him."

"I won't—probably."

"Yanci," he said in a low voice, "do you remember a night on that boulevard ——"

She changed the subject. It was noon and the room was full of sunlight. It was not quite the place, the time. When he spoke she must have every aspect of the situation in control. He must say only what she wanted said; nothing else would do.

"It's five minutes to two," she told him, looking at her wrist watch. "We'd better go. I've got to keep my date."

"Do you want to go?"

"No," she answered simply.

This seemed to satisfy him, and they walked out to the lobby. Then Yanci caught sight of a man waiting there, obviously ill at ease and dressed as no habitué of the Ritz ever was. The man was Jimmy Long, not long since a favored beau of his Western city. And now—his hat was green, actually! His coat, seasons old, was quite evidently the product of a well-known ready-made concern. His shoes, long and narrow, turned up at the toes. From head to foot everything that could possibly be wrong about him was wrong. He was embarrassed by instinct only, unconscious of his *gaucherie*, an obscene specter, a Nemesis, a horror.

"Hello, Yanci!" he cried, starting toward her with evident relief.

With a heroic effort Yanci turned to Scott, trying to hold his glance to herself. In the very act of turning she noticed the impeccability of Scott's coat, his tie.

"Thanks for luncheon," she said with a radiant smile. "See you to-morrow."

Then she dived rather than ran for Jimmy Long, disposed of his outstretched hand and bundled him bumping through the revolving door with only a quick "Let's hurry!" to appease his somewhat sulky astonishment.

The incident worried her. She consoled herself by remembering that Scott had had only a momentary glance at the man, and that he had probably been looking at her anyhow. Nevertheless, she was horrified, and it is to be doubted whether Jimmy Long enjoyed her company enough to compensate him for the cut-price, twentieth-row tickets he had obtained at Black's Drug Store.

But if Jimmy as a decoy had proved a lamentable failure, an occurrence of Thursday offered her considerable satisfaction and paid tribute to her quickness of mind. She had invented an engagement for luncheon, and Scott was going to meet her at two o'clock to take her to the Hippodrome. She lunched alone somewhat imprudently in the Ritz dining room and sauntered out almost side by side with a good-looking young man who had been at the table next to her. She expected to meet Scott in the outer lobby, but as she reached the entrance to the restaurant she saw him standing not far away.

On a lightning impulse she turned to the good-looking man abreast of her, bowed sweetly and said in an audible, friendly voice, "Well, I'll see you later."

Then before he could even register astonishment she faced about quickly and joined Scott.

"Who was that?" he asked, frowning.

"Isn't he darling-looking?"

"If you like that sort of looks."

Scott's tone implied that the gentleman referred to was effete and overdressed. Yanci laughed, impersonally admiring the skillfulness of her ruse.

It was in preparation for that all-important Saturday night that on Thursday she went

(Continued on Page 109)

Quicker, Better Meals -the whole year 'round

The utensils pictured are Aladdin—beautiful and durable, supplied in every serviceable style and size, by progressive stores.

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Made by
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PERFECTION *Oil Heaters and*
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WHETHER snow is swirling about the kitchen door or summer smiling through the screen, this big new Five-Burner New Perfection means quicker, better meals—all the comforts of the *complete* oil cook stove, with its year-'round abundance of uniform, clean, odorless cooking heat.

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Taking the Ledger out of the Shadow of the Pen

OLD figures are treacherous figures. Last week's accounting is a matter of record—not an index of today's condition.

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Ledgers, for instance, are kept in *perpetual balance*. A trial balance can be struck almost automatically whenever desired. Statements are ready for mailing on the last day of the month —without overtime.

Think of the advantages in collections, credits, purchases, sales, in *all* branches of the business, that result from Underwood accounting—accounting that is taken "out of the Shadow of the Pen".

Executives will be interested in "Taking Industry Out of the Shadow of the Pen". A copy will be sent on request. Write to

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CALL in an Underwood Bookkeeping Machine representative. Let him, without obligation, give expert advice on any accounting problem.

UNDERWOOD *Bookkeeping* MACHINE

(Continued from Page 106

into a shop on Forty-second Street to buy some long gloves. She made her purchase and handed the clerk a fifty-dollar bill so that her lightened pocketbook would feel heavier with the change she could put in. To her surprise the clerk tendered her the package and a twenty-five-cent piece.

"Is there anything else?"

"The rest of my change."

"You've got it. You gave me five dollars. Four-seventy-five for the gloves leaves twenty-five cents."

"I gave you fifty dollars."

"You must be mistaken."

Yanci searched her purse.

"I gave you fifty!" she repeated frantically.

"No, ma'am, I saw it myself."

They glared at each other in hot irritation. A cash girl was called to testify, then the floor manager; a small crowd gathered.

"Why, I'm perfectly sure!" cried Yanci, two angry tears trembling in her eyes. "I'm positive!"

The floor manager was sorry, but the lady really must have left it at home. There was no fifty-dollar bill in the cash drawer. The bottom was creaking out of Yanci's rickety world.

"If you'll leave your address," said the floor manager, "I'll let you know if anything turns up."

"Oh, you damn fools!" cried Yanci, losing control. "I'll get the police!"

And weeping like a child she left the shop. Outside, helplessness overpowered her. How could she prove anything? It was after six and the store was closing even as she left it. Whichever employe had the fifty-dollar bill would be on her way home now before the police could arrive, and why should the New York police believe her, or even give her fair play?

In despair she returned to the Ritz, where she searched through her trunk for the bill with hopeless and mechanical gestures. It was not there. She had known it would not be there. She gathered every penny together and found that she had fifty-one dollars and thirty cents. Telephoning the office, she asked that her bill be made out up to the following noon—she was too dispirited to think of leaving before then.

She waited in her room, not daring even to send for ice water. Then the phone rang and she heard the room clerk's voice, cheerful and metallic.

"Miss Bowman?"

"Yes."

"Your bill, including to-night, is ex-act-ly fifty-one twenty."

"Fifty-one twenty?" Her voice was trembling.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Thank you very much."

Breathless, she sat there beside the telephone, too frightened now to cry. She had ten cents left in the world!

XI

FRIDAY. She had scarcely slept. There were dark rings under her eyes, and even a hot bath followed by a cold one failed to arouse her from a despairing lethargy. She had never fully realized what it would mean to be without money in New York: her determination and vitality seemed to have vanished at last with her fifty-dollar bill. There was no help for it now—she must attain her desire to-day or never.

She was to meet Scott at the Plaza for tea. She wondered—was it her imagination, or had his manner been consciously cool the afternoon before? For the first time in several days she had needed to make no effort to keep the conversation from growing sentimental. Suppose he had decided that it must come to nothing—that she was too extravagant, too frivolous. A hundred eventualities presented themselves to her during the morning—a dreary morning, broken only by her purchase of a ten-cent bun at a grocery store.

It was her first food in twenty hours, but she self-consciously pretended to the grocer to be having an amusing and facetious time in buying one bun. She even asked to see his grapes, but told him, after looking at them appraisingly—and hungrily—that she didn't think she'd buy any. They didn't look ripe to her, she said. The store was full of prosperous women who, with thumb and first finger joined and held high in front of them, were inspecting food. Yanci would have liked to ask one of them for a bunch of grapes. Instead she went up to her room in the hotel and ate her bun.

When four o'clock came she found that she was thinking more about the sandwiches she would have for tea than of what else must occur there, and as she walked slowly up Fifth Avenue toward the Plaza she felt a sudden faintness which she took several deep breaths of air to overcome. She wondered vaguely where the bread line was. That was where people in her condition should go—but where was it? How did one find out? She imagined fantastically that it was in the phone book under *B*, or perhaps under *N*, for New York Bread Line.

She reached the Plaza. Scott's figure, as he stood waiting for her in the crowded lobby, was a personification of solidity and hope.

"Let's hurry!" she cried with a tortured smile. "I feel rather punk and I want some tea."

She ate a club sandwich, some chocolate ice cream and six tea biscuits. She could have eaten much more, but she dared not. The eventuality of her hunger having been disposed of, she must turn at bay now and face this business of life, represented by the handsome young man who sat opposite watching her with some emotion whose import she could not determine just behind his level eyes.

But the words, the glance, subtle, pervasive and sweet, that she had planned, failed somehow to come.

"Oh, Scott," she said in a low voice, "I'm so tired."

"Tired of what?" he asked coolly.

"Of—everything."

There was a silence.

"I'm afraid," she said uncertainly—"I'm afraid I won't be able to keep that date with you to-morrow."

There was no pretense in her voice now. The emotion was apparent in the waver of each word, without intention or control.

"I'm going away."

"Are you? Where?"

His tone showed a strong interest, but she winced as she saw that that was all.

"My aunt's come back. She wants me to join her in Florida right away."

"Isn't this rather unexpected?"

"Yes."

"You'll be coming back soon?" he said after a moment.

"I don't think so. I think we'll go to Europe from—from New Orleans."

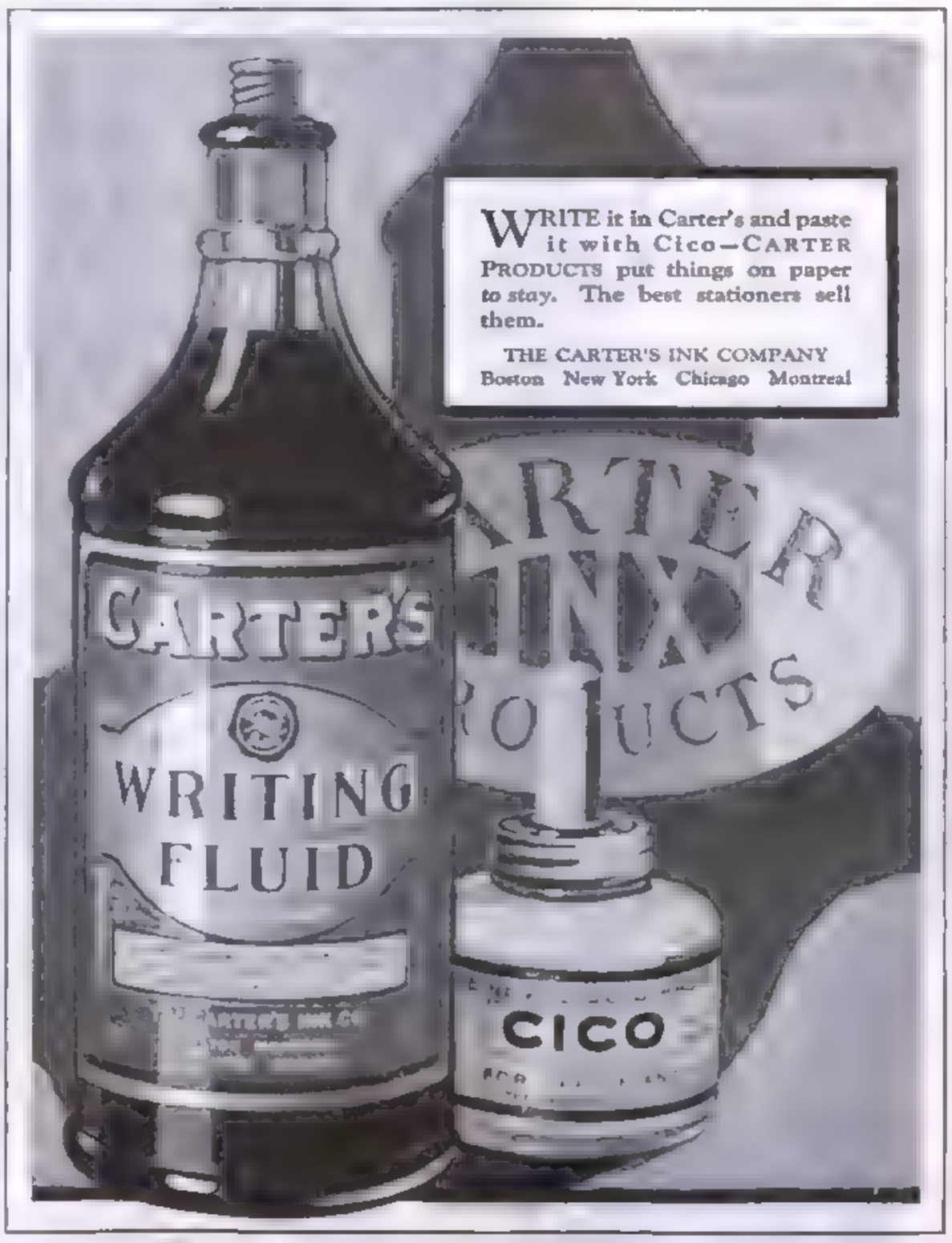
"Oh!"

Again there was a pause. It lengthened. In the shadow of a moment it would become awkward, she knew. She had lost—well? Yet, she would go on to the end.

"Will you miss me?"

"Yes."

One word. She caught his eyes, wondered for a moment if she saw more there than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that kindly interest; then she dropped her own again.

"I like it—here at the Plaza," she heard herself saying.

They spoke of things like that. Afterwards she could never remember what they said. They spoke—even of the tea, of the thaw that was ended and the cold coming down outside. She was sick at heart and she seemed to herself very old. She rose at last.

"I've got to tear," she said. "I'm going out to dinner."

To the last she would keep on—the illusion, that was the important thing. To hold her proud lies inviolate—there was only a moment now. They walked toward the door.

"Put me in a taxi," she said quietly. "I don't feel equal to walking."

He helped her in. They shook hands.

"Good-by, Scott," she said.

"Good-by, Yanci," he answered slowly.

"You've been awfully nice to me. I'll always remember what a good time you helped to give me this two weeks."

"The pleasure was mine. Shall I tell the driver the Ritz?"

"No. Just tell him to drive out Fifth. I'll tap on the glass when I want him to stop."

Out Fifth! He would think, perhaps, that she was dining on Fifth. What an appropriate finish that would be! She wondered if he were impressed. She could not see his face clearly, because the air was dark with the snow and her own eyes were blurred by tears.

"Good-by," he said simply.

He seemed to realize that any pretense of sorrow on his part would be transparent. She knew that he did not want her.

The door slammed, the car started, skidding in the snowy street.

Yanci leaned back dismally in the corner. Try as she might, she could not see where she had failed or what it was that had changed his attitude toward her. For the first time in her life she had ostensibly offered herself to a man—and he had not wanted her. The precariousness of her position paled beside the tragedy of her defeat.

She let the car go on—the cold air was what she needed, of course. Ten minutes had slipped away drearily before she realized that she had not a penny with which to pay the driver.

"It doesn't matter," she thought. "They'll just send me to jail, and that's a place to sleep."

She began thinking of the taxi driver.

"He'll be mad when he finds out, poor man. Maybe he's very poor, and he'll have to pay the fare himself." With a vague sentimentality she began to cry.

"Poor taxi man," she was saying half aloud. "Oh, people have such a hard time—such a hard time!"

She rapped on the window and when the car drew up at a curb she got out. She was at the end of Fifth Avenue and it was dark and cold.

"Send for the police!" she cried in a quick low voice. "I haven't any money!"

The taxi man scowled down at her.

"Then what'd you get in for?"

She had not noticed that another car had stopped about twenty-five feet behind them. She heard running footsteps in the snow and then a voice at her elbow.

"It's all right," someone was saying to the taxi man. "I've got it right here."

A bill was passed up. Yanci slumped sideways against Scott's overcoat.

Scott knew—he knew because he had gone to Princeton to surprise her, because the stranger she had spoken to in the Ritz had been his best friend, because the check of her father's for three hundred dollars had been returned to him marked "No funds." Scott knew—he had known for days.

But he said nothing; only stood there holding her with one arm as her taxi drove away.

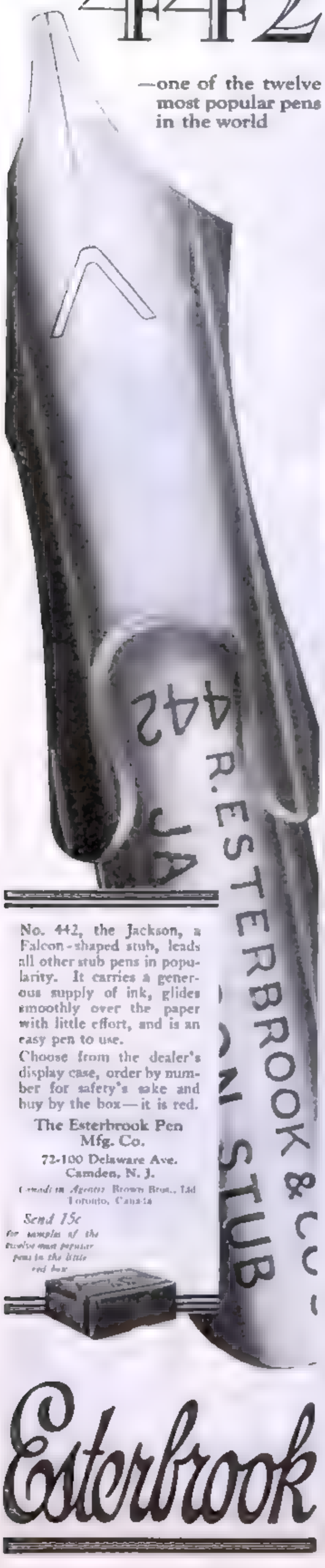
"Oh, it's you," said Yanci faintly. "Lucky you came along. I left my purse back at the Ritz, like an awful fool. I do such ridiculous things——"

Scott laughed with some enjoyment. There was a light snow falling, and lest she should slip in the damp he picked her up and carried her back toward his waiting taxi.

"Such ridiculous things," she repeated.

"Go to the Ritz first," he said to the driver. "I want to get a trunk."

(THE END)



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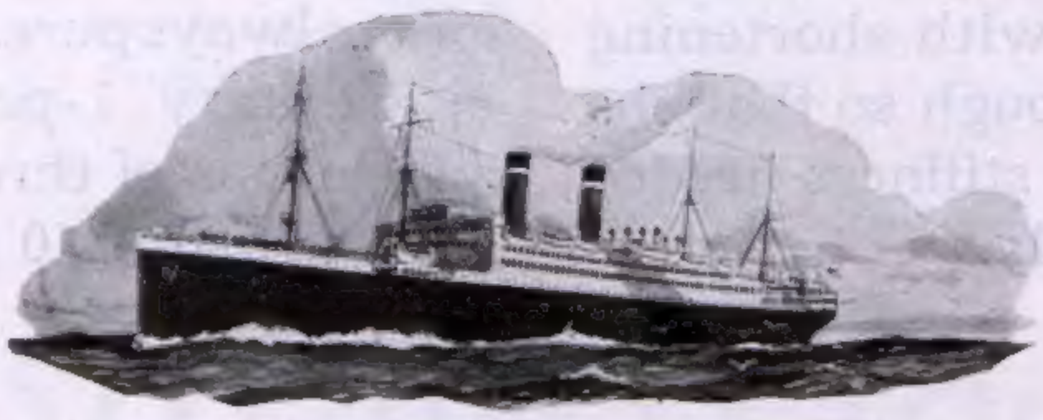

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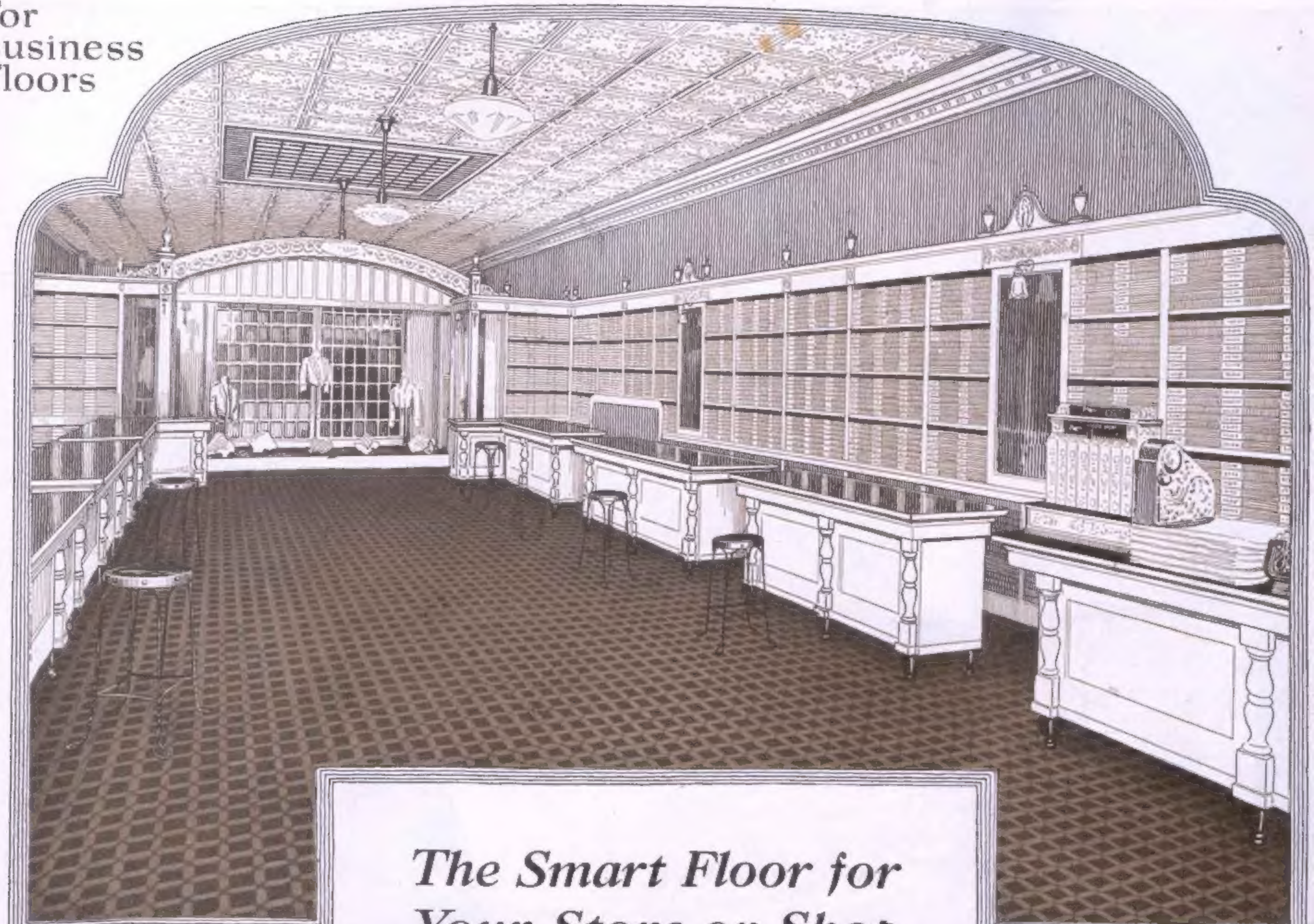

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